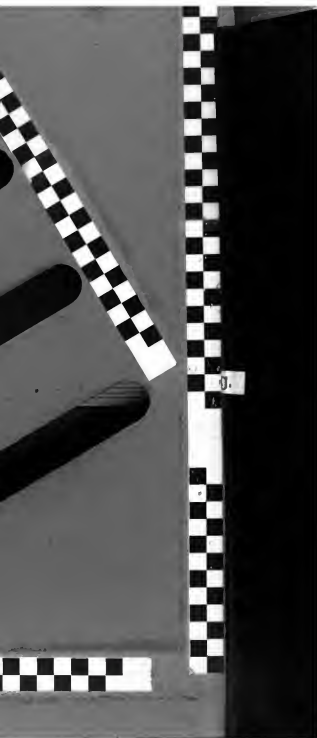


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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891.

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THE GRANT MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY T. DE THOUZY.—[SEE PAGE 484.]



A COLD STORAGE IN JULY.



THE ENGINEER IN THE COLD STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

FOOD PRESERVATION—COLD STORAGE.—DRAWN BY W. A. HERRICK.—[SEE PAGE 1061.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891.

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RETURNING FROM THE COUNTRY—CROSSING THE NORTH RIVER.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

NOTICE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1863.

WITH COAR, AND REFINEMENT COMBINED
AN ILLUSTRATED ARTIST'S "WILD
ANIMALS" IN THE "WILDERNESS," TOGETHER
WITH TWO OTHER STORIES.

TERMS: 30 CENTS A COPY.—\$1.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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SOME PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

THE way to secure reform within a party is to defeat its unwarlike candidates and measures. If men like TWISS and QUAY, for instance, get control of a party and district, and its policy, how can there be reform so long as the party acquiesces in their control, electing their candidates, and enforcing their measures? With a party without leaders under whom it is successful? Last autumn a large body of Pennsylvania Republicans, scattered all over the State, met in the city of Philadelphia, and took care to secure reform within the party by defeating its obnoxious candidates. If defeat did not prevent the continued control of the obnoxious leaders or buffer the wrong policy, it was because reform was not possible, at least until after new defeat. Apparently this is the present situation in Pennsylvania, and even the Philadelphia Press, which last year supported the obnoxious rule which now agrees brought disaster to the party, now declares that the rule must be changed, or the party will be defeated continuously.

It is the purpose of certain editors of Philadelphia who have always until last autumn voted for the Republican candidates to vote against them next year if it is possible, and if not possible, if others, they are unfit for the public service. If a party can be reformed, that is the only way to reform it. But the condition even of the chance of reform is the certainty of defeat. In 1894 it was urged upon the magazines that if they were Republicans they ought to nominate a third candidate, who should be a Republican. Their reply was that their object would be gained not by a nomination, but by a defeat, and that they should therefore take the obvious way to secure a defeat. This also was the course adopted by the anti-QUAY Republicans last year in Pennsylvania. They voted for MR. CAMPBELL, and he was elected. As we said last week, they did not become reformers, nor did they call themselves reformers. They consequently they were ungrateful. For many a year the name of a voter who selects his candidate not by a party label, but by his own judgment. He votes, on thousands of days in York, for a Republican, and on thousands of days for a Democrat. It is useless to say that if the Democratic party can be trusted in Washington, it can be trusted in Albany or Harrisburg, where State questions are not necessarily national questions. A man or a party may favor both reform and a free paper, or they may simultaneously favor extreme protection and civil service reform.

The value of the net in Pennsylvania lies in its political situation. It is a common saying that men must support measures, not men. But what does it mean? May a prohibitionist support a temper if he should receive the regular nomination? Such notions are foolish except when they are mockingly interpreted. Intelligent Republicans in Pennsylvania did not agree that the objects which they sought as Republicans required them to vote for QUAY's aim. They are still of that opinion. So long as they hold it, and are required to prove their Republicanism by supporting QUAY directly or indirectly, they will decline to give the proof, and so long as according to the Philadelphia Press the Republican party will be beaten. The Pennsylvania Republicans who have signed the recent appeal for reform in acknowledging the leadership of QUAY to vote for candidates nominated by his influence or friendly to his methods, and rather than to do this to vote for Democratic candidates, have the instinct and spirit of original Republicans.

PUBLIC AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

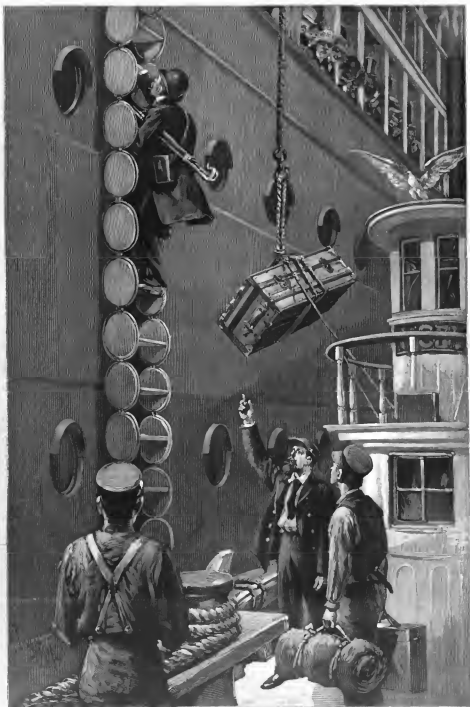
AT this season, when public attention is generally turned to the question of education, a recent letter of the Roman Catholic Bishop DOYLE, of New South Wales, in Australia, is very timely as an illustration of the different views held in that country of the desirability of opposing the American public school system by the Catholic parochial schools. There is great difference of opinion upon the subject within the Roman Catholic Church, as is clearly shown in a recent article by the Hon. JOHN JAY, who has made a careful study of the facts. It is worthy of remark that during what may be called the general controversy the public school system has not become more unpopular, but has been avowedly more and more so. That is to say, the determination that religious discrimination should have just cause of complaint of a sectarian tendency in the schools is more pronounced than ever. The grounds on which the public school system is maintained are, on the other hand, held upon the public mind as so sacred, that attention may be wisely directed exclusively to the improvement of their details.

The letter of Bishop DOYLE was addressed to the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and was written on the steamship *Adrian* on the 4th of June, 1891. Its purpose was to correct some statements in regard to the Bishop's general view of the parochial schools in this country, which were wholly untrue. Bishop DOYLE speaks very plainly and pointedly. The parochial school buildings throughout the country in fields admirable, and a signal illustration of the generosity and hearty faith of the people. But when in the search of the present system of the school work it is impossible to produce good results. No schools, he says, can be called even good, still less excellent, without a standard of proficiency for the teachers' guidance, a system of inspection by competent examiners, and a series of reports to the teachers. These are wanting in the parochial schools, and the Bishop candidly confesses his disappointment in their method and organization, saying that whatever standards of proficiency are in use, they will be found invariably lower than those in use in the American schools.

The Bishop adds a word upon immigration. Instead of establishing separate schools and distinct churches for them, they should be induced to assimilate themselves with English is spoken, and their children to American Catholic schools. They would then soon become familiar with the English language and the institutions of the country, and the Bishop is sure that an American education would be a very decided opinion on this point both on patriotic and religious grounds. These are views with which Americans generally will cordially concur, except that the public school would be preferred by them as the best method of assimilation. The distinction upon the parochial schools are absolutely discontinued, and may be accepted as generally correct. We do not know that any impartial observer has held this to schools they are superior to the public schools. It is not a question of statistics in regard to them, for the go-as-you-please system which the Bishop mentions prevents any general and official statement such as is contained in the annual report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

INCREASE OF THE COLORED POPULATION.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER contributes an interesting article to the *Forum* on the extent and the colored race, pointing to the conclusion, contrary to the general impression, that the colored population shows but a relatively slight rate of increase by means of their very high death rate. The colored race was brought to this country by force, and except for the slave trade between 1620 and 1808 there would not be 73,000 Africans in the United States, instead of 7,500,000, who are now a very great part of the population. Of the 730,000 African women who were here in 1810, nearly the same would not have been diffused widely in the country, but the interests of the master class and the effect of the slave trade freedom have carried the colored people into the most unwholesome and by their very presence have increased, in 1890, they are estimated at 757,296. By that of 1890, partly estimated, they are 7,500,000. The colored race in thirty years varies from 153,971 in 1820 to 88,851 in 1890. It is not the general impression that the colored race is increasing steadily and rapidly, varies from 32.5 in 1810 to 42.5 in 1890. The total population during the century has increased sixfold, but the colored element only twofold. In 1790 it was one-fifth of the population, in 1890 less than one-twelfth, and by their very presence have increased, in 1890, they are estimated at 757,296. By that of 1890, partly estimated, they are 7,500,000. The colored race in thirty years varies from 153,971 in 1820 to 88,851 in 1890. It is not the general impression that the colored race is increasing steadily and rapidly, varies from 32.5 in 1810 to 42.5 in 1890. The total population during the century has increased sixfold, but the colored element only twofold. In 1790 it was one-fifth of the population, in 1890 less than one-twelfth, and by their very presence have increased, in 1890, they are estimated at 757,296. 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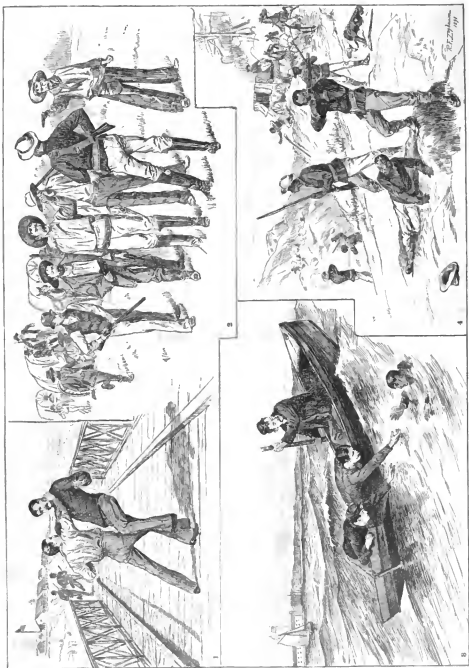


A DELAYED PASSENGER.—DRAWN BY T. DE TWILGHEP.—[SEE PAGE 584]



A FIFTH AVENUE 'BUS.—Da





ON THE ROLL OF HONOR.—Drawn by J. F. Zornow.—[See Page 514.]
 1. Private Fox and the Quartermaster. 2. Corporal Tully and two Companies meeting a Boy from driving. 3. The Attack on Major Wain's Escort.



CAPTAIN ALBERTO PUENTES, COMMANDER OF THE "ALMIRANTE LYNCH."



THE "BLANCO ENCALADA."



CAPTAIN CARLOS MUEZA, COMMANDER OF THE "ALMIRANTE CONDELL."



VICE-ADMIRAL VIAL, INTENDENTE OF VALPARAISO.



EX-PRESIDENT BALMACEA.



GENERAL VALENZUELA, GOVERNMENT MILITARY LEADER.



COMMANDER LOTH GOTT, OF THE "BLANCO ENCALADA."



GABRIEL CERRO, MILITARY LEADER OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS.



ADMIRAL GERARDO NUYT, OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SQUADRON.



THE "ESMERALDA."



THE TORPEDO-BOAT "ALMIRANTE LYNCH," THAT SANK THE "BLANCO ENCALADA."

THE REBELLION IN CHILE.—[SEE PAGE 515.]



EXTRACTING A CLAW FROM A TIGER.

The sawtooth family seem to do well in captivity, and are none the worse for knocking round when kept in boxes. I thought much of their timidity had left them, but, as the keeper told us, "you had to watch out for their horns." A number of them were metal balls on the ends of their horns, to prevent their hurting visitors. Nothing could be fatter or sillier than these African creatures.

Mr. William Newton, of the Hornum & Bailey establishment, could, we think, give points as far as the care of rhinoceros goes, in the best equestrian of the King of Oude. We know even that the elephant mages were a wide area, and thrives in thirty elevated lands near the main house. In this country, and in all civilized collections, he attains a fair old age. Their inside, Mr. Newton told us, was a tendency to stasis. "You had to be careful how you watered them. If the water was too cold, they were taken with a cold; generally a good stiff drink of rum brings them round."

"And what might you call a stiff drink?" I asked.

"Oh, a gallon."

"How any signs of palsy?"

"Not a bit. As noted or judged. I have had to blanket serious cases of cramps. I take as many blankets as I can get, and steep them in hot water, and bind them round the elephant, and when he's swathed up that way he looks huge. An elephant will take a gallon of oil, or the same measure of linseed oil. He may be a wretched animal in some respects, but not in all. If he picks up a nail in his foot, which happens pretty often, he will stop right away and show you his inside, and let you take it out for him, and even sort of grateful, but he doesn't bicker after medicine. The way we work him is to make him open his mouth. The

oil we put in a galvanized iron bottle, and we place that on his tongue, force his head backward, and down goes the oil. No harm ever is done him with the prods. It takes four or five hands to make an elephant take his medicine."

I have always remembered a very clever book of Charles Reade's, *Jack of All Trades*, which gave a rather sinister view of an elephant, and I recall too a good deal of nonsense written about the cruelty of elephant prods. It would be absurd to try and manage an animal of such prodigious powers—the strongest we know of—with a riding-whip, and prods are necessary. An elephant knows his keeper and obeys him, may show a kind of respect with some little affection for his master, but he has no liking for strangers. If I were left alone with any show elephant, the keeper being absent, I should at once want to best a lusty retreat. Never through curiosity or carelessness get yourself between an elephant and a wall, or you may have the life crushed out of you. The spirit of which is that Oriental markets or American keepers must have prods, and it is also fortunate for man that elephants have sensitive ears.

"Quarrelling among elephants is not common, but we are careful not to put the males together. Their tempers differ; the females, however, are rarely cross. In certain seasons we watch the males very carefully, for they become dangerous. There is an elephant we cured of a broken leg. It was a long job. We shag him, and used splints and plaster. Elephants run down in flesh by summer, because we work them, and they are a good deal knocked about, but in winter they pick up. The tanks of the female, which are short, have ragged ends, and infect very a couple. When they are scored, we use carbolic acid. When they stand for a

long time, we have to cut their toes and the sides of their feet. We use a rasp and a chisel, and do not have any trouble."

When at Central Park, Mr. Conklin asked me to give the circumference of an elephant's foot. I was ten inches out of the way. Taking the line inside Tom is the measure, the keeper passed a cord round one of the feet, and its circumference was 4 feet 6 inches. "That," said the superintendent, "ought to represent, when multiplied by two, Tom's greatest elevation." Thereupon a second measure was taken, and Tom's height was 9 feet 4 inches. I have had a circle with this circumference drawn in chalk on the floor, and it occupies about the room of an ordinary six-a-side table. The greatest diameter is only six inches when the elephant is on its feet; then there is expansion of the animal's feet. The books give the feet circumference as one of the rough ways used in India to get at the height of an elephant.

Mr. Church's sketches were made on the spot, and a picture of his, entitled "Paw," is introduced as a conclusion to this topic. Some years ago there was a very touching subject painted by a French artist, with a weathervane in it. The story might be continued about this way. There was an aged lunatic down from belonging to a medical parson in France, believed to be at his last gasp, and offered for a small sum, as we to get rid of him. A poor showman bought him, and the man, his wife, and children took each good care of the animal that his health improved. For a long time every one they earned went for the purchase of this for the lion. The trading point was cracked, and it burst as if some barrel would come in the short run. The lion was getting lively, with some returns in his days of cubhood.



"PEACE."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



COLONNADE, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by W. T. BRIDLEY.—[See Page 543.]



GIANT COOPERING—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[See Page 542.]



THE MINERS AND THE BABY.

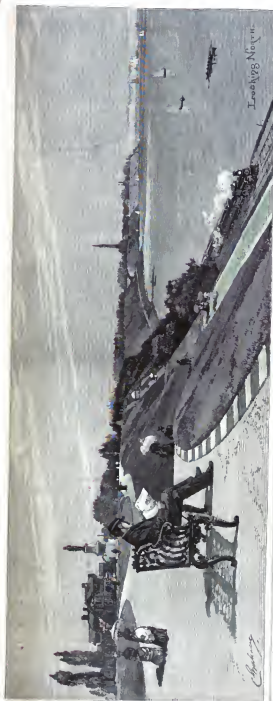
INDIAN WOMEN.

REVELSTOCK.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

A RESIDENT.

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY OUTING.—[See Story by Mrs. Cowen on Page 534.]



THE PARK ON THE LAKE FRONT, MILWAUKEE.—Drawn by CHARLES GILMAN.—[See Page 538.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXV.—No. 1806
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



Known to all
only once
William's Hope,
captain of the Q.
Mr. W. and
the family club.



BOATING ON THE CHARLES RIVER OUTSIDE OF BOSTON.—DRAWN BY FRANK O. SMALL.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR SUB



NDINGS.—FROM THE WATER-COLOR PAINTING BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH, AFTER THE ACCEPTED DESIGN BY IL M. HUNT, ARCHITECT.

[illegible]

THE PRIVILEGE OF
THE LIMITS.

BY ELW THOMSON.

er did so, taking great care in front of him all the time, and house. Gun crosses my mind to embrace him; but her arms around the post over's arch of the same time, to be within his promise, into the house, he went to a side yard which was far, and there he stood. He went back to see his rich neighbors that came round what a wise thought the man him to move his ball

FATHER DAMIEN'S MEMORIAL

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINOR

[illegible]

Father pay the balance out for should you suspect, father would refuse him if course he paid for the top was good that fall
 you got you the other half of Stewart, says my grand-
 where the store was full.
 we are the honest McTear-
 meeting.
 Father made no answer to
 though it would be un-
 Toughest had paid out
 abilities, and eleven pence
 account of a debt of two
 new was due till it was

² Joseph Daines to Venable, 18 Jan. 1897, in *ibid.*, 100: 104.

¹Altered her bath so that she said, that a man
has done like like her like Elvendi. — *Ibid.* — 107.

^a This assessment is valued to low priority by the majority of Respondents.

1993a, b, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674,

That is the immortality of the World, per
Eulster Elanion, sought not the same.



THE DESERTER—DRAWN BY H. W. McVICAR.

TOMMY ATKINS IN AND OUT OF SERVICE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

No matter if every house and church and public building in a street of London were reproduced in an American city, there would still be lacking one conspicuous factor in the foreignness of the London scene. That would be Tommy Atkins, the British private soldier. To the eye of the artist he illuminates it and adds to its picturesque-ness; to the vision of an average American tourist he becomes the general distress of the heavy, somber city.

To journey about London day in and week out, and every-where, as we Tommy Atkins with his pill box cap on one ear, idle and loosely as a big Newfoundland dog, is to find in wandering whether the entire British army has not been ordered home for a holiday. To go away for a year of Ireland or Scotland, or a summer in the Continent, and then to

return to London again and discover the same recruits in the same production, it is find yourself wondering whether, after all, the English have not a keen sense of the artistic, which leads them to scatter their gipsy soldiers all through the town, as the Parisians do their strikers, as the Dutch do their flowers, or as we in New York do with our ash barrels.

Matter of fact Englishmen explain that the soldiers seen about the streets are merely the contingent of men sent out here from the barracks that are stationed in and near London, with a sprinkling of fresh recruits, of recruits, and of men in transit from one post to another. We must be satisfied with the explanation, yet we cannot but think that these recruits should supply a force so large that we seem to have soldiers with us everywhere except at meals or in our beds. If we take a line, Tommy Atkins up and she trouble us with his little staff across his knee beneath his white-gloved hands. If we walk in any of the parks, Tommy Atkins is there also, and with a smug faced "Arrer" by his side. But the lucky dog is so used to the conception that his stickiness seems only

more right and staid when he is with his sweetest than when he is alone. If we take a penny boat, or a six penny one, up or down the Thames, so does Tommy. If we turn away from the hotels of London's heart and stroll along Chesham Walk, rich in peaceful murmur, Tommy is there before us, and with us, and after us. As the theatre, if we look up from our stall, we see the red elbow of Mr. Atkins leaning on the edge of the gallery rail.

I never saw what Mr. McVicar's picture shows—an arrest made by soldiers in the city's streets, but I have no doubt that he is justified in making these two soldiers govern all their justness and uprightness during the operation of dragging a prisoner along. I have no doubt of it, because the justness of Tommy Atkins is an superficial discipline. It is not too deep. It is even more pronounced than his red coat. No matter how many you see, each cap is more prettily so—and precisely such an angle on one ear—all after to a half, and every chin bears precisely the same relation to every chest, and every pair of shoulders is held back squarely, as

The course of instruction is accompanied by a series of examinations, and the best apprentices are distinguished by medals.

After service in the training ships, the apprentices are attached to general cruising ships of the navy, and their education as seamen is continued, its character depending, of course, very much on the ship's officers. At the end of the term of enlistment the apprentice receives such a discharge as he is served by his conduct. If he deserves it, he will receive what is known as the "Honorable Discharge and Continuous Service Certificate." This certificate enables him to re-enlist at any time within three months of his discharge if he is found physically qualified.

The apprentice system, on its same principles, was organized to furnish a source of supply for the crews of the naval vessels. Unfortunately for its success, the country offers too many opportunities that are more tempting than a sailor's life. Some of the boys have learned trades, know how to ease for machinery, to keep in order steam-boilers, to manage dynamo's. In a hundred ways they are useful to people who are willing to pay them higher wages than the government offers, and who will not keep them on board ship, subject to the strict discipline and surveillance that are absolutely essential on a man of war. Even if the apprentice boy determines to stick by the sea, he can earn more money and enjoy more freedom in the merchant than in the national marine. If he is qualified to be an ordinary seaman on board the war ship, he will be marked with the best on the other. If he is an able seaman or a petty officer on the one, he will be a mate on the other, with better pay, and with the possibility of command to begin with.

There are a number of trades, too, on land, in connection with vessels, in which the naval apprentice who has served his term or a good while is an expert. He is in the way of becoming, for example, a ship-repairer. He is commonly a self-maker. There is not a first-rate man in the navy who is not a good "rigger." The man's duty is with the rigging. He must know every detail of the ropes; and if he knows precisely how the sheets should run, how and where the blocks should be placed, and all the other minutiae of the rigging, he can rig the vessel, and thereby earn high wages. Therefore, with a good many apprentices, relief at the end of their schooling, a good many of the best of them do not, and this is well. It is well to ship on board a man of war a few very large number of the seafaring class.

The sort of education adopted by the very different countries from that of the navy. There are sailmaker's apprentices, but ordinarily the man who seeks to join the navy must go to the recruiting ship at a navy-yard. In New York this recruiting



THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

ship, which is moored at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, is the old *Fremont*, the last of her class, the successor of the *North Carolina*—a vessel of the same kind, whose timbers are now doing service in the long bridge which spans the main head with City Island. The *Fremont* is one of those enormous beam-hulled, comfortable ships which sailed the sea and fought the fights of the latter part of the nineteenth century and the first part of this. She is now dismantled and mended over, and bears some resemblance to an overgrown canal boat that might be towed by a regiment of Prussians than to the graceful thing which was to have been blown through the sea under a mountain of swifling white smoke.

Men may also enlist on board a vessel which

is cruising within the waters of the United States, except at stations where there is a regular recruiting office or a navy-yard. They may also enlist on board vessels that are cruising in foreign waters for the remainder of her term.

The term of enlistment is three years, which is the period of a cruise. When a ship of war is put in commission, it is reported, under ordinary circumstances, that she will be on cruise for three years. The men drafted by her expect to spend their term of enlistment on her, and the officers ordered to her anticipate three years of sea duty in her cabin, wardroom, and stern.

The man who is certain of grade and station. For instance, if a man has served as a "senior gunner," he may be made as such

on his re-enlistment. Otherwise a sailor is taken as a "seaman" or as an "ordinary seaman." A "seaman" is not only an able seaman, but one who has served in the navy, and who therefore understands the discipline and the special duties, especially those of a military character, demanded on board of a man of war. A sailor who stands high in the merchant-service, but who has not been in the navy, will be shipped as an "ordinary seaman."

The next grade is that of "landman." Landmen are precisely what the title designates. They are persons who have never learned the sailor's trade. At the present time the officers of the *Fremont*—perhaps of other recruiting ships—are refusing to enlist landmen unless they have some trade which will be useful on board ship.

Other men are enlisted as machinists, hull- or-makers, first-class firemen, second-class firemen, and coal-brokers.

If a man has served as a petty officer with such distinction as to have received three consecutive good conduct badges, he is entitled to re-enlist at his old rating.

Other persons of a ship's company, like landmen, the stewards, and servants of officers, are enlisted for the cruise. Certain cooks, like the printers, or writers and scribes, are not required to enlist.

The men are regularly discharged at the end of their term of enlistment. The enlisted man who serves out his term creditably receives, on his discharge, the "Honorable Discharge and Continuous Service Certificate," already mentioned. He may be discharged for bad conduct by sentence of a summary court martial, or by the civil courts as a minor or a felon. No press can be discharged from the navy outside the United States, except by the Secretary of the Navy or by a general court martial.

The petty officers are selected from the enlisted men. On a cruise the selection is made by the commanding officer, and on each commanding officer has the right to select his own petty officers, when the command is transferred the senior captain selects the men whom he has rated to the grade they held on joining the ship.

The subject of pay, ration, and provisions for old age and broken health will be treated of hereafter.

The enlisted man of the navy enters a service in which he receives from his officers that degree of justice which the officers themselves are capable of meting out. There are some officers in the United States Navy who are indifferent, careless, or prejudiced. Occasionally one may be found who is brutal, but brutality is no more a vice in the service than it may be said to be in the merchant service. At a rule the officers of the navy are careful and considerate of their men, look



THE SHIPPING OFFICE.



THE BOAT DRILL.



OVER THE MAST-HEAD.

after their wives, are that they are rated justly, and enjoy the friendship of the sailors.

It should be borne in mind that the officers who treat their men harshly and cruelly are in danger of losing his confidence, and is always unpopular with his fellow officers. In the second place, it is greatly to the advantage of the officer that he should be just to his crew. A sailor's gain depends upon his savings and his "good conduct" badge, and the officers, who are responsible for the condition and safety of the vessel, are naturally keen upon discovering the most efficient men for the most creditable positions.

All kinds and conditions of men present themselves at the recruiting ship for enlistment. There are sailors and mechanics; men fresh from the gutter, with the soil of the city clinging to their feet, and the marks of their last uppers fresh upon their bloated faces. There are old men incapable of doing more of themselves, and taxations for the government's kindly shelter. There are poor men out of employment, who have served in the army, and who are turned off, unless they have a handicraft which is useful on shipboard. If the applicant is a sailor, he is asked if he has ever served in the navy. If he has, he must show an honorable discharge, for men who have deserted or who have been discharged for bad conduct cannot return to the navy. If he is satisfactory in this respect, he is turned over for examination as to his physical condition and his attainments. If he is a mechanic, he is also examined as to his proficiency. Some of the men who present themselves at the recruiting ships are old sailors whose three months' leave is up, and who have spent their money, found it difficult to obtain satisfactory shore employment, or are unable to resist the temptations of the sea.

The strong in force of the life of a man-of-war's man has not been greatly exaggerated in the literature of the sea. There is many an old man in the navy to-day who regards any one but a sailor-man with contempt. These are the men who become the best of the petty officers, and some of them, too old to go to sea, are to be found on board the *Ferryboat*. There is *Antoin Williams*, for example, whose life and adventures have appeared in the *Warrior*. He is a survivor of the *Albatross*, and is now, at the age of 60, a petty officer. Other old men instruct the recruits in the elementary tasks of seamanship—making knots, etc. These old men are contented. They are taken care of. If they are disabled, they go to the Naval Hospital; and if they are totally disabled, they may see their days in one of the national homes.

When the recruit is finally accepted, he is given an outfit for which he is charged; for the government makes no allowance to its sailors for clothes. They sell the cloth to them, but the sailor pays for all they want. The thrifty among them make their own clothes, so that it is an ordinary thing aboard a war ship to see a group of sailors squatting on the berth-deck, with their dirty boots on, doing the work of tailors. A sailor's outfit of clothes consists of his blue trousers and shirt, his blue cap, a heavy watch cap, a working coat of white canvas (which he usually wears over the blue), a cap ribbon on which is the name of the vessel to which he is attached, a pair of leggings for shore duty, his white undershirt, his monkey jacket, and his woollen underwear and socks. The outfit costs about \$30 a year, if the man is carefully careful and does his own sewing. The government, in compelling the sailor to buy his own clothes, discriminates against him, for it gives to the soldier of the army an allowance for clothes which is so liberal that a prudent man may save from it during his enlistment as much as \$75, which is paid to him on his honorable discharge from the service.

Another item of expense to the sailor is the cost of the berth-deck coals. These coals are really sent aboard for the actual cooking is done by the ship's cook. The crew is divided into messes, each man having his cook, who receives one or two dollars, according to the *hardship* or extravagance of the man. The mess of the petty officers pays the cook the most, of course. The compensation of a sailor is thirty cents a day. There is now an allowance for food. Instead the men have their meals added to the wages. The berth-deck cook makes up special dishes for his mess, and buys the fresh vegetables, coffee, sugar, and other extras, known as "short grub," which the men indulge in. The berth-deck cook is rated an expert cook, and it is more than likely that the man's system will be changed eventually, and the man placed in his service, or at least of the nature of a man's cook.

The men are drilled on board the recruiting ship in the most ordinary duties of sailors. When they are called to quarters in the morning they are divided into squads, and each squad is placed under the charge of an old sailor. The squads are put through the setting-up drill. They are taught the use of the magazine gas cylinder, and the cut-throat. They are drilled in gunnery, and are taken out for exercise and instruction in the small boats. When they are sufficiently instructed in the rudiments of their new calling, they are ready to be sent off to some ship in commission, or to a ship in the navy.

The main difficulties in getting good men for the navy have been already indicated. Employment on shore for which good sea-

men are paid pay better wages than the government gives to its sailors, and the men outside the public service is free and more independent than the men inside. Officers and men of both the army and the navy complain that the enlisted men in rubber looked down upon and does not extend upon as equal footing with the working men of the country. There may be foundation for the complaint, it should be borne in mind that the enlisted man gives up his freedom in a free republic must suffer for his yielding to the hard circumstances of existence, in the opinion of those who fight out the struggle. How hard and grinding the coast-guard sometimes appears to the sailor was very recently illustrated at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. A ship was making ready for sea in some haste, and the crew were unable to end her fast enough. It became necessary, therefore, to employ heavy men from the shore to assist the



BOARDING DRILL.

sailors, who, when they are compelled to do the work of coal-heavers, receive thirty cents a day as extra-duty pay. Even with this additional compensation, however, the sailors worked alongside of men who earned as much as ten hours as the sailors earned in the whole day. Under the circumstances, it cannot be a matter of surprise that some of the best men do not re-enlist. There is another evil which readily is easily within the power of the President, (whose duty it is to fix the pay of the petty officers, warrant officers, and of Congress. The evil is a grievance, and is universal and grounded about the forenoon of every ship in the service. It is



KNOTTING AND SPLICING.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



BY A SUMMER SEA.—DRAWN BY W. T. BRIDGES.

would be wanted as unrepresentative and not so firmly as those of any other Church or association of any kind would be.

There is no complete or consistent system of education in the Indian Department as there is in the States. There are still mission schools maintained by different denominations, outside the Government schools, and public money is appropriated to aid them. The theory seems to be that it is more economical for the Government to unite with the sects than to maintain the schools independently, like other public schools. The results are a chaotic system, the Government can be readily perceived, and it is a source of constant feeling and anxiety in the Indian Department. In 1890 forty per cent. of the appropriation for Indian education, which was less than one million and a half, was given to the several churches of the States, which was \$534,558. The Catholic schools received \$147,699. For the next year they will receive about \$145,000. The purpose of these schools primarily, as it was in the early Jesuit missions in Canada, is to make Roman Catholics, rather than American citizens. We do not mean that antipathetic sentiments or feelings are inculcated. But the object is ecclesiastical and sectarian. That is the chief interest, and for that purpose the organization is thorough. This something very foreign to the school system, and it should be generally understood. But it is not. Probably very few persons who have not special reasons for knowing understand our scheme of Indian education.

The subject is apt to be dismissed with the remark that education under Catholic auspices and for sectarian purposes is better than none. But this is not really the alternative or the question, unless we choose that it shall be. The question is, why should the public pay for making Catholics of the Indians or Presbyterians? In 1890 we appropriated \$1,364,368 for education among the Indians. Why should a dollar of that sum be spent for a sectarian purpose? And it is not large enough to maintain neutral schools properly. It would be better to let the country to spend twice as much rather than to waste a million or two dollars by maintaining a sectarian institution which, as sectarian, is repugnant to the spirit of our institutions. The goal of the various sects would develop them to maintain mission schools among the Indians as among the Hindus and the Chinese, and at our own great crisis. But the partnership of the Government of the United States with religious sects should be ended as soon as possible.

CHANCES OF THE ATTORNEY.

It appears that the report of a conversation with Mr. BLAINE about his health, in which he said he was not fit to be President, is a very serious matter. It is claimed by the Tribune that Senator BLAINE, however, was reported in the Herald as saying that the misrepresentation of Mr. BLAINE's condition were malicious slanders, and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. C. D. Walcott, has recovered his health. It is a matter of public interest, and we still think it undesirable that no responsible professional bulletin has been published.

There is no doubt that the general uncertainty, and with the tendency to believe that the Secretary is seriously ill, his name is dropped from the political speculations for next year. No one Republican name appears, and the re-election of Mr. Harrison, as we said last week, seems to be assumed. Unexpected results of the election of the autumn, however, would probably result the programme. General Democratic success would produce a Republican check home. A change would be required in the main, and the Republican party would be obliged to follow the course recently taken in Massachusetts—to derive from party leaders suggestions of the house upon which the party could most hopefully count.

A general Republican victory would undoubtedly secure the nomination of Mr. Harrison, and dispose the Democrats to look about for a new man. Indeed, a general Republican victory, resulting in the re-election of Mr. Harrison, would be a very serious matter for the Democrats, who have shown themselves exceedingly anxious to delay the annual division of the country, as is their chief platform. The actual situation shows how very doubtful is the issue at next year's election, and gives peculiar interest to party movements this year.

MR. QUAY'S RESIGNATION.

A REPORT of an interview with Senator QUAY is published, in which he says that the labor of the past year has been too much for him, and he does not intend to take it, but he is not yet willing to say positively that he will resign the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. In a later interview he says that his resignation is given. Evidently he does not imagine that the country would displace him, and does not say so. Yet the whole Republican party sees that the Republican National Committee of Mr. Harrison is a possibility of 75,000 votes. The Democratic cause for President is a possibility of 75,000 votes. The Democratic cause for President is a possibility of 75,000 votes. The Democratic cause for President is a possibility of 75,000 votes.

This result was due to the Republican protest against the leadership of Mr. QUAY as the general of official disloyalty, frankly stated and a similar protest has been again issued since on the ground that Mr. QUAY's explanation is faulty. Yet has there been any sign to show that the Republican or Democratic representation by Mr. QUAY is a possibility of 75,000 votes. The Democratic cause for President is a possibility of 75,000 votes. The Democratic cause for President is a possibility of 75,000 votes.

passed by Mr. QUAY, that the signers of it are Democrats? Even Mr. ROBERT T. LINCOLN took pains to disprove it, and President HARRISON still believes Mr. QUAY. In these very reasons to suppose, therefore, that if Mr. QUAY should choose to resign, the country would be the better for it.

But if Mr. QUAY should resign, there need be no misunderstanding. Whatever the National Committee might or might not do, he would have been shamed out of his office by the people. It is a sentiment which is not only a public sentiment, and occasionally it is a public sentiment, it is a public sentiment. But Mr. QUAY should resign, there need be no misunderstanding. Whatever the National Committee might or might not do, he would have been shamed out of his office by the people. It is a sentiment which is not only a public sentiment, and occasionally it is a public sentiment, it is a public sentiment.

AN ADMIRABLE APPOINTMENT.

No other appointment has been made by the present administration than that of Mr. JAMES M. CONVERSE, of New York, to be chief of the Customs Division of the Treasury Department. Mr. Converse is a man of great energy and ability, who has long been in the public service, and has been appointed to the position of chief of the Customs Division of the Treasury Department. Mr. Converse is a man of great energy and ability, who has long been in the public service, and has been appointed to the position of chief of the Customs Division of the Treasury Department.

In entering upon his new duties Mr. Converse has resigned his position as a member of the Board of Civil Service Examination for the customs service of New York. This position he held for the last two years, and in that time he has been a member of the Board of Civil Service Examination for the customs service of New York. This position he held for the last two years, and in that time he has been a member of the Board of Civil Service Examination for the customs service of New York.

Mr. Converse's appointment is an illustration of a civil service conducted upon reform principles. In character, ability, and fitness he is the man for the place. His own reputation is so high that he is not only a member of the Board of Civil Service Examination for the customs service of New York, but he is also a member of the Board of Civil Service Examination for the customs service of New York.

AT BALREITH.

The most perfect performance of Wagner's opera at Balreith, Germany, was given on the general occasion of Frau WAGNER, who is now in the city of New York. This is evident from the report in the New York Times.

As regards the music of Parsifal, it has been said to the musician, after having it seen since it first came out, that it is not only the most perfectly executed music in existence, but that it is Wagner's ideal music of music, poetry, action, and music in perfect union. The music of Parsifal is a masterpiece of music, poetry, action, and music in perfect union.

This is the key of the description. The Tribune report says that the performance in general left a deep impression. The audience, gathered from the four quarters of the globe, listened with great attention until the close. Here broke out the applause. The audience, gathered from the four quarters of the globe, listened with great attention until the close. Here broke out the applause.

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seem to show that material taste has changed from the days of Paine's operations, and even of the Astor Place opera. But whether the plan is to disprove that conclusion, or, admitting it, to turn the nuts back again, the experiment will still be interesting.

PERSONAL.

WALTER CRANE, the artist, who as is well known by his illustrations to children's story books, although his reputation has not depended solely on work of this character, is now almost to the heart of London. From his garden, filled with flowers, he has been able to find a place in the English flora, he has drawn the inspiration of many of his pictures. A visitor of a century ago, Mr. CRANE was a boy of war in the American Revolution, and he has been a member of the American Revolution, and he has been a member of the American Revolution.

Dr. CRANE, a very honest and upright man, has been a member of the American Revolution, and he has been a member of the American Revolution. Dr. CRANE, a very honest and upright man, has been a member of the American Revolution, and he has been a member of the American Revolution.

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1 Gold mine from Dugat 2 View of the old town 3 View of the city from a distance 4 Street in Albuquerque 5 View of the city from a hill 6 View of the city from a hill 7 View of the city from a hill 8 Street in Albuquerque 9 View of the city from a hill 10 View of the city from a hill

10. View of the city from a hill



THE DIAMONDS.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

HAROLD BROOKE had a watchmaker's glass fixed in his eye. Through it he was intently regarding something which he held in his hand.

"One of the finest two diamonds which ever came out of Africa gone wrong? I wonder what Pargent will say!"

He moved to the window. Under the stronger light he renewed his examination of the crystal through the little microscopic lens.

"It is in an affair of perhaps half an hour. I've known it happen in less. Tyrrel shall have it." He laughed.

"Hark on Tyrrel, but harkler still on me. He and I will share the loss. I wonder what Pargent will say! According to him, we had captured two of the finest diamonds Africa had ever yet produced. They were to make our fortunes. Well, Tyrrel shall have a chance of making his. I wonder how far his knowledge of this sort of thing may go!"

A few minutes afterwards a hansom dashed up in front of a quaint little shop in the neighborhood of St. John's Square, Chelsea well. Mr. Brooke sprang out. He entered the shop.

A young man was his only occupant.

"Tyrrel, I've brought you the diamond." The young man behind the counter gave a perceptible start. "I've changed my mind. You shall have it cheap."

"Cheap?"

"Don't chase. You shall have it for a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds? But it must be money down. I have England to sight. There are menses which compel me. I don't know when I may return. It is a bargain! Here is the stone."

Mr. Tyrrel took it with a hand which trembled. He gave just one glance at it. His eyes gleamed.

"Will it check fire?"

"An open check."

Mr. Tyrrel wrote an open check for a thousand pounds. He handed it to Mr. Brooke. With a mere "Thank!" that gentleman passed from the shop, passing into the hansom, and was driven away. Mr. Tyrrel stood after him amazed.

"I wonder what's up now?"

He picked up his purchase from where he had placed it on the counter. He held it still trembled. He went from the shop into an inner room.

"Mary, I've brought the diamond."

A note of exultation was in his voice. A young woman was leaving the room, a pile of linen in her arms. At the sound of her husband's voice she turned.

"Mr. Brooke's diamond?"

"Mr. Brooke? What do you think I gave for it? A thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds?"

"I think that Brooke's good mad. He might have got ten times the sum from almost any one. He says that he has had a sudden cold shiver, and wants the cash. It's his affair, and mine. Anyhow, I've bought the diamond. I gave him what he asked for it. Here it is."

Mrs. Tyrrel laid her pile of linen on the table. She took the stone which her husband held out to her. She selected a watchmaker's glass from among several which were on the mantel shelf. Fixing it into her eye, she examined the stone under the light of the window.

"What a beauty!" She drew it closer to her eye. "What a beautiful stone!" She struck it over and over in her hand.

"What is this speck of light right in the very heart of it?"

Mr. Tyrrel selected a glass on his own account. In his turn he examined the stone. Briefly but he fixed the glass in its place when he gave an exclamation. He went nearer to the window.

"Give me a higher power!"

She chose another glass from those upon the shelf. She noticed that her husband's face had all at once turned pale.

"What is the matter?"

He made no immediate answer. But no sooner had he begun to examine his purchase with the lens of higher power than he staggered back against the wall. He took the glass out of his eye. He looked round the room like a man who had received a sudden shock. All his animation of a moment before had disappeared.

"It's—it's ruined now! The thief! I understood it now. Why he wanted the cash, his hate, and the call shored. What a first I was! I had seen the stone so often. I thought I knew it so well, that I never thought of looking at it. I snatched him—I thought he'd change his mind—and I'm as good as dead!"

His wife advanced to him. "James, what is wrong? Isn't it the stone you thought it was?"

He held his hand lightly on her arm. "Hush! There's more in it than the stone. See what it is."

She peered through the certain which screened the door.

"It's Mr. Hart."

"What does he want?" With his headscarf Mr. Tyrrel mopped his brow. "I'll—I'll go and see."

How do, Tyrrel, how do! Mrs. Hart's going to be presented at the first Drawing-room—she'll be wide, and that sort of thing, you know—and I want to give her something set in the stone. Thought I'd give you a turn—get them in the rough. Know your father. He and I have had many a deal together. Got anything good just now?"

Mr. Tyrrel looked round and round the shop. He glanced behind him at the door which led into the inner room. He drew a long breath.

"—I happen to have one of the finest stones in England for it now!"

"You are yourself something of a judge of diamonds."

"I am—sometimes."

"Here is the stone. Examine it for yourself."

Mr. Tyrrel handed the stone to Mr. Hart. As he did so, it was to be noticed that his hand still trembled. He snatched his brow as his visitor turned the stone over and over in his hands. His lips seemed parched. Mr. Hart took the stone to the door.

"Got a glass?" he asked.

Mr. Tyrrel handed out a spy glass. He seemed to have some difficulty in finding one. Mr. Hart fixed it into his eye.

"Not a very strong glass, this one of yours. I'm not stronger. But it's good enough to enable me to see that it is something like a diamond. Wants the finger?"

Mr. Tyrrel indicated his lips. "Two thousand pounds."

"You must!"

"It's dirt cheap, Mr. Hart. I've seen worse stones than this in my day of ready cash."

He didn't deny that the stone's a good one. But it's in the rough, and it may cut up rough. And two thousand pounds

is more than I care to pay for an ornament for a Drawing-room, even though that Drawing-room be her Majesty's. But I'll tell you what I'll do, as I know your father, I'll give you a check for fifteen hundred down upon the sale."

Again Mr. Tyrrel indicated his lip. "I'll accept it."

A check changed hands almost as a matter of course for a smaller amount had changed hands only a few minutes before. Mr. Hart departed with his purchase.

"I think he's served that trick. If this diamond isn't worth fifteen hundred pounds and a bit more, say, then I've wrong."

Mr. Hart then and there took a cab to the Bond Street headquarters of these famous jewelers Messrs. Raby & Gold.

It was shown into the under partner's private room.

"I want you to set this stone for me."

Mr. Raby took very eagerly between his finger and his thumb the piece of crystal which Mr. Hart was holding out to him on the palm of his outstretched hand.

"A diamond, I see, and scarce. Rather a fine specimen."

Mr. Raby's eyes gleamed. "May I ask in confidence from whence you obtained it?"

"From a friend in the trade."

Mr. Hart kept his eyes fixed upon the jeweler's face. His face was dry.

"You don't happen to know, I suppose, if he has any more like this in his store?"

"Can't say that I do. What's the worth?"

"You see, Mr. Hart, the value of a diamond depends upon so many things. To us it depends in a measure on whether we have a customer who at the moment requires just such a stone."

"And you have such a customer? I see. Well, I bought it for my wife. I want you to cut it and mount it as a pin for the hair."

Mr. Raby hesitated. He turned the jewel over and over in his hand. "We are old friends, Mr. Hart. May I ask how much you give for that?"

"It was true that Mr. Hart had asked two thousand. Mr. Hart had probably forgotten that he had been told his down to fifteen hundred."

"Two thousand pounds? You see a man of business. Mr. Hart, I don't say you have no objection to making a little profit even out of a diamond. I will be frank with you. We happen to have a valuable customer who is particularly in want of just such a stone as this. It is on that account that I venture, even in Mr. Gold's absence, to offer you for your two thousand-pound purchase those thousand pounds, a clear profit of a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds?" Mr. Hart stretched his chin. "My dear sir, I'm not reduced to selling my wife's diamonds."

But Mr. Hart yet seen the stone.

"Not yet she hasn't. I bought it not half an hour ago."

Then the thing is simplified. I will carry my offer over there. I will give you three thousand pounds for the stone, and will allow you to select, in addition, any articles from our stock to the cash value of a thousand pounds."

The remark of Mr. Hart's lips widened. He smiled.

"It's a deal."

It was Mr. Hart left the Bond Street establishment with a check for three thousand pounds in his pocket, and in a not momentous case of set of very pretty diamond ornaments for a lady's hair.

The stone which he had purchased from Mr. Tyrrel he left behind.

"Mr. Hart thinks himself a shrewd man," Mr. Raby said himself when that gentleman had gone, "but he is not quite

so pleased as he thinks. This is the very reason the Duke is looking for "Fulens I mean, he will give us for it rather more than five thousands pounds."

Above an hour after, Mr Golden entered Mr Hely's room. The union partner rubles his hands as the junior entered.

"I have been indulging in a little day while you have been out—a little deal in diamonds."

"I found a customer this morning."

"You don't mean it?"

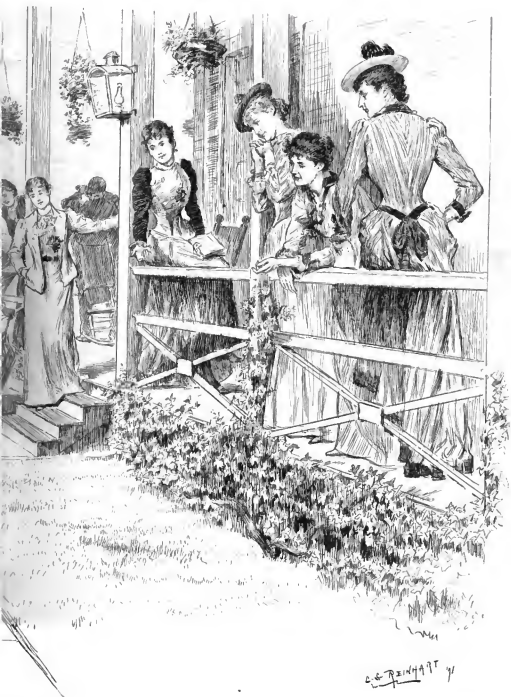
"To a certain extent that is what he offered."

Mr. Brooke whistled. "And I sold it for a thousand pounds!"

"Fungst," explained the owner of the name. "There is just a little thing about

clenching the lady raised her hand to her head. Her fingers lighted on the jewel which gleamed among her tresses. As they did so, a sad, faint comprehension of the stranger's meaning dawned upon her mind; her face became a crimson red. "My husband





C. S. REINHART '91

**VOLUNTEER SAILOR,
MASSACHUSETTS**

[illegible][illegible]

As they were leaving the morning entrance of the dog prison were repeated, until they stood again at the gate in the position already described. The dogs were then ordered to move and a part and parcel of the slope crests, and shrouded instruction to the wind to the dogs. The dogs were then ordered to move and a part and parcel of the slope crests, and shrouded instruction to the wind to the dogs. The dogs were then ordered to move and a part and parcel of the slope crests, and shrouded instruction to the wind to the dogs.

[illegible]

A little after nine o'clock on Friday the squadron again raised anchor and set out for Outer Island. Everything had been arranged for a sham battle, and everybody knew just how it would turn out; but there was pleasure in it for many, and practice for the newcomers. A force of men was landed for the defence of the island, and when they and their guns were in position, the remainder of the men on board the fleet were sent out to wrest the deserted island from their brethren-in-arms. Men fell before the fire of blank cartridges from both sides, and the relief

[illegible]

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

In Bernalillo County, New Mexico, of which Albuquerque is the county seat, the Spaniards brought survivors of First Juan Bernier's expedition to the Father Caudillo of New Mexico, was massacred at Galisteo by the Pueblo Indians in the great revolt of 1680. East of the San Juan Mountains, with its sloping sides and shallows, "table-top," surrounded by peaks of the Sangre de Cristo range, is the town of Bernalillo, the county seat of Bernalillo County. The general dimensions of which are 120 miles from east to west, and 75 miles from north to south. The town of Bernalillo is in the center of the Territory, and for centuries great fortunes were made by the early ranch owners. Vast ranges of land, with their excellent pastures for sheep and cattle, were used and water, with no need of care save that of

The region is rich in minerals. Copper mines are extensively worked at Copper City, at the head waters of the Rio Puerco to the East. The Sanola Mountains to the north-east, and the San Mateo and the Jemez Moun- tains to the northwest of Albuquerque abound in copper, silver, and coal. In Tularia Cañon, east of the Rio Grande, veins nine feet thick of bituminous coal are work- ed, and extensive coal fields are mined at Gallup, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway.

Alongsteque, the altitude of which is 5000 feet, is situated almost seventy miles north of Santa Fe, on the left bank of the Rio Grande. It is a picturesque little village, the oldest of the last landing place to New Mexico, slightly removed from the main Santa Fe trail site. Until the coming of railroads about ten years ago, the old town of this roofed adobe village and house built on the riverbank was wholly dependent in respect to its necessities on the Santa Fe express houses, each built about a plaza or courtyard, and surrounded by gardens, orchards, and vineyards. Many Spanish-Americans of wealth and distinction resided here, and it was the breeding place of one celebrated family, descended to now by the name of the ranchmen and by the inhabitants of a distant Indian pueblo.

San Felipe Neri de Albuquerque, to give its land and only title to the New Mexican population of the Rio Grande Valley, was founded by the Spaniards about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was named in honor of Francisco Perdomo de la Cueva, a soldier of the Spanish army who died in 1701-1702. According to that eminent author, the settlement was founded in 1680, during the seventeenth century occupied a different site from its present one. It was abandoned in 1700, and the Spaniards, following that part of the river valley which the Spaniards held by force of arms retained, gradually moved to the present site. The Spaniards cleared the bottom lands and tamed the rivers and herds in the plains to cross and hunt. The Koshare led the country in hunting and the Spaniards followed them to the Paríto Indians in 1698, and on the return of white settlers to this locality, after the Koshare had been driven out by the Spaniards, the town was located in its present place, which had been the hacienda of

La Paz, the town of 10,000 people, was founded the reconquest. Although it was a place of note among the Mexican settlements sitting along the Rio Grande from Tama to Sonora, it was not a city. The coming of the United States, the town increased in importance. With the extension of the Atchafalaya, Tepic, and Santa Fe Railway to this town, it became a city. It was known then as the "new town" was laid out about the railway station, and at once became a centre of human activity, with considerable business and industry. Unlike the West, however, it has never had a "boom," but in the place of this ephemeral excitement, usually the price of a boom, it has had a steady and substantial growth. The new district lies in greater part to the west of the railway station, about a mile east from the old town. It is a city of 10,000 people, and its street are fine. It is built of wood, brick

ard some, and modern and tasteful residences, surrounded by grounds beautified with trees, flowers, and shrubbery, extend from the business quarter southward down the valley, or westward along the avenue leading to the old town. It has street midways, gas-works, electric light, water works, telephones, two daily newspapers, good pub-

The new town is built after the modern American style. Its main streets—Bassano and Guchi streets—run through their suburban business districts, presenting the typical appearance of a thriving young Western city. All the principal streets are paved and provided with sidewalks. Many important additions and improvements have been made during the past few years. The city has a population of 250,000, and the city government is beginning a complete sewer system for the town. In Albuquerque are held the sittings of the District Court of the Second Judicial District and the United States Court. The courthouse is the old building, which was built in 1890, and is connected with the vista of antique portals which form the street, with a windmill in the background.

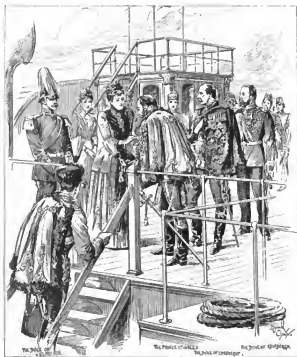
The scenery about Allouezburg is strange and picturesque. Eastward a steep rise makes the hillsides of the valley of the Allouez river, between the valley and the mountain base. In the northeast the lofty, almost summits of the Nunda (Waukegan) Mountains are visible. The hillsides are everywhere partly timbered sides, revealing in the afternoon sun varied tones of blue, brown, red, and gray. South of the Nunda lies a lower range of hills, the base of which is the city of Crystal. And still farther south the hills of Crystal and Mill cations afford pictures from the eastern plain down to the valley and its city among the woods and to the southeast of the city of Crystal. The hills of the Crystal Mountains range. The western flank of the long northern stretch of river is marked by low rolling hills, back of which rise from the river the hills of the Crystal Mountains, the town group, the Lacrosse, a residential town group for tourists. To westward a chain of brown hills breaks the view, and in the distance the hills of the Crystal Mountains, the San Mateo and Jura mountains.

Sitting among the mountains of Cerro de, at an altitude of 11,820 feet, the Rio Grande, on its way to the Gulf of Mexico, flows through New Mexico from north to south—a distance of about 360 miles measured on the meridian, with a fall of 2500 feet in that extent. Much of its volume comes underground, percolating the sands, so that water may be found anywhere in the valley by digging to the depth of the river's surface. In the spring and summer overflows its seasonally current deposits in the valley a sediment of volcanic, granitic, and siliceous soil, forming alluvial bottom-lands of great depth and in

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

The old town, following the religious faith of its founders, the Conquistadores, makes much of the saints' days. Its most noted festivals being those of our Lady of Guadalupe and of Corpus Christi. Headed by church dignitaries, the religious procession on these days, with canopy and golden banners to the music of a band through the street, are emotionally regarded by the crowd of spectators that crowd the sidewalks or crush along the sidewalks and run down fence.

[illegible][illegible]Three projected scenarios:
 1. Constant business
 2. Expansion
 3. Contraction



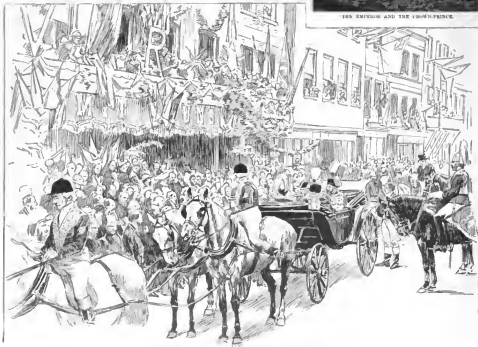
THE ARRIVAL OF THE "BOHNSHAGEN" WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT PORT VICTORIA—THE PRINCE OF WALES JOINING THE EMPEROR'S HAND.



THE EMPRESS—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING HER TRIP.



THE EMPEROR AND THE CROWN-PRINCE.



THE RECEPTION BY THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION AT WINDSOR.
THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 506.]



THE DRILL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS NAVAL RESERVE.—(See Page 581.)

1. On Deer Island. 2. Embarking from Deer Island. 3. Lieutenant-Commander J. C. Foley and Staff. 4. A Group of the Men in Working Uniform.

5. Leaving the United States Steam Ship Boston.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1891.

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ON A ROOF GARDEN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—(SEE PAGE 106.)



THE DINNER AT SANDWICH TO NEIGHBOR CLEVELAND



Neighbor Jefferson



Neighbor Gilder

HOME OF EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S NEIGHBORS.

INCIDENTS OF EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S VISIT TO SANDWICH CAPE COB.—DRAWN BY W. A. BOWEN.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



MALONEY'S MASTERPIECE.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

MALONEY was meeting fifty when he married the widow Hutchins. He did it with perfect confidence and deliberation; he feared Rayburn used to say, as if he were speaking of a suicide. But it was only Rayburn who took such a gloomy view of the situation. That would there be glory about the possession of a wife who was at once rich, handsome, and good natured? That is what Maloney said to say to himself in the days when he was deliberating about the matter. That deliberation had gone on for several weeks, when one day Mrs. Hutchins brought some friends up to the studio.

Maloney was in company and bedewed with paint, sitting before a mirror that reflected the side of the room. He had fifty struggling homes clustered in an it, and was in a frenzy. He felt himself little short of immortal when he passed before, for he knew that when a picture-dresser said, "I have one of Maloney's homes here," it conveyed an impression of accuracy to the mind of the possible purchaser even greater than if the dealer had said, "Permit me to show you a home by the Creator." It was therefore only natural when Maloney was in the midst of fifty magnificent animals, all made with battle fire, plunging and falling, with women alone and eyes glowing, that he should feel irritated at an interruption. It is also true that there was another reason for disturbance of temper. He had not had quite enough to eat. His hands had run out. Maloney had forgotten to make the proper calculations. He never did think about food any way off they were gone. And the widow Hutchins looked reproachfully at him, as if she had had dinner enough and to spare. The very diamonds in her ears would have kept Maloney in dinner for a year if the price of them had been judiciously valued out to him. Of course Maloney always kept by night all that he had in the morning. He had a grain for that sort of thing. Just as he had for painting horses.

Mrs. Hutchins and her two friends, in whom she reposed as "baby friends" in a companionate way, seated themselves without waiting for an invitation. "I do run in on you rather unconsciously, I know," said the widow, conscious of the look of suspicion on the painter's face, "but it is so pleasant to know there is one man living with enough generosity to always look at things in their right light. Besides, this is the only place in town where I can see a picture. There are plenty of other studios. Mr. Maloney, and there is no end of point more or less injudiciously scattered over many miles of country; but, all the same, I am reduced to roaming here when I want to see a picture."

The ladies nodded and smiled. They thought Mr. Hutchins very correct.

"My 'Bride of Corinth' is to be here soon," said the artist, almost won out of his ill humor. "That is the one picture, modern, that I shall really take pleasure in showing to you and your friends."

"On sure have a reception," cried Mrs. Hutchins. "We will have it quite informal and altogether businesslike. I always thought I had a great capacity for being businesslike, but circumstances have forced me to be very commercial."

"You might not have succeeded as a bookman, you know," said one of the baby friends. "And just think how you have succeeded as a woman of business!"

"Thank my wife!" cried the widow, looking up a warning finger. "Whatever you do, do not mention money on anything that pertains to it here. I always feel that it is a sort of profanity." She was laughing, and Maloney could not tell to how great an extent she was correct. "I think myself that money might be protected from all mention of a money sort. If I were a genius, I should think the Muse would be a blessing."

"You could find a tiler or a boarding house keeper within a radius of fifty thousand miles to agree with you," cried Maloney, gaily.

"No," returned the widow. "I suppose not. They are such liberal creatures. But speaking of boarding houses I have created one that I came up to ask you to share tonight. You shall be alone or not, just as you like; you shall talk or not, as you please; but you must come."

"For a moment the artist repeated his with anger and surprise. Was it possible that she suspected his house? He was on the point of fully refusing, when he came to the conclusion that his suspicions were absurd."

"I will come," he said, promptly. "And I would like to bring Rayburn with me. I have a particular reason for wishing him to meet you." He looked at her meaningly.

She looked flattered, so she was bound to do, and lifted her eye-lids to give him picture-on-painting glance.

"It is thrilling," she said, softly, pointing to the canvas. "I can almost hear those poor lovers cry out with first. It must be almost a pain to be able to paint like that. We commonplace folk are never in such of torment. Mr. Maloney."

"It was a delicate compliment, and in the glow of it Maloney accompanied his visitors to the elevator."

Two hours later found Maloney in a long dark study, where he was surrounded by a crowd of paper crumpled. Four young men, completely white-faced, with pallid faces, prepared order for "seats" and "lamps" and "velours."

Maloney, with the step of one familiar with the place, pushed his way to the rear end. There, at one of the tables, was the group he expected to find—a group model of ill-assorted men. There were politicians there, and men who were almost gentlemen, men, too, who never shrank, even to poverty, to the gentleman, some who looked as if they never walked forth except at night, some with the inevitable smudge of the painter; and one or two who merely looked like bookmen.

They were all following to the door, where a man in a dark suit, who had been looking at them with an expression that was almost to give embarrassment.

"I tell you," the man was saying. "If I found all about myself to be maintained on that were best, better, the Sixth Ward would be huge enough to hold us both. You know what Fitzgerald was, boys. A real black with his own real, wasn't he? You know who taught him how to get up and walk erect and look good in the face. I gave him honest work. It was the first he ever had. I told you to put him in the Convent, and you did it. We kept him there for

two terms. And when he held's it with enough to know what to do, he knew himself well where to come for it. I've kept him on the small change of my alone—it was the only change of any kind I had. And now he is willing to accept this outrageous nomination because he had the regular convention through his own pig-headedness."

As he ceased talking he took off his soft felt hat and tossed back the hair from his forehead with a frenzied gesture. His eyes were hot and smoky, quick as rapier, and craft; his mouth delicate and refined—a continual protest against the browns of his work.

Maloney stood listening to this with some amusement. When his friend had reached a period, he mentioned to him. The young man got up and left his companion without apology, and mechanically made his way to the bar, and waited for the him and white "crown," which one of the pale young men sat down without question.

"I should think you would be thirty," said Maloney, snapping down the lid of his bag. "Why don't you get out of this?"

The other frowned at him from under his brows. "There's only one other place when I'm welcome," he retorted, "and it's not here, they say."

Maloney laughed softly. "I've brought you an invitation for dinner, Rayburn. It's from a lady—but that I've interested in."

"Eat with a woman? I've already been over by ten. I thought they were all exhausted, and so they are, old man. Don't sit down at a feast that is certain to be made off your own town."

"I say," cried Maloney, impatiently. "I am tired of having you always spectating Rayburn. There's a third with-out you begin to speak and a good deal of money who want me to take dinner with her—she likes the picture. I never think she does not particularly object to the artist who paints them. And I want you to see her Rayburn."

Rayburn looked at his friend and laughed whimsically. "If no one your trying to appear necessary. You're not do it."

"Don't flatter me, Rayburn. I am pretty tired of stopping every time I get a fine subject under way to paint a vile portrait for somebody, only to keep myself in a crust."

"Well, you can't paint portraits lately," the other confessed. "I wish myself that you were placed beyond the need of it."

"I didn't mean exactly that," said the artist, with the unconvincing pluck of a child.

"Of course not," said his friend. "I was just keeping in mind your intention not to flatter you."

So entertained was Rayburn at the manner in which he succeeded in keeping his friend miserable, that before he realized it the artist had got him up to his room and in the midst of a battle, and a little less look of the men were leaving in the direction of the remains of Mrs. Hutchins. The dinner was perfect—the very sort of a case that two men with rather good palate would be sure to enjoy.

"I'm over off to the house for goodness," said Mrs. Hutchins. "When I was to have ladies to breakfast, I say to my cook, 'Give me that extra.' And she does. She makes them perfectly. They are greatly good to patient. Some-





HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WILHELM II, KING OF PRUSSIA, GERMAN EMPEROR.



The Palace of the President.
Port-au-Prince,
Haiti.



The Color Company - Police Guards.



The President's Carriage.

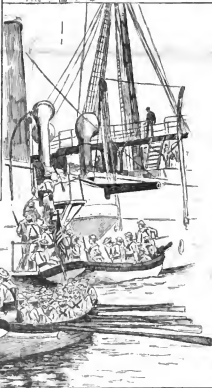
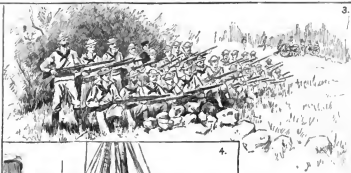


Cathedral and Market
Square port-au-prince.

PRESIDENT HIPPOLYTE AND PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI.—[SEE PAGE 596.]



AN INDIAN OBEAHMEEGAU.—DRAWN BY W. P. SYDNER.—[SEE PAGE 596.]



WITH THE NAVAL RESERVE—DRAWN BY R. F. ZODRACH.—(SEE PAGE 602.)

1. Great Gun Drill—Ready to Fire. 2. Able Seaman, Naval Reserve. 3. Shore Drill. 4. Boat Drill. 5. Officer, Naval Reserve.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

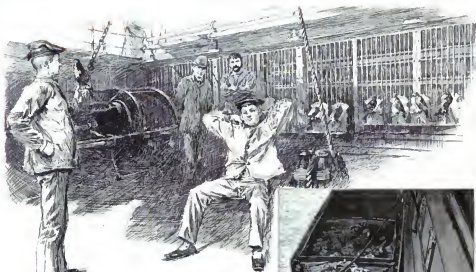
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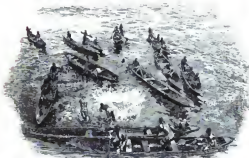
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NORTH BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY W. T. SWENK.



IN THE FORE-DECK.



NEEDING DIVING FOR COALS.



A ROYAL VEGETABLE-DEALER AT DAKAR.



SLAUGHTERING AN OX ON THE FORE-DECK
ACROSS THE SEA FROM MONTEVIDEO TO BORDEAUX.—DRAWN BY W. P. SAYRE AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 622.]



DRAWING AWAY THE CARCASS



WHERE TWO ENDS MEET—SCENE ON THE PIER AT TWENTY



ET. EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THOUVERE. [SEE PAGE 615.]

in 1888, while the work at Willets Point was not fairly begun until 1892.

These boats were originally designed to fight wooden ships, and when the earliest of them were built there were no war vessels propelled by steam in existence.

The forts were chiefly armed with 32 and 48 pounder smooth bore guns, whose effective range against wooden ships was about 2000 yards. In those days want of room on board the large number of guns required casemates, or the tier upon tier method of construction. It is very doubtful whether these forts would have stopped a fleet of sailing vessels of that period under a determined commander like Admiral Paganini, who would have sacrificed his ships in order to capture the gun city. Passive obstructions, such as buoys and rafts, were thought of to retain the enemy under fire, but torpedoes were not considered as an element of the defence, although they had been tried many years earlier by Hattet Foulon and others.

In addition to the modernizing of the existing fleets, New York Starline's new element of defense will be introduced in the shape of mortar batteries. As is well known, the mortar, or "howdah," was one of the earliest forms of cannon, and dates almost as far back as grape-and-still. Not only so, but very huge mortars were cast, and as long ago as 1557 a mortar was made in England carrying a shell 50 inches in diameter, and weighing, with its burning charge, 2000 pounds. A little later Armstrong introduced the rifled mortar, which has recently come so prominently into notice on account of its great range and accuracy.

The need of towing mortars in sea-coast defense is to mount a larger number of them in deep sleep than they will be safe from if they are towed in the open day. The mortar ranges of our navy are of the emergency type, and are towed by the emergency ships, to fire a volley from the extreme range of the coast defense. They are of some direction, so as to cover several thousand square yards of open, and thus multiply the chances of sinking the ships. This is done by the use of the emergency ships, so the shells weigh over 800 pounds, and fall from a height of from 1500 to 4000 yards, the penetrating effect is very great. As they are towed by the emergency ships, they are about 400 yards apart, and have an area of nearly half an acre each, the probability of hitting an enemy ship is very small. The emergency mortar is a surfboat, while the mortar themselves and the gunners who are on them are comparatively safe. This is

It is proposed to have major histories or toasts as to command not only the class sets of approach to our harbors, but also the positions likely to be occupied by an enemy's fleet in bombarding our forts or cities, as, for example, at A and B on the chart.

[illegible]

One of the greatest dangers hemicorne faces is that of being accused of piracy. The ship would disengage the forts, and rush past them into our harbors. But this is not possible, against the use of the fleet torpedo, whose mission it is to hold the enemy in check until the fleet can get into range to do their work. The torpedo must be pinned, if possible, under the gun of the forts, so that their removal by the enemy would require him to come within the range of the fleet. The location of the torpedo would, of course, be unknown to the enemy, and the mere suspicion of their presence would inspire the enemy on his part to make a dash for the harbor. The fleet would be well as military authorities that no commander of a ship or fleet would be justified in disregarding a torpedo blockade, or in attempting to remove such obstacles by force, where conventional war holds sway by the deletion.

to show that our defenses, although imperfect, are not altogether worthless, and that even our monetary efforts should be utilized to the maximum. The only way this can be found to have even greater desirability than the other two is if the country is so poor that it would have a reasonable protection, and need the money on at least equal terms. But this is not the subject. The honor and dignity of the country demand that our own resources be drawn upon to the limit, and that we should be able to discourage rather than succumb attack and there is no reasonable doubt of the propriety of this. The only question is whether the efforts in ports is such a serious condition of defense that the attack will be made upon them, and, if so, whether the country is so poor that the result resulting from a war forced upon us, or rather to avoid, by our promises and efforts.

The soldier risks his life in the defence of his country, and it is the country's duty to give him the proper *food and shelter* of the State; not to get him maimed or killed, and then punish him or his widow twenty years later.

A SUNFLOWER

BENEATH a Southern heaven
We lived four sunny years,
Without one angry vein.

We loved—a love unspoken,

A love not mere impart,
The pledge, unmade, unbroken,
With long as life endure.

THE GRAND ARMY REUNION
AT DETROIT.

[illegible]

But so pleasant, and for so many hours the officers found time in the matched their route in the city, that they were not sorry to have the day end. The town was thronged with visitors, and many more veterans were present than those now in the ranks. Upon the reviewing stand, from left to right, were the following: Secretary of War, General Sherman; General Secretary of the Interior, Department of the Interior, and many noted Congressmen, Governors of States, and many other distinguished persons.

Out of respect to the memory of Dr. B. F. Stephenson, the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Illinois Division was given the honor of the rights of march. They were preceded by the Ohio Division, and followed by the staffed regiment, Old Abe, which in like accompanied the soldiers of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment through the vast Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and the Ohio, were well represented among the visiting States. Many ex-Governors and

during the early parade, afterwards making a detour upon the reviewing stand. With the exception from his bus, Ex President Hays was greeted with enthusiasm and the speaker was escorted with pomp and circumstance to the headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ohio. Mackay's military contingent the most seen to the parade. The naval veterans and the Sons of Veterans brought up the rear and closed the procession. Later in the day, after the parade had been dismissed, Ex President Hays, in behalf of the Grand Army, presented to General Vossay at headquarters a superb diamond badge.

[illegible]

In his address the Commander in chief recommended that his successor is empowered to create appropriate departments for negro veterans in Louisiana and some of the other Southern States, approved generally the bill passed by the Fifty first Congress known as the disability bill, commending it as liberal in its provisions, even if truly it was not so, and favored an amendment of the measure enlarging the scope in which service shall count in procuring government appointments. In his reference to the distinguished veterans who have died during the year he alluded at feeling tribute to the

The Surgeon General's report, showing the number of deaths in the order during the past year, recorded the deaths of William Tecumseh Sherman, David D. Porter, Charles Devens, E. P. Neyce, John W. Fuller, John McNeill and Richard C. Faxon. A letter from the Commissioner of Pensions stated that the number of pensioners upon the rolls on May 31, 1901, was 630,354, those of the civil war comprising 481,386 army and navy invalids and 148,968 widows, the remainder being survivors or widows drawing pensions on account of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war. To pay these pensioners will cost during the present fiscal year about \$125,000,000.

The Adjutant General's report showed that, on August 14, 1990, there were on the rolls of the order 44 departments, with 2182 posts and 297,941 comrades in good standing. The consolidated report of the Adjutant General for the period ending June 30, 1990, as far as the returns—as yet incomplete—have been received, shows 45 departments, with 2229 posts and 300,087 comrades in good standing.

The Wednesday afternoon session was devoted almost wholly to discussion as to the place where the next encampment should be held, the contest lying between Washington, D. C. and Lincoln, Nebraska. After long and spirited debate, the matter was settled on the first ballot, Washington being selected by a majority of twenty seven votes. The day and evening were devoted to camp fire and readings of regimental histories, and other veteran associations, and in the evening there was a grand river display of acrobatics.

On February Captain John Palmer, of Albany, New York, was, on the second ballot, elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and his election was enthusiastically made unanimous. Henry M. DuBois, of Michigan, was, by acclamation, elected Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, T. R. Clarkson, of Nebraska, was elected Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, and R. B. Payer, of Florida, was elected Chaplain. Surgeon-General Benjamin F. Diermeier, of Connecticut, was re-elected by acclamation.

Captain Palmer, the newly elected Commander-in-Chief, was born at Staten Island,

March 22, 1961, and was a cavalryman for several years. He resided in the Ninety East New York Volunteers, September 10, 1961, and was eventually with that regiment until it was disbanded on July 2, 1962, taking part in all its engagements. He was seriously injured at the battle of Five Forks in the conflict charge of cavalry and infantry. By force of his soldierly qualities, he attained sergeant's grade of corporal, sergeant, sergeant-major, second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain, and captain. Since the war he has been engaged in the fence-painting and decorating business at Albany, New York. He is one of the best-known and most popular members of the order of his State, as a

Department of New York, and was for several years state commander of that post, which, with headquarters at Albany, is one of the largest and most industrial posts in the country. He was for several Commanders of the Albany Post, and in 1879-1880 was chosen Grand Vice-Commodore in chief, occupying himself with credit in all those important positions. Being thus placed in the direct line of promotion to the highest office in the Grand Army, his election was regarded the moment the department from New York determined to waive application from their choice. He is a terrible speaker, a good presiding officer at Department and National Conventions, and has been a delegate to both State and National Conventions by both State and National delegations.

The trainees members of the Grand Army were closed upon Thursday, August 28. The main concern was the difficult question of where to place the trainees. The answer was that outlined in the orders of General Vessey, referring to Grand Army points of Negro service. Prior to 1890 the companies of the then existing points in the Southern States were wholly or nearly all composed of white men. The establishment of five new points in Louisiana led to difficulties in the matter of placing Negro troops. The War Department, which, strongly indicated at the last conference, came to a focus this year. The issue to be determined was whether in response to the wishes of the white Southern States, separate departments should be instituted in certain States for the Negro Grand Army.

The Judge added notes, in an elaborate opinion, one of that sort a proceeding would be unprofitable. These race problem was fully discussed in the agreement on Thursday afternoon, the cause of the negro veterans has been discussed by the committee on the subject of William Warner, of Missouri, past Commander in chief. The encouragement finally, by an overwhelming vote now was, proposed against the restoration of separate departments for the negro veterans, and the appointment of the Congress in charge of negro new or provisional departments in business in which there are organized departments.

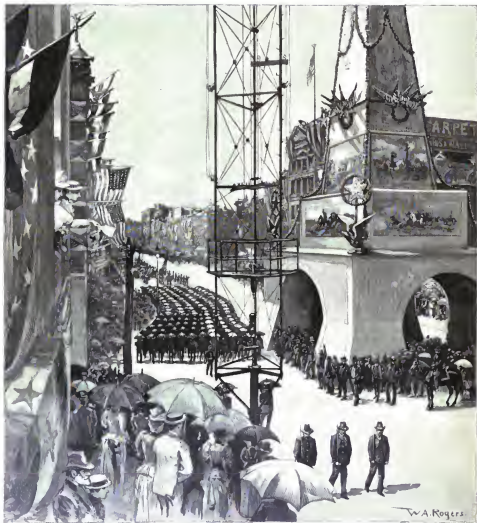
The effect of this action is to break down the color barrier between the white divisions and formal association of the white and the negro veterans within the Grand Army.

to be made to the Philip-
pines by the Logan Mountain Fund now reaches
\$25,000, and is closed. For the Albert
report on the Grant-Montgomery Fund closed
of that fund, which in 1900 amounted to
\$111,000, and in 1901 was \$127,914. The
fund lost last year. Of this the fund was
derived as interest on the present fund,
on the total actual increase by donation had
been made by the State of Minnesota.
An appropriation was made for keeping
the fund in the hands of the State of Min-
nesota. Commander-in-Chief, President, of Wis-
consin, presented a report representing the
interest of himself in understanding to secure
the interest of the State of Wisconsin in the
interest in matters belonging to the various
departments of the government. The sit-
uation of the fund was as follows:
These who did not voluntarily leave were
against the United States are entitled to
the grant. The Grant Army was
fessed.

This great occasion was the occasion of very lesser ones, eight national organizations having improved the occasion to hold their meetings. A committee of the National Association of United ex-Prisoners of War reported a bill to be presented at the next session of Congress in behalf of the soldiers who were in prison for a period of not less than sixty days, providing that they shall receive a gratuity of \$3 for every day of their confinement. The same Association was the Commander of the Battle-field unit, and effected a national organization, with the sanction of a constitution and by laws. Other reunions were those of the United States Veterans Signal Corps, and of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The sixth annual convention of the Women's Relief Corps was held at this time, and the rapid growth of this auxiliary organization was indicated both by the reports of its officers and by the large attendance. The Board of Veterans' organization has continued its former rapid growth during the past year, thirty-two States and Territories having been organized into divisions, with some thirty-twenty-five hundred subordinates corps, and over fifty thousand members have been in-

Many pleasant social features accompanied this vast gathering, including a grand picnic at Belle Isle Park, attended by over ten thousand comrades and their friends, who during the event listened to speeches by ex-Senator Palmer, ex-President Hayes, and General Miles. There were camp fires and bonfires every evening, and on Friday many of the visitors to the city made excursions to Fall River, Lake St. Clair, and other points on the river. Taken altogether, the "silver anniversary" of the Grand Army of the Republic was one of the most satisfactory and gratifying, as it has been one of the grandest, in the history of this vast and poetic organization.



AT THE CORNER OF THIRD, JEFFERSON AND WARD AVENUES.

THE GRAND ARMY REUNION AT DETROIT—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOLSON, DETROIT—[SEE PAGE 619]



THE BOARD OF TRADE, CHICAGO



HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



A SALVATION ARMY WEDDING AT THE BARRACKS ON FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. T. SHERMAN.—[See Page 64.]



CLARENCE HOBART.



W. S. CAMPBELL (Former Champion).



A. T. CHASE.



R. L. and VALENTINE HALL.



F. E. HOYT.



F. B. DEANE.



E. F. HUNTINGTON, JR.

POSSIBLE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONS.—(See Page 604.)

THE RACING YACHTS OF '91.

TACK to her credit, the racing yacht has ever been a fickle jade. Not in the memory of sportsmen has one lived out its natural life, while in the last few years each season has developed a new and different type, all tending more and more to the more racing-machine. Two years ago some of the best

racers of the decade was furnished by the "aces," of which class *Katrina*, *Glauco*, *Bellevue*, and *Tinian* were brilliant examples. Last year a good fleet of 40 boats, containing *Gambel*, *Warron*, *Chatter*, *Merida*, *Lisa*, *Marquise*, *Topshank*, and *Monica*, absorbed all attention, and



VOLUNTEER AND GRACE PAULINA.



GLORIANA.



VOLUNTEER WINNING.



Lightship

Glauco, Katina, Topshank, Monica.

START OF THE 44-FOOTERS.

THE GORLET CUP RACES AT NEWPORT.

only the ship and the sail from the port of New Orleans under the New Orleans flag. Mr. Cope died in 1893, and the firm is still in existence in these old young houses at Walnut Street and Delaware Avenue, as Cope Brothers. Of ship builders about the Revolution, my grandfather, Daniel Fyne, Sen., was the best known. Mr. Fyne had been a colonel in the Continental army, and afterwards a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly. At the opening of the nineteenth century Samuel Cope, an Englishman by birth, was the most famous and skilful of Philadelphia's shipbuilders. Mr. Cope built the celebrated ship *Prize* for Captain Charles McDowell, the fastest sailing merchant man of her day, making her first voyage from Philadelphia to Cebu in seventeen days. This, in fact, is better than yachting time.

We are particularly interested in Mr. Cope, as he was the man who built the founder of the largest and most successful of American shipyards—the William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Company. William Cramp, the founder of this great plant, was born in the district of Kensington, now the Eleventh Ward of the city of Philadelphia, in September, 1807. His parents were of English descent, but American born. Mr. Cramp was educated in the public schools of his native city, and in 1822, then in his sixteenth year, he was apprenticed to the famous firm we have mentioned, then the most successful ship-builder of that period, whose yard occupied the site which was later Verree's floating mill. After he had completed his term of apprenticeship, he secured for several years as a journeyman ship carpenter. In 1830 he determined to establish a yard of his own, and acquiring some property in Kensington and fronting on the Delaware, he began the building of wooden vessels and steamboats. To 1839 the changes that had taken place in marine architecture induced the firm to discontinue the construction of wooden craft and devote its attention entirely to iron vessels, in which branch of ship-building it has made a reputation famous to every maritime country in the world. The Cramps furnished the government during the rebellion with a number of monitors and other vessels, including the famous iron-clad frigate *USS Monitor*, which rendered much effective service in Charleston Harbor. In addition to these war ships actually built at their yard, they also supplied many others. On taking the contract to build the *Penobscot*, Ohio, Zulueta, and Illinois for the American Steamship Company, more room was needed, and a large tract of land in Kensington, having

become an incorporated company, having built, however, its capital to \$1,000,000, of which \$250,000 is paid up. They have also recently acquired by purchase the Fort Richmond iron works of J. F. Morris & Co., which adjoins their plant in Kensington, and here they secured a very old-established engine building plant, which greatly increases their facilities in that direction. The plant at present covers about 13 acres and employs 5000 men, which will be doubled in the near future. It has also on a 17-acre site on the Delaware river to where the Delaware and Schuylkill meet, and within a short distance of the United States Navy Yard at Longwood Island. This also owned the William Cramp iron, dry-dock, and machine works, a short distance from their main plant in South Street, containing the largest dry-dock and ship-railway in the country. From a national standpoint the Cramps have become an object of great interest to our whole country and all maritime powers because of their great activity in building up our navy. They have increased and completed the armor and double-turreted Monitor *Terror*, the pneumatic dynamite gun cruiser *Franklin*, cruiser *Torpedo*, and the protected cruiser *Philadelphia*, Baltimore, and Newark, the last of which has had her official trials and been accepted by Secretary Tracy, and is now at the Cramps dock awaiting orders to go to sea.

The tour of inspection of this last beautiful addition to our "White Fleet" showed the crew giving her the final touches before departing on her cruise, gun coverings were being removed, masts on deck reared, sky lights and platforms being painted, and it was just at that time of day when a heavy rain from the gale hit the Japanese coasts in the act of preparing the secondary masts for the observer guns. These of the crew are employed were squatted under the shelter of the deck in their canvas coats and jackets, talking and reading and chatting, while the ships' guns, quite as lively as in her dignified carriage, pointed the nose of the ship, her broad deck a brilliant green by some last latherings among the crew in honor of St. Patrick's day.

There are on the stocks now the cruiser *New York* her keel about two-thirds completed; Cruiser No. 12, or the "Pinta," an oak has been nicknamed at the yard, has her keel laid, and some of her ribs are in place. The writer crawled through the piling and underneath the stager that supports the 8000-ton cruiser *New York* and then, seated right under her keel line, on the blocks that supported the vessel, a molting scene came over him of the veritable grandeur of this monster of the deep, and of the enormous steam power necessary to propel her through and against the water at twenty knots an hour, with all her complement of armament, masts, and ordnance, her six 8-inch and twelve 4-inch guns, besides her masts, batteries, slides, machine guns, and all the paraphernalia of a modern man of war. Climbing upon one of the ladders, I watched with interest the fastening of her keels, and the stevedores at work deftly hammering into place one red hot bolt after the other, every stroke bringing nearer to completion what is confidently expected



LAUNCH OF THE "CRISTINA"



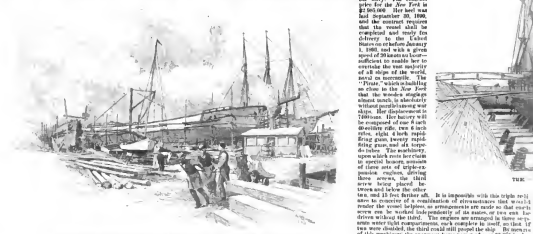
WILLIAM CRAMP—FORMERLY A FURNACEMAN ON GOVERNMENT, PHILADELPHIA.

a river frontage of 200 feet, was acquired, and the work of building their great ship-yard at the foot of Black and Laurel streets was begun.

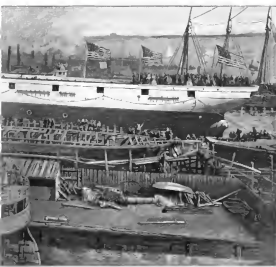
In 1920 the Boston officials who were staging the Centennial Exhibition were so impressed by what they saw at the Cramps' yard that they persuaded the Civil Government to send the cruiser *Crozier* there to be exhibited. Subsequently, when the war cloud hung over the United States, and Britain sent her fleet to Constantinople to take care of the "sick men of Turkey," Russia built three more vessels at the Cramps' yard, the *Europa*, *Asia*, and *Zulueta*; they also altered several others to meet the emergency; but the "Prize with Honor Congress" at Berlin brought these foreign countries to an abrupt close. In 1923 the centenn-

to be the fastest and most powerful protected cruiser afloat. The conflicting elements in naval architecture are battery armor, resistance against a pierce shot and displacement. You create one or the other, and must compromise in part most suffer. The *New York* has been so designed as to satisfy these conflicting interests. She has very enough fuel for a continuous voyage of 10,000 miles without resupply; her armored deck is 8 inches in the flat, and 6-inch sloped; her sides have a complete belt of water-tight armor, and in the water of her engine spaces 3 inches of armor, while fear of her heavy guns are protected by 16-inch armor and 1-inch shields. Fighting battle ships, however, is not her business. She is built to clear the sea of an enemy's commerce, and not only his commerce but any ship or vessel he may send out. She is then both a commerce destroyer and a commerce protector of the highest efficiency. Four such ships distributed in various quarters would put an effective stop to the depredations of so many fleets of commerce raiders.

For general purposes of service it was she is believed to have a wider field of usefulness than any other ship yet designed for our navy. The contract price for the *New York* is \$2,500,000. Her keel was laid September 30, 1909, and the contract requires that the vessel shall be completed and ready for delivery to the United States on or before January 1, 1910, and with a given speed of 20 knots an hour, sufficient to enable her to overtake the sea majority of all ships of the line afloat on the ocean. The "Prize," which is building on close to the *New York*, is the second of the class, and the wonder of the world about which is absolutely without parallel in the history of the world. Her displacement is 7,000 tons. Her battery will be composed of six 8-inch guns, two 4-inch guns, two 6-inch guns, eight 4-inch guns, and two 3-inch guns, being gun and all torpedoes below. The machinery, upon which rests her life, is of special interest, made of these are of triple-expansion engines, driving three screws, the third screw being placed between and below the other two, and 15 feet farther aft. It is impossible with this triple screw to conceive of a combination of circumstances that would render the vessel helpless, an arrangement is not made so that each screw can be worked independently of its axis, or two can be driven without the third. The engines are arranged in three separate water-tight compartments, each complete in itself, so that if two were disabled, the third could still propel the ship. By means of the machinery, the steam has power of over 20,000 is developed. Her maximum speed will be 22 knots, with one screw

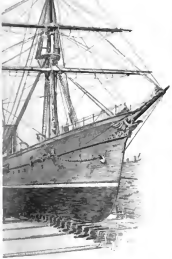


MONITOR FOUR-MASTED STEAMER AT ANTHONY & SONS' YARD, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.



THOM CRANP'S YARD IN 1866.

of one-third power, 15 knots; two screws and two-thirds power, 22, and a sustained speed of 21. Finally, the cost of the ship has been fixed at \$200,000, which, at 10 knots an hour, will give her an endurance of 100 days, or a radius of action of 1,500 knots. Her contract price is \$1,250,000, and she is to be built for delivery, everything complete, by May, 1903. The two little ships, each to be of 10,000 tons displacement, was contracted at \$1,000,000; the third having been awarded to the Union Iron-works of San Francisco for \$2,100,000. The four war ships that



AS A "CRANP'S" BUILDING SHIP.

Building by the Cramps for the navy aggregate \$11,750,000. Now Italy can only be induced to postpone her war-hat ships until 20, when we will be ready for her, and new navy building on the drydock will be quite able to take good care of it. In connection with the erection of ship building, head in hand is the great machine building that has brought about these great ships. It is not within the limits nor the province of this article enter upon a discussion of the steam engine as applied to steam-

Line, which are being thoroughly overhauled, and also being supplied with triple expansion engines; the most of space thus gained over their old type of engines will yield each ship an additional carrying capacity of nearly four hundred tons. A tour through this ship yard is certainly an impressive event; you see piece by piece these great ships gradually being moulded together; every man seems to know his place and his work, there can be no idlers when twelve millions are at stake.

The Cramps have placed up in date over a hundred vessels of all sizes and descriptions, from steam tug to men of war, including Jay Gould's yacht *Albatross*, Mr. T. Phipps' *Morgan's Corsair*, the *Coney Island* boats *Orion*, *Pegasus*, *Pharos*, and *Towers* the *Red "B"* Line steamships between New York and Venezuela, the *Clyde* Line boats to Bermuda, etc., etc. It is a great industrial establishment, founded by an American mechanic, maintained by his descendants in the same broad spirit of economy, enterprise, and longevity, and which Philadelphia and the whole country can well be proud. Mr. Charles H. Cramp is now the head and front of this great concern. There is one other ship yard at Philadelphia, that of Scott & Leroy. This is an old established firm, having begun business in 1838 on Henry, North & Co. Their plant does not permit them to build the very largest ships, but they turn out excellent work, and are especially well known as builders of very fast engines. They have recently launched for Mr. W. W. Durant the steam yacht *Harvard*. Mr. Durant expects to make a trip around the world in his boat, but that the foreigners will wish that same "Utah," and how she will be received, has yet to be seen. "Utah," was built in 1870, and is generally spoken of in England as a "B.O. and a home" "10."

The only surviving wood-hull ship is that of the *Charles Holloman* ship and Engine Building Company. Founded in 1848 by John Holloman, it became, in 1864, Hillyard, Holloman, & Strother. They have always been an excellent reputation as good shipwrights, but are now particularly concerned in building types of all descriptions, and in repairs to vessels.

The government of the United States has always, from the building of its first ship, recognized the advantages of Philadelphia as a ship building center. In 1800 several lots of ground were purchased in Southwark, and additional ones in 1805. The first and last of these was the 16-acre lot of the *Franklin*, launched August 25, 1815. Among the other famous vessels built at the old navy yard, and indelibly linked with the history of our country, are the ship of the line *Franklin*, 124 guns, steam-propelled, one of Kane's polar expedition; *Lawrence*, 21 guns, *Yankee*, *Conestoga*, *Swatara*, and *Quaker*. Besides these government built vessels there were the *United States* built by John Humphreys in 1797; the *Prize* *Philadelphia*, also constructed by Humphreys, but purchased by citizens of Philadelphia in 1799—both these were built in Southwark, but not yet built. Survivors of immortal renown, built by Joseph Grise in Kensington, and launched June 28, 1814.

The building of the navy yard in the southern section of the city induced the founding of a number of private ship yards in the neighborhood, but they soon drifted up to Kensington; the last to remain was the *Westmoreland* with their old-time dry dock. On the present site of League Island by the city of Philadelphia to the United States government for a navy yard, it was determined to erect a ship building yard, the *Providence* Island being the purchaser for \$100,000. The navy yard was commenced in League Island, January 7, 1878, since

which time the Philadelphia Congressmen have valiantly endeavored to induce Congress to keep his pledge, and establish a great naval ship yard, but so far without success; possibly the *Blackmore* ship building are not encouraged by an avowed longing for a government yard, with a government yard at night hours, on the river.

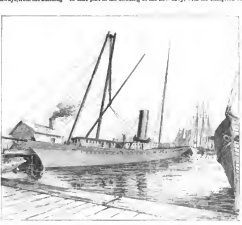
Williamette and Chester are the other two important ship building centers on the Delaware. In Wilmington the industry is as old as her existence. The first extensive ship building concern in the "Peach Tree" State was the *Holmes & Hollingsworth* Co., and the *Jackson & Sharp* Co. Both, by a curious coincidence of industry, cut business as well as shipbuilders. The *Shewels* landed in the Delaware in 1808, upon the site of part of the plant of the *Jackson & Sharp* Co. The foundations of their feet are plainly visible, and Trinity Church, erected by them in 1808, with its spire, bell tower and rough stone walls, bears a strong relation to the *Jackson & Sharp* Co. accounting house. Wilmington's ship industry, strange to relate, were founded and have remained upon the banks of the narrow and tortuous stream the *Christiana* and the *Breswylne*, and not upon the broad waters of the Delaware, which flow along the eastern foot of the city.

As early as 1847 they were building shell-plug and small landing vessels in New Sweden, and one of the first of the new industry stipulated that all the consumers of their port should be turned on only in vessels of their own building, a restriction that might seem very applied to the present day. The first vessel for the foreign trade launched at Wilmington was the *Irish* *Washington*, of 130 tons, built in 1740 by W. Shiple, D. Ferris, and others, and intended for the West India trade. This little vessel made a number of successful voyages, and was no doubt the first vessel of over 100 tons built upon the river. The war of the Revolution, and later the rebellion, destroyed many of her consumers and many of her wooden ship yards, but brought into prominence her facilities for iron work. The *Holmes & Hollingsworth* Co., the largest of all Wilmington's industries, was founded in 1848 by James H. Pusey, as *Boss*, *Pusey*, & *Holmes* in 1867, and in 1913, on Mr. Pusey's retirement, *Elph* *Hollingsworth*, formerly a foreman at the *Holmes & Hollingsworth* works in Philadelphia, was admitted as a partner, and the firm became *Boss, Holmes, & Hollingsworth*, and incorporated in 1887 as the *Holmes & Hollingsworth* Co. There are at present no members of either the *Holmes* or *Hollingsworth* families in the concern, Mr. John Taylor Gause being president, having worked

CHARLES H. CRAMP.

himself out from messenger boy to his present proud position; Mr. H. T. Gause is vice president, and both these gentlemen are sons relative of the past *Beard* Taylor. The first week of the concern and our building, the ship yard will be built, and the largest ship yard in the world, with 70 ships and buildings upon it, and a dry dock 300 feet long, capable of housing a vessel drawing 14 feet, 2000 men find employment there, the pay roll amounting to between \$20,000 and \$40,000 per week. The *Holmes & Hollingsworth* concern is the oldest iron and steel building company in the United States. They are well known as builders of fire-sheds, machine shops, houses in construction, and much in the last degree.

During the war of the rebellion they built and repaired many machines for the United States government, among the latter being the *Potomac*, *Sagwa*, and *Asa*. The concern has not been able to take part in the building of the new navy, with the exception of



THE NEW STEAM-YACHT "CORBAIN" BUILT FOR A FERRONT MUGGER.



THE BATTLE SHIP "INDIANA" OR "HARRISBURGH" IN ONE WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED.

the double-towered Monitor Amphitrite, as they are compelled to launch all their craft on the Chesapeake, which is too narrow and shallow for "commerce destroyers" and battle ships. Mr. Chase expects the government to dredge out and pile up the banks of the "Christine," after which he believes their concern will be to build large vessels in the City. Perhaps it would be a much more judicious method of utilizing dredge water to move part of their plant to the Delaware front, and not rely upon the river and harbor sill and its log-jams and obstructions. The Harlan & Hollingsworth people are also celebrated steam yacht builders, having constructed for Mr. A. J. A. for Mr. Vanderbilt, *Swampscott*, for Mr. Whitney, *Albatross*, for Mr. Plater, *Albatross*, for Mr. Howard Webb, *Albatross*, for Mr. Gerry, and *Albatross* for Mr. G. A. Harlan & Hollingsworth are living at their docks out of commission. The latter is probably the most expensive shipyard in the world, the line also provided heretofore very rapidly, meaning eleven knots an hour under normal draught, and having only one and a half tons of coal a 300 foot long propeller for the Harlan & Hollingsworth Transportation Company almost ready for launching, and also a number of other vessels being ordered and repaired. When the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company make their ship-building contracts, they usually contract to deliver the vessel all ready for sea, excepting her provisions. Their facilities are so great, the plant is complete, that they can fit out every part of any kind of ship, planning, re-plating, boiler and engine work, hull, steel plate, engines, electric lights, most rigging, all but the sails, are made in their yards, and each ship is built to the very plan in season, by interesting men to the thoughtful observer. One of the great sources of the success and continued prosperity of this plant is the fact that the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, as well as its present organization have been and are mechanized, "making men" in the fullest sense of the word, and most of all, they are a highly perfected business concern whose career is a splendid example of the American mechanic's energy and genius.

There is one other plant, the Jones & Ship Company, located in 1860, one of the earliest in the ship-building line, constructing wooden vessels only, mostly four masted schooners of large tonnage, one of the ships now registering 1800 tons. The construction of steam has forced steam and the same manner in wooden sailing ships to

lost. Pusey & Jones, also at Wilmington, have quite a fine steam tugboat, but the vessels they build are mostly steam and sail-wheel craft of very light draught, especially designed for the South American trade. There are also some "wooden yachts" at Milton, Milford, Adams, and Loomis, where they build small schooners, yachts, boats, etc., which complete the ship-building industry in Delaware.

Chesapeake, contains the only other great iron-shipyard outside of Philadelphia on the Delaware. Established in 1880 by Hume, Son & Archibald, it became in 1891 the Delaware River Iron Shipbuilding and Engineering Works, John B. Hume & Son, proprietors. This is a very extensive and complete plant, having the Delaware to launch upon, and therefore able to compete with any shipyard for the building of vessels of the largest size. They have now on the stocks the sixteenth vessel for the Military Line, the *Orion*, of 2000 tons; they have also built one steamer for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, twelve for Commodore Garrison's old line, to be built, and a number for the United States and the Chesapeake Navigation Company. These works were brought into very general notice by the run that took place between the late John B. Hume, the United States and the Chesapeake Navigation Company, the Navy, and the United States, the completion of the "White Fleet," i.e., the *Albatross*, *Albatross*, *Albatross*, and *Albatross*.

It is not generally known that the contract was made directly with John B. Hume, and he in turn added it to the works of which he was president. The government objected to the acceptance of these vessels on the ground of monthly inspection and failure to comply with contract specifications, the result being the financial ruin of Mr. Hume. It is not possible here to enter into a discussion of the pros and cons of this controversy, but it is a deplorable case nevertheless, for while the government paid itself completely by lack of facilities at the navy yards to construct most of our men-of-war at private yards, it would have been well to have kept in the market all the competition possible. The feeling at the Chesapeake Works is exceedingly bitter, and the possibility of a change of administration compels them to decline altogether all orders to engage in government shipbuilding. This is a distinct loss to the Navy Department, as the Chesapeake people are the only competitors on the Atlantic coast of the Cramp line.

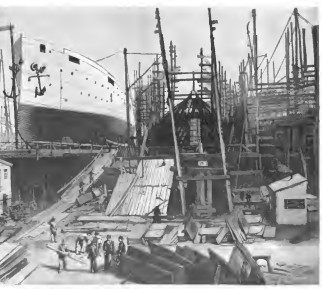
The dry-dock yard of the Delaware river and bay from Cape May to Trenton has always been engaged in ship-

building. Camden is now the center of this industry. At Trenton, Camden, and Philadelphia, are quite an extensive iron plant, casting his work to building ocean-going tugs and light-house tenders. At Crump Point there are three wooden shipyards with excellent graving docks. These would cater themselves to large customers, and to repairing incoming vessels to the port of Philadelphia.

One of the particular causes that has led to the supremacy of the Delaware River as a ship-building center has always been the character of the men engaged in it. Without an exception, every yard on the river is today controlled by practical men, who have risen directly or indirectly from the ranks. Such a thing as a strike in a Delaware River shipyard is absolutely unknown. The men are contented and prosperous, many of them owning their own little boats, and bending down the trade of ship-building from generation to generation. As an evidence of the success these shipbuilders were held in, when John V. Koch died in Kensington in 1891, the day of his funeral was estimated to have been the largest funeral in the history of the city of Philadelphia, and mourning. The fire and military companies turned out, the boats were rowed, business suspended, and the city was completely paralyzed by every possible means their respect for this place every day American mechanic. Such men as this William Crump, the Vandaloes, John B. Hume, Robert L. Hume, Hume, and Hume are combined to build the industry of shipbuilding on the Delaware upon an imperishable foundation. The passage by Congress of the Naval Shipbuilding Bill will only indirectly benefit the shipbuilders. Its provisions that out of all built from it all not going to the navy will be 1000 tons and 12 knots an hour speed, and to these the total is only 600 tons per ton. There are very few American-built foreign-going steamers of over 2000 tons. The four American iron built by the Crump, and before mentioned are 3500 tons, the only ones out of this size of American registry, and the ship are only 10 knots.

However, the passage of this bill by Congress is an encouraging sign that something may be hoped from government protection in American shipbuilding, where the cost has been clearly productive of Congressional revenue for the "private shipowner" and the "shipowner" with profit. It has always been a matter that the government should be entirely paid to pay for most transportation to the water's edge, and not beyond. But perhaps the Naval Shipbuilding Bill is the precursor of more shipbuilding interests. At present, it is an important step towards the building down of an absurd prejudice against "subsidies," more especially concerning ships. England has not only fostered her commerce by subsidies of various kinds, but has thereby also established her supremacy as a builder of ships. Give the American merchant the same policy of government help, and it will not be long before he will build ships as cheaply as his British competitors, and then men make the American flag will carry to all parts of the world the fame of our yards and shipbuilders. It is an everyday fact that England built "cheaper" ships than we, so, also, in naval dollars and cents, but when a comparison is made in "costs," it will be found that England's "cheap" ship is a very dear one in the end. He who judges by first cost is inevitably in error. A ship is a machine. What it costs to build a vessel is of much less consequence in the owner than what it will cost to run her and keep her in good condition. Superiority of workmanship is more general in American ships than in English ones. The "crack" transatlantic liners must not be accepted as a standard, unless, even of the "ship-bells" "cracks" that come out working engines, and compare them with the American ships of the same tonnage and relative cost, and the expert and careful observer will find the gains of superiority to us in the carrying the American flag. It is not only in the wooden ships and iron ones, we have always been their superiors, and in the matter of running, repacking, and sailing qualities, American naval architects and seamen have dis-

posed all competitors for more than a century.



CRAMP SHIP-YARD, 1900, SHOWING "NEW YORK" AND "FRANKLIN" ON STOCKS.

YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK.

A LITTLE while ago I heard a lad of seventeen, who, of course, ought still to be in school, but who had been in law office for three months, say that he had decided to quit his occupation, as he had learned that it was at best a dead end for any one to master the details of the business in years for he was employed and to amount to anything in it. This was amazing to me, if it was not to the boy, for I was convinced that a man who at twenty-five, or even thirty-five, unaccustomed to anything much above the average had not only shown exceptional ability, but had been able to give good service. There was a few gentlemen who when competitors were not so good as it is now, that the generosity of quite young men had more opportunity to rise rapidly than is now possible. It may be that in the professions not so much thoroughness was required as is now expected. Few men in the great cities accomplished a great deal unless they take up special branches of their professions. For instance, a lawyer devotes himself to the criminal practice, or to real estate law, or to the law of corporations, a doctor studies the eye and ear or the nervous system, or takes up surgery as a specialty; a railroad man—able in a new profession—adopts the mechanical or the executive side of the business, and so on and so on. It is the specialist in nearly every calling that is making important and gaining personal distinction. Notwithstanding the difficulties which now hinder the quick advancement of young men, some there are in every community who have gained high places, and hold them with ease and authority. This is especially so in New York, which in time, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, draws away of the best men from the smaller cities. These are a score or more of young men in the first rank, but for the purpose of this article a dozen or so have been selected from various fields of labor. The brief biography of each will show whether he sprang and how he became worthy to be placed in this company while his peers will, to the extent at least, and in showing their manner of man in it. In this article we include a lawyer and politician, a lawyer and diplomat, a playwright, a musician, a surgeon, an artist, two railroad executives, a writer and politician, one editor, story writer, and poet, a preacher, and an architect. Two of these young men, Mr. Walter Damreth, the musician, and Mr. George J. Gould, the railroad executive, have been somewhat aided in their careers by the high position held by the father of each; and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the writer and politician, was aided in the outset by a large fortune, but all three of them have proven themselves worthy to hold the responsible positions they have attained, and therefore it would scarcely be fair to let such accidental advantages count against them. The rest of the gentlemen here, I believe, have climbed by nothing save personal ability. The ages of these gentlemen range from twenty-five to forty-two, and the hard work each has done to attain such measure of distinction is as recorded in this sketch; my young friend of sixteen is sick to his business, and feel that he will be lucky indeed if at twenty-five, or forty-five, for that matter, he amounts to anything.

It is interesting to note that six of these thirteen young men are college bred, and three of those who were born or have self-educated were thrown entirely upon their own resources while they were still boys.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who is not yet thirty-three years old, comes of a wealthy and distinguished New York family

He was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1886, and two years later entered into politics with all the vim and ardor of youth. In 1892 he was elected to the New York Assembly, and again in 1893 and 1894. From this first he made himself felt in that body, and he was always a ardent and uncompromising opponent of the machine jobs which



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

were continually appearing in that legislative assembly. After his second election he was the leader of the Republican minority, and was his party's candidate for Speaker. This was certainly rapid advancement, for a young man of twenty-five, only three years away from the classic precincts of Cambridge. In the Legislature of 1894 he was chairman of the Committee on Cities and chairman of the special investigating committee. In the latter capacity Mr. Roosevelt was very readily himself that he thinks he did the best service he ever rendered to the State. His effort to get Judge Westbrook impeached, though not successful, probably had a very beneficial retarding influence upon some other members of the judiciary. But even above this he counts of value the passage of the measure by which the confirming power of New York city's Mayor's appointments was taken away from the Board of Aldermen. If New York city ever has a good government, it will probably be

by concentration of power in the hands of one man, who can be held responsible by the people. Sometimes there is a good Mayor in New York, and sometimes a bad one; but as the people exert themselves, but the Board of Aldermen is always bad. Such was the problem which confronted the youthful legislator, and he attacked it with manly fortitude. Mr. Roosevelt's political career was not without its ups and downs. As a delegate to the National Republican Convention where the "third-term men," under the late Honorable Cushman, accompanied to give the nomination of Grover Cleveland upon the party, young Mr. Roosevelt stood up and contested every point with that impetuous nature, who in the end was defeated in his fight. Mr. Roosevelt's next appearance in politics was as the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York against Mr. Abram S. Hewitt and Mr. Henry George. He was badly beaten, but this time. When Mr. Harrison became President, Mr. Roosevelt was appointed a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, and he is now serving in that capacity. His legislative activity in this field has brought him more or less in conflict with the political opinions of both parties, but he person his work bravely and gently, caring for neither hostility nor favor.

This political career, it would seem, should have been enough to occupy the few active years of a wealthy young man, fond of pleasure and sport. But he has done other things too, and also kindred a reputation as a mighty hunter. He has killed every kind of game to be found in the United States, and has led the active life of a sportsman in the Northwest. But this was for pleasure, as was also probably his many interesting writings describing of much life and the pursuit of his game. These articles, many of which first appeared in the magazines, have been collected in two charming books, *Hunting Trips of a Gamekeeper*, and *How Life and the Hunting Trail*. But he has done more serious literary work. He has written several of the volumes in Mr. Freeman's "Historic Town Series," and has published two historical volumes on the *History of the Red*. This work Mr. Roosevelt intends to continue several volumes further, and to bring the story down to 1890, or thereabouts, when we had gained all of our present territory. To properly tell how our people conquered this continent is a vast undertaking, and to present the whole story in a concrete form will be a most valuable contribution to history.

Mr. Roosevelt is the president of the Boone and Crockett Club of New York, a company of big-game hunters, and an honorary member of the London Alpine Club. He keeps up his father's valuable work in the State Officers Aid Association, and also in the New York residents' helping homes. He lives, when not in Washington, near Oyster Bay, on Long Island, at a beautiful place, surrounded on three sides by water, called "Sagamore Hill." There he has his hunting trophies and his library. It is a most charming place for retirement after the bustle and worry of public life.

H. WALTER DEWEY.

Dr. Henry M. Dewey, the president of the New York Central National went abroad last summer, as is his custom, and the employ of the road took this opportunity to strike. "Dr. Dewey will have to come back," every one said. But Dr. Dewey remained at Hamburg, and H. Walter Dewey took charge of the strike, which threatened to involve millions, and brought the company out of it safely, and became famous in New York city as a conqueror. Dr. Dewey can continue to take his well-earned holiday abroad with an easy mind.



HENRY C. DECKER.

During the sixteen years in which Mr. H. Walter Webb has been in active business he has made three radical changes in his calling. Undoubtedly such conduct would have been considered foolishness, and indicative of weakness and irresolution, but the results show that in Mr. Webb's case, at least, he was but moving towards his proper sphere of action. He is a son of the late James Watson Webb, a famous newspaper editor before the war, and a contemporary in journalistic warfare and disputation of Horace Greeley and Charles Wendell. Mr. H. Walter Webb was born in New York, on the Hudson, in 1853, and was graduated from the Columbia College School of Mines in 1873. While a student there he went with the Sumner (then exploring) expeditions to South America in 1871 and 1872. The expedition went up the Amazon almost to its source, coming out to Peru and returning by the Pacific coast. He did not, however, choose the kind of profession to be expected from one who had taken this special course, but when he had finished at the School of Mines, he entered the Columbia College Law School, and was graduated in 1875. He soon began the practice of the law, and during the seven years devoted to that profession, achieved an enviable reputation as an expert practitioner in matters of real estate. In 1882, however, he abandoned the legal profession in favor of a Wall Street career. In the arduous turmoil of that short and nervous thoroughfare he spent four years, and then moved further up town to become vice-president of the Wagner Palace Car Company, of which his brother, Dr. William Stewart Webb, a son-in-law of the late William H. Vanderbilt, was president. Three years later he was made assistant to the president of the New York Central Railroad. In 1890 the position of third vice-president of this great trunk line was created for him, and the duties of the office consisted in the operation of the line. His

ability was soon put to a crucial test. Mr. Chauncey M. Depue, the president of the road, was in Europe during the summer of 1890, and the Knights of Labor availed themselves of his absence to carry out by force several projects, all of which involved the principle that the railroad company should treat with the Knights of Labor as an organization in regard to grievances which any of the employees of the company might have against it.

To acknowledge such a principle was simply impossible; for the instant sequence of it was that the administration of the affairs of the company would be taken away from the owners of the property and handed over to an organization which had no property rights in the railroad whatsoever. In this emergency Mr. Webb acted with coolness, firmness, and courage. He deplored a strike, but positively refused to treat with the Knights of Labor (no such) at all. Had he, as the responsible officer of the New York Central, given in to the demands made upon him, a precedent would have been established which would have gone far towards creating a revolution in railroad administration in this country. Such action on his part would most certainly have cost him property values of every kind at once and for some time to follow. But he never flinched from his first stand, and the strike soon ended in a successful and costly effort to wreck a passenger train between New York and Albany. His action at this time gave him great public prominence, and a first-class rank among railroad men.

Mr. Webb was for four years a member of the New York Board of Education—from 1885 to 1890.

DR. WILLIAM T. WEBB.

A doctor who devotes his time almost exclusively to surgery very often becomes very distinguished among his professional brethren without being very well known to the



WILLIAM T. WEBB.

general public. This should not be at this time, at least, for during the past little while surgery, as a science or an art, has made so much progress that the medical side of the profession in competition seems almost to have stood still. A young surgeon does not have the very best classes in the world to show early in his career what is in him. In his private practice he is usually not well paid, and in the hospital other and more experienced men look after what they call the "capital cases," that is, serious cases which may involve a loss of life. It is therefore quite extraordinary for a surgeon to achieve a very high position while he is quite a young man. This Dr. William Tillinghast Webb, who is now forty-two years old, did fully ten years ago, and not only that, but in one instance at least he performed a new and original operation, and pointed out a course of action which has been followed by surgeons all over the civilized world. This has enabled other men to live bold than he in taking the initiative in new surgery.

Dr. Webb is a native of Rhode Island, within one of his ancestors went with the Roger Williams colony which settled in Providence. This Henry Bell and six others subsequently purchased the island of "Aquidneck," or Rhode Island, and he was twice Governor of the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. As his share of the island he received a large tract of land, at present part of the city of Newport. The estate at the corner of Bell and Broad streets, Newport, still remains in the family, having been transmitted by will from father to son for more than two hundred and thirty years. It now belongs to Dr. Bell's father. Dr. Bell was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1860, and three years later that college conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. That same year he was graduated a Doctor of Medicine from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York with high honors, and



THOMAS HASTINGS.



THE REV. THOMAS HASTINGS, D.D.

took the first prize for a thesis on "Pterygoid Calicles." During his medical course he was also a private pupil of the late well known Dr. Henry H. Budd.

Dr. Ball now spent a year and a half as the resident surgeon of Bellevue Hospital. Then he went to Europe for two years of study, and in 1875, returning to New York, began the active practice of his profession on his own account. He was the physician in charge of the New York Dispensary for two years, and since has been a trustee of that institution. In 1877 he was placed in charge of the Chambers Street Hospital, a branch of the New York Hospital, devoted especially to surgical and emergency cases, with active ambulance service. This service he conducted as exclusive attending surgeon, with a staff of several assistants, for eleven years.

It was while he was here that Dr. Ball performed the operation referred to before. Gun or pistol shot wounds in the abdomen had always been regarded as impossible to treat, and the mortality from them during the war of the rebellion was so great that of every one wounded in the abdomen eighty-seven died. And in hospital practice in the cities the percentage of mortality was almost if not quite as great. One day a woman was brought to the hospital with ten pistol wounds in the abdomen. She died, and during the autopsy Dr. Ball came to the conclusion that if laparotomy had been performed—that is, if the abdomen had been opened—the intestines might have been taken out, the damage repaired, the bleeding stopped, and the woman healed. He determined, at any rate, to try such an operation the first favorable opportunity. In a short while a man was brought in wounded somewhat similarly. He performed the operation. It was successful, and the man recovered. The case was reported, and in his profession at least the young surgeon came to feel himself famous. Since then 143 cases have been reported, and of these sixty-seven per cent. were successful.

I have told of all the hospital places which Dr. Ball has held, because every one knows how hard it is to get these. They are not bestowed upon favorites, but for merit alone. When he gave up the Chambers Street Hospital, he did so to take the larger field of surgical practice in the New York Hospital itself. Presently he had been, for four years, attending Surgeon to St. Luke's Hospital, and as retiring was made one of the Consulting Surgeons, a place which he still holds. He is also Consulting Surgeon to the Manhattan Hospital and the Orthopedic Hospital and Dispensary. He is the Surgeon in charge of the Hermit Department of the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled. He is also one of the surgeons of the New York Hospital. But this is not the end of his activities. He is a lecturer of anatomy and surgery. After holding several minor positions, he is now Professor of Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons—a chair which he holds in common with Dr. Charles McBurney.

This extensive hospital work in chiefest case of charity, but Dr. Ball has an extensive practice outside of it, as private



GEORGE A. GOULD.

patients are sent to him from all over the country. It is safe to say that there is no lawyer or more active man in the whole of New York than this gifted surgeon, who day by day cures less than a hundred men with a skill which would seem uncanny were it not in the highest sense beneficent.

DELAWAREY NISBET.

Mr. Delawarey Nisbet, the greatest Thirteenth Attorney for the county of New York, is thirty-six years old, and comes of distinguished New York ancestry. One of his forefathers was the first Mayor of New York after the colony became English. He was born at Bayside, Long Island, and was educated at Princeton, from which college he was graduated

in 1874. His law studies were completed at Columbia College Law School in 1878, and he immediately began the practice of the law. In 1885 he was appointed an Assistant District Attorney and very soon thereafter he came very prominently before the public. He conducted the case against Biddleman, the leader who used such inferior means in constructing houses that one of them fell down with fatal results to one or more of the workmen. The builder was convicted, and is still in prison for his offense. He also tried the case against Perillous World, that remarkable coward who beguiled many old and elderly and honest men, and sold them enterprises which existed in his mind only. In this case he also secured a conviction. He also conducted the case against General Alexander Slake, who was accused of having accepted a bribe to vote for the admission of a corral site for an armory for State troops. In this case, after a long and hotly contested trial, the jury disagreed.

By this time Mr. Nisbet was looked upon by the people of New York as a man able, fearless, and incorruptible, and whose the famous cases of the "livable Alderman"—they who fattened what was called a "couchman" in the franchise for a street railway in Broadway to the company which would raise the largest corporation fund—came on, the good people of the town felt that their cause was in good hands when it was confided to Mr. Nisbet. It had been always looked upon as virtually impossible to convict a packing official in New York of bribery. Mr. Nisbet, however, succeeded in convicting him of the Alderman, and would probably have had justice dealt out to even a larger murder had not many of these find the country where they saw that the charges were not to be accepted in the District Attorney's office. What was more even than the conviction of these miserable Alderman was the conviction of the man who was the head and front of the company which secured the useless work to be done. The Alderman were only political miscreants, whose friends came to them merely for the sake of sharing in the plunder which was to be secured by political parties, but this man was rich, and had other rich men associated with him. But he too was convicted, though he died while some legal stay of proceedings was pending.

Another notable conviction which Mr. Nisbet secured was that of Mast, the assassin. This arrested entire upon such lawless people that though we had great personal freedom here, we also had exact laws, and did not tolerate anarchy in the name of society.

When the terms of the Thirteenth Attorney under whom Mr. Nisbet served was about to expire, it was a very general feeling that Mr. Nisbet should be elected in the place. He had not then, however, because as showed a politician as he now is, and the organization of the Democratic party was given to another. The Republican party, however, together with the Irving Hall branch of the Democracy, put Mr. Nisbet in nomination, and a great mass meeting was held at Cooper



WILLIAM CUYLER FITCH.



WALTER DAMBORCH.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE REVOLUTION IS CHILL.

THE article in the last issue of the WEEKLY by Mr. FRANKLIN T. BROWN, upon the ill effects of the revolution, is one of the most accurate and complete statements yet published. The war arose from the necessity of deciding whether the action of President BALDWIN in overthrowing the Constitution should be condoned or resisted. There was no preference of policy involved in his action. The Constitution does not permit a rebellion, and the President, in order to advance interests of his own, sought by the exercise of every power that he could command to destroy his antagonist, and he is charged with resorting to criminal means. The minority, opposed of his intrigues, resisted. But the attempt of BALDWIN to gain a majority in Congress failed, and he named a new minority friendly to Congress, which proceeded for carrying on the government. This displeased the President, who dismissed Congress, and named a minority subservient to himself, and refused to call an extra session of Congress in obedience to the law but demanded of the body resolved for the purpose of advising extraordinary sessions. But on the last of June, 1890, the Congress met according to law, and resumed the minority, which by the same law as in England and the law of custom should resign. The minority refused, but, unable to face the storm of public indignation, without attempting to justify itself, fled.

Congress thereupon refused to provide for the President. The President resented by wholesale dismissals in the military and civil service, and the organization of armed militias to intimidate members of Congress. Leading citizens brought him suit to precipitate the country into war, and at a critical moment the men of the revolution in the Argentine Republic showed BALDWIN, and he yielded so far as to dismiss the obnoxious ministry, and to issue an order in sympathy with Congress. Congress and the minority proposed at once a change in the electoral law which would have elected the President's effects to control the choice of his successor. BALDWIN therefore quarreled with the Prime Minister, and the minority resigned. He summoned a majority of his followers, which instantly dismissed Congress. BALDWIN then arrested and expelled for his own ends the civil service and the army, and undertook, but to vain, to bribe the army. Public meetings were interrupted, the press was intimidated; illegal arrests and imprisonment followed. Congress was not permitted to assemble, and on the last of January of this year BALDWIN declared in a proclamation that in order to preserve public order he had been compelled to violate the Constitution. This was the cry of law and the people took up arms. The Congress solemnly declared the President guilty on a detailed statement of his crimes against the Constitution and the state. The first declared the

the Congressional party, and on the 7th of January called from Valparaiso, carrying the commander of Congress, the Vice President of the Senate, and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, enpowered to restore constitutional order.

The people had no arms, and could not use effectively against the army. The navy could use little effect against the army, because it would not desert the ports or any other property of citizens of the country. But the deserters from the army of the Dictator brought arms enough to enable the Congressional party, in which the cause of the Southern provinces, in which they had almost countless converts. Meanwhile BALDWIN outlawed Congress, and ordered elections for a Constituent Assembly, and by a proclamation assumed all public power. The Congressional party, however, the President, and the army, which yields more than two-thirds of the revenue of the country. Its government is well organized, and commands the entire respect of foreigners and Chileans. The treasury is in undisputed possession, and commercial relations are maintained with all nations. All this is very different from the realm of the Dictator, which is held under a reign of terror. The claims of the Congressional party is that the character of the government; the extent of territory occupied; the amount of revenue derived; the wealth, character, and intelligence of its supporters; the strength of its naval and land forces; its foreign commerce, all taken together, are a combination of circumstances which entitles the government to be recognized by the world. The revolution is not a revolt against constituted authority, but the usurpation of a tyrant who, by the latest accounts, has issued twelve millions of fifty cent paper money, which is equal to the value of the gold and silver the ruler of his army. The question for our government to decide in considering the recognition of belligerency is whether the Congressional party is effectively equal to that of BALDWIN. It is undeniable that the facts so far as known seem to justify that view.

THE SILVER CLOUD.

FRANKLIN CARLSON is reported as saying that the next Congress will pass a free coinage bill, and that the President will be greatly embarrassed by it. Mr. MILLER, one of the most prominent candidates for the Speakership, is in favor of such a bill, but he says that it would be bad policy to make the question the next one before the election of the President. These two gentlemen are among the most ardent of Democratic leaders, and they are both from the part of the country in which the Democratic party is prominent. It is not, however, so generally known that the party in regard to the currency, which is also shown by the declaration of the Ohio Democratic Convention. Mr. CARLSON's observation about the President discloses a singular misapprehension of the actual situation. The passage of a bill passing with the currency and disastrously disturbing business everywhere, even although its adoption in the Senate should be due to a free silver Republican Senator from the new States, would furnish the President with an opportunity to appeal to the sense and patriotic sentiment of the country, which he would promptly embrace, and which would give him a stronger hold upon the intelligence of the country than he has ever had.

Republican's declaration is seen in nothing more plainly than in the inclination to coquet with this question. The free silver leaders in the Senate are Republicans. There is apparently a large body in the House, but the party in the West is not with them. There is a marked disposition in many Republican papers either to advocate free coinage, or to insist that if the party as such cannot be considered sound, yet that the Democratic party is much more sound in its policy. The latter course is the one formerly Republicans would not have called. There was a time when they would not have said that there ever had they might be, the Democrats were worse. It is a difficult position for a party to take that it will yield so much to a fundamental public issue as its opponent. A thief with one hand may be able to steal less than a thief with two hands, but he is a criminal officer of the commandment not to steal. The danger of the free silver bill in the Senate shows that there is not a difference of degree upon this subject between the two parties.

The immediate danger, however, in Mr. CARLSON's remark shows, is from the Democrats. It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. CARLSON's remark is entirely untrue. He has probably strengthened him, upon the whole, among Republicans. This shows that there is a danger of a sound view of the situation. It is in the Republican than in the Democratic party. This is the fact which shows that Mr. MILLER's remark upon the hypocrisy of making free silver a permanent issue brings from a clear perception of the situation. But Mr. MILLER, who has his own free hand, is not likely to forget that the record which his party has made and is making upon the subject, whether the

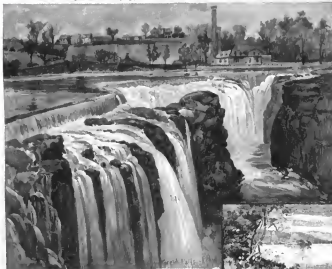
question is more prominent or not, must necessarily affect the vote next year. The disposition of the majority of a party upon a vital question will not be changed by the fact that it is brought into power upon another. The new House of Representatives was elected largely upon the issue of the tariff. But many votes which members of the majority received would have been withheld had the tendency of the party to which they are attached been as evident last year as it is this year. When Congress meets, it will be remembered that the Senate passed a free silver coinage act at the last session, and that the House, by a vote of 155 to 100, rejected the passage of such an act by the new House. Efforts to prevent it cannot hide the fact that the House, in the judgment of an shrewd leader, is ready for it. This fact shows is of very great importance, and upon political prospects and upon individual votes.

MR. REED'S VIEWS.

Mr. REED of Maine recently said to the Portland Club, which welcomed him upon his return from Europe, that in Europe the love of liberty has advanced almost as far as in this country, and that we must begin ourselves, we mean to keep ahead. He thinks that the Constitution was framed by those who largely distrusted the people, and that other restrictions upon the will of the people grew up under the domination of slavery in the national government. America should have no other constitution than an interview with him published in the World. Mr. REED includes the promise of permitting Representatives in Congress not to vote when they are in their places in the House—a practice which, we were told during his tour in Europe, is the custom of a majority. But when Mr. REED and the Republicans were the minority they alleged, and justly alleged, that a majority must exert its power directly, and not by resorting to a minority as part of itself. This assertion, which is a direct appeal to those to regard as revolutionary, but perhaps permissible to a Republican minority in dealing with a Democratic majority, but not vice versa.

In his speech at Portland, Mr. REED further remarked that in no other country in the annals of comfort and happiness so high as in the United States, and that this agreeable result is due, not to Twentieth century, but to protection and a free ballot, or "the right to be governed" without his consent. Mr. REED looks upon the present tariff as a fair distribution of riches, and a force bill fairly before the law, and he concluded that they mean the Republican party against any proposition that would seriously disturb the status of the last session, he probably desires to ignore. Mr. REED did not assent to the force bill, but his remarks implied that assent. In saying, "Give to every man the comforts which he needs to make life agreeable, and then distribute the greatest amount of happiness, and then give to every man his fair equality before the law, his right to make out of himself all that he can, and above all things the right never to be governed without his own consent," he says what every man who is not a Republican should be able to accomplish. But as this is not Republican in a partisan sense, but American in the truest sense, and he was speaking as a Republican, he meant especially to praise the Republican methods of achieving this result, and they are high protection and the force bill. Reciprocity Mr. REED did not mention in his Portland speech, but dwelled gracefully on ship-board as a consequence conducted by official correspondence.

Now it has occurred to some of Mr. REED's followers that putting a high tax on the raw materials of their labor, and adding to the price of their necessities of life, is not to distribute equally the greatest amount of happiness, but to give to a class of citizens the best lot of living against a class of citizens without the ability to protect them against the inevitable consequences of our act is not to give to every man his fair equality before the law. It is true, who are of this opinion may be mistaken, but they cannot be accused of the desire to deprive their fellow-citizens either of comforts or of rights. As Mr. REED truly says, these principles of action and the faithful pursuit of these objects are the bringing to the people of the world, which alone should be the pursuit of a great people. But the manner in which that victory is to be won is a question of expediency. Mr. REED and his fellow Americans are divided in judgment upon this question, but the nature. Even the groups are not one at the equal distribution of the greatest amount of happiness, or at the largest unfair inequality before the law. We have ever known opponents of the force bill who were not at all less ardent in their efforts to be either bulldozed or elected in the polls. These opponents must have been desirous to punish in politics, like QUAY, CARBON, WASAMMER, and PULLEY, but, however entirely in error, they were not enemies of the people, and they were not so badly posted of fair play, and to secure fair play, not to prevent it, is the purpose of their politics.





A REASON FOR EMIGRATION.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

THE milk-wagon that made its round in Dartmouth in the evening, long going slowly up High Street, George Dutton, the driver, was whistling a familiar tune. The street safe grew green, spreading along the branches interlacing in a green tangle. Between the houses the western sky was bright with the after-glow of a brilliant sunset. The houses on High Street were comfortable two-story wooden buildings of modern architecture, painted in the modern combinations of yellow and green and dull red. The idea of whistling straight up to the front door. Business was in every respect a modernized suburban town. The train from Boston dashed across the foot of High Street, and stopped at the little Queen Anne station every half hour.

At the upper end of High Street was a large old-fashioned white house with green blinds, standing far back in a well-kept lawn with high grass and a gravel walk. A great blue lake grew on either side of the gate, covered with lilacs, and the yard was full of syringa-bushes and flowering shrubs.

When the milk-wagon stopped in front of this house, George Dutton jumped out of the wagon, and taking out of the case from under the oil cloth cover, went under the lake bushes that were heavy with dew, and around to the back door. The door stood open, and a young girl in a soft blue muslin dress was waiting something on the steps. She turned when she heard him taking the milk out on the step.

"Good evening," she said, taking off his hat, and putting his hand above his head on the door-jamb. "Do you know I found a girl yet?"

"No," her face flushed. "I don't mind being in the kitchen, though. I rather like it, but papa says he is tired of eating omelets and baked beans."

"He laughed," "How does your cousin like the flat by this time?" he asked, sitting down on a chair just inside the door.

"I guess she likes it pretty well, but she laughs at some things," she laughed at mamma because she thinks so much of family. You know mamma is always talking about "my father, who was a lawyer," or "my grandfather, who was a lawyer," or "my husband, who is a lawyer." Della says everybody she meets here talks about their family. You know her mother was my mother's sister, and she went out West and married a man who had a lot of fruit and lived some in different places. He was quite rich when she married him, and he was worth more now, but they fell out to have her marry a man in that business. They have not seen each other for years. Why, Della belongs to an art club and a Shakespeare, and I don't know what all. She had been looking for me since I had married him. She was a milk-wagon, and now she turned and looked at him. "She knows more in a minute than I ever could know. She graduated at Lawrence—didn't she? When they first came—right papa could have got me to drink high school."

"I guess you're just as well off and happy if you haven't had quite so much education. Now I wish I had more"

cheer. I had to stop and go to work when I was fifteen, and I've been at it ever since."

"Your father died and left you your mother in debt car of—didn't you say so?"

"Yes, and Nellie and Claude too. Now they're up where they can look after themselves. Things go on, but sometimes I think if I had half a chance I might have succeeded in something more than I do."

"You have quite a good business, though, haven't you?"

"There isn't but one other milk-wagon in town."

"Oh! I do a fair business and make a comfortable living, but they don't say credit given to a riding milkman."

"Well, I must go."

The girl put the pan of curd on the kitchen table and went to the door. "It's real nice out to night, isn't it?"

"Yes, I noticed the sun went down clear. We'll have a good day to-morrow."

"You can pick some of those lilacs by the gate, and take home to your mother."

"Thank you. She liked those violets you sent her the other day."

"Did she? You don't know how thick they were up in the woods where I picked them. The ground was just covered."

"Well, I must go. The people will think they're not going to get their milk in time for supper."

"Della said something so funny about the working people here in the East," she said, stepping him on the step. "I thought about you when she said it. She said they don't look like the working people out West." The girl blushed up to the roots of her light brown hair. "She said a man that looked like our grocer would be running for Congress out West."

George Dutton laughed immediately. "I guess I'm ugly," he said. "Well, I must go; there's no one talking."

I suppose I'll see you to-morrow night at young folks' meeting!" It's queer they don't say a word of any more made for me low down broken people. You'd think they'd be some restriction to my having a few right across from your father's."

"They don't seem to care when it comes to church relations, do they?" she said, looking away from him.

"Oh, they care, but it's part of their religion to stand it."

He turned and went down the walk. At the gate he met Mr. Richards. He had just come from his office in the city. He was a tall man, with thick grey eyes like his daughter's, and a full grey beard. He wore a silk hat and carried the brown leather bag that is commonly carried by the suburban gentleman. When he met George Dutton in the walk, he stopped.

"Well, good evening, Dutton," he said. "How's the milk business?"

The spot of equality was strong with the young man at that time. He looked the grey-headed lawyer calmly in the face and said: "Thriving. How's the law business?" Mr. Richards looked at him in pointed amazement, and walked on up the street.

"Did you see the milkman putting the lilacs over the gate?" he said, looking at him as he came up to the house. She had come out on the porch to meet him. "I don't mind his"

taking a flower or two, but I'm afraid he'll spoil the bush if he breaks off great branches as he did just now."

Mr. Richards looked back toward the gate. The milk-wagon was rattling away down the street, and George Dutton's not unusual whistle came back to them. He turned and went into the house, his wife following him.

"A queer fellow, has a free and easy air that is rather amusing, but I think he is apt to forget himself and be a little familiar at times." He hung up his hat on the rack, and put his case into the decorated place of tiling that was used as an umbrella-holder.

"Who is it that is apt to be familiar?" some one called from the dining room at the end of the hall.

"We were speaking of the milkman," Mrs. Richards said, as they came out into the dining-room.

The girl who had called to them was sitting by the window with the evening paper spread out before her. "I saw him go by the window just now," she said. "What a hand, some fellow he is! He must have been a prince in some former state, a lawyer, maybe."

Mr. Richards laughed at his wife's deprecating smile. "Come, let Lillie be bring on her curd," he said, sitting down at the table.

She came in from the kitchen with the glass dish of yellow curd in her hand. "I forgot to make it until so late that it is weak. It tastes a little sour, too." She put it down on the table.

"Well, your trade are nearly even. I heated about a cook today who says she will come. You look as if you'd burned your face, too."

"You wouldn't think there would be any trouble getting a girl here, where there are so many of them," Della said, coming to the table. "I got up back up somewhere along Sumner or Water Street to-day, and the women were lined with girls eating desserts and nothing else, and pretending to be satisfied. They looked so unattractive, as married at their age, I began to take them all out West, and many times to respectable lawsons, grocers, or milkmen."

She looked at Lillie, who was blushing furiously.

"Of course they were not kitchen girls, though; they'd prefer to stand on their feet all day selling things, and sit on desserts."

"We have to have clerks, my dear," Mrs. Richards said, sitting at her; "and of course clerking is considered a step higher than working in a kitchen."

"But as settled is no better than a milkmaid," Della laughed. "One time has been in this building appeared in Miss King's studio just as I had finished my lesson to-day."

She came to complain of the dark wall-paper that had been put on her room. "Now it doesn't make so much difference if your paper is dark, she said to Miss King: 'your white girls show better against it.'"

They all laughed.

"What a story for Boston, Della," Mr. Richards said. Della covered her head. "I think they would appreciate this to Lawrence."

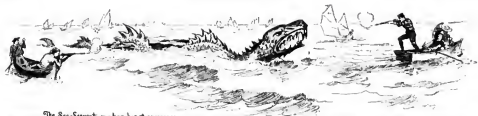
When a hot dinner had been served, and the two girls had carried the dishes out into the kitchen and were washing them, Lillie went over and shut the door into the dining-room, and came back to the sink.



HARVESTING ON A BONANZA FARM

Illustration by C. C. C. C.





The Sea-Serpent makes his Appearance.



THE CAMP FIRE AT SQUAN PORT.



The Main Camp.

THE ANNUAL MEET OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGER.—[SEE PAGE 665.]



AN AMATEUR COOK.

THE CANOE MEET AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

BY C. B. VAUX.

It is simply a large camp on the shore of a lake, river, or bay, this is the annual meet of the members of the American Canoe Association. The members live in tents located at a general mess or do their own cooking, keep their canoes on board skids along the shore where they are and in use, and for two weeks live a free, out-of-door, open air life. Races are held which occupy four and sometimes five days of the time. And this is the outline of every meet of the twelve which have been held since the organization of the A. C. A. at Lake George in August, 1890.

What is it that attracts between two and three hundred men every year to spend their vacations at the canoe meet? It would seem that five or ten men at the canoe meet would prefer to do so elsewhere else the second year. Yet there are those who appear in camp year after year, and they enjoy it more and more. It is not the racing that attracts them, but less than one quarter of the men in camp race; and yet the racing is a feature, proved by the fact that there are always more men in camp on the racing days than at any other time. If a man has only a few days to spare, he is more to appear during two weeks. He knows there will be more for them.

The meet this year is at Willoughby Point, Lake Champlain, and the canoe camp is located at the end of the point, extending back along both shores. The shoreland building and Willoughby Point are half a mile away on the eastern or lake side of the point. The men, their canoes, and their camp are on the same side, a gently descending bank of the lake. The men's camp is on the lake side, and extends from the tip end of the point nearly a mile to the south along the shore.

All former meets have been limited to two weeks. This year lasts for three, as a general request was made to have a week of quiet camp life after the races, which always take place the second week. The officers therefore set the shore from August 15th to 17th, to include all the moonlight of the month. During the first week every boat brings canoe, canoe men and women, and quantities of camping gear. The tents go up as if by magic. Boats are built, the poles erected in front of each child's camp, leading stages for canoe men are built along shore; the racing boats are unpacked, polished, overhauled, and tried on the water, and the day dawned at half long enough. Then follows two weeks, during which the days are spent on the water and the evenings around camp fires in the pavilions, where dancing may be enjoyed where music is to be heard, laughed, or laughed; and when it is not to be had, the river fellows are sure to provide some other form of amusement quite as popular.

The old campers and all the racing men have learned by experience at former meets that it is more comfortable to depend on the men than to attempt to do one's own cooking. The vacation is short enough, and there is no more to do than to more pleasing than cooking and dish washing than

those occupations are reserved for the evening—in the future—which always occupies the largest room in every canoe-man's outfit in the air. The services, on the other hand, are enthusiastic over every detail of camp life, and insist on doing their own fire building and cooking. These fellows may be seen any day going out late in the evening still preparing breakfast, and they are then liable to be seen by the visitors, who are allowed in camp after that hour. The youth who has been working over the fire for three hours, and has only succeeded in burning a pile of chips while he left the fire for a moment to get some bread, is considerably vexed to find a small party of girls from the Willoughby Point standing near and fully taking in the situation. He is quite likely to get a fiery red dinner check and get a "cogony" from the crowd before the day is over.

The day-room at Willoughby Point is a large shed, with a fine floor suitable for dancing. The sides are open, and there is a kitchen, connected with it. It was built for the use of picnic parties from Burlington by the owner of the point. Situated in a grove of trees near the water's edge, between the lake and the camp, it serves as dining room by day and bedroom at night for the campers, and will accommodate two hundred at table easily.

Perhaps the evenings at the meet are even more enjoyable than the days. All are ready then in the time when sociality is at its height. There may be many camp fires or large ones. Around these fires gather the men and women—the ladies are included in the camp scheme, and they have a part of the camp reserved for them, which they kindly share with husbands, fathers, brothers, as the men may have—and those who have a good song or bright story entertain the group. The darkness, the surrounding air and woods, and the feeling of isolation usually add to the brightness and cheerfulness of the camp fire, and tend to dispel the gloom, and current the bond of good fellowship that reigns supreme. Here it is where new friends are made, and old friends meet again after years of separation. The individual debts or divisions of the day are done, and the time fitting for merriment or quiet chats over pipe, bowl, and cigar. The canoe is the common bond of sympathy and a never-ending topic of conversation. In fact, the camp fire is itself an attractive feature of the camp that it is no record of a few enthusiasts whose time was limited to a one week's stay that they went home having had two weeks of fun—one week of day time and the other of night. There was no objection that could be made up at home. This is not literally true, perhaps, but it is not wide of the mark, as any one may learn for himself by approaching the camp at the one small shore, when he will be almost certain to find a fire burning, and two or three figures sitting before it in earnest conversation.

Many original articles have been conceived by a few of the most original among the camp men at former meetings. The strongest of these at night is the case when the camp was near

the Canadian line; the camp circles under the big three-pole sailing tent at Shore Island in '90, the men's trial of a member charged with stealing a red lantern, who took the effort seriously, at Howarth Point in '97, and many other similar performances—but not one of these equalled the emergency, seen off the camp at Lake Champlain last week, for originality of conception or perfection in execution.

Mr. L. W. Severy has attended the meet for many years, and he has always been the prime mover in all schemes for the entertainment of the campers. This year he was busy attending to his undertaking by Mr. W. A. Rogers. To-day, as they constructed a new report, over one hundred and fifty feet long, out of lumber, cotton, paint, and shell, in a short field back of Willoughby Point. They spent several days in building it, and during that time kept the entire a profound secret, so that when it was finally launched and towed down, past the camp on visitors' day it took every one by surprise and created a profound impression. The tow-line used was a very big one, which enabled the tow-boat to keep at a considerable distance from the monster, and no one suspected it had anything to do with the report in consequence. The report's plans were marvellous, and when the tow line was pulled the mouth opened wide, and closed again on the line was slackened.

The report first appeared morning against the line, turned the point, while a row was being pulled, and visitors and campers were all gathered to see it. A better time could not have been chosen to create a sensation. Late in the afternoon the marine monster was put up high and dry on a row of masts to the east of the women's camp. It was a formidable looking object with its red, green, and blue lights, and the fine moonlight glimmering in the moonlight. The suggestion was made that if it was really possible to launch it in the stern of some lake schooner a little sea sailing it would be an impressive sight to watch the construction of the crew.

This may yet be done by some enterprising canoe man. The gateway to the camp is the wharf at which the sternmost boat, and is the connecting link between civil society and the fine unconscious life of the meet. Here friendships formed at meets in years gone by are renewed afresh. On the first breath of the camp is taken in the small boat, surrounded by—canoe, canoe, items in bags, trunks, bundles, boxes of provisions, and all the odds and ends of camp and canoe stuff. Groups of campers stand about, waiting for friends or old acquaintances to come ashore, and they are warmly welcomed when they do set foot on the sailing pier. And here again during the two week rather than "homeward bound"; and they never seem glad to go if not that direction, strange as it may seem. A warm handshake, a handshake, and follow. I saw you at the '97 if not before," the hell rings, and the stronger motive away. There is a wailing of handkerchiefs, and the '97 meet is over.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1901.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT



A NEW YORK CROWDER CLUB LEAVING THE EAST SIDE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRET.—[SEE PAGE 674.]



THE WHELEDAK STEAMER "CHARLES W. WETMORE," OF BUFFALO.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.—(SEE PAGE 671.)



A SINGULAR INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HENRY VALENTINE, NOVELIST.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IN the summer of 1901 I belonged to an organization calling itself "The Utah Walking Club." This name was chosen primarily because none of the club's members had ever visited the Utah, and, desiring walking, had begged themselves to gather for the purpose of chartering for the limited time a small sheep-trail in which to knock about Long Island Sound for at least one week in each month. The special application of the name as one could ever quite comprehend, not even the members, but as it gave rise in much speech, and, afforded our guests a never-ending topic of amused conversation, we decided to retain it.

Our membership was limited to five, for the reason that according to our constitution there were to be no more than five officers in the management of the association, and we thought—and wisely, too, as it seems to me—that there would be fewer fatalities in the club if every member were provided with some official position. These officers, their constitution had should consist of a Presidency, a Vice-Presidency, a Secretaryship, a Treasurer, and, highest in the gift of the club, to offset the incidents of which should be permitted to call himself Junior.

By virtue of his attainments in the way of statistics, Henry Valentine was elected Junior. Chosen for the post was chosen Secretary, largely because his penmanship was so much like steel engraving as his verses were like carved ivory stars. Tom Johnson, of the New York Register, was made Treasurer, for the philosophical reason that, his paper being a new one, money was lavishly sent with him, and we feared the jangling of the club's balance in his pockets would impart to Tom's life a new and delicious sensation. The remaining officers, the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, fell to the lot respectively of myself and "Caddy" Barlow, of the Personality Club.

"Caddy" was the only man in the club who associated to me such that he could afford to do nothing. The rest of us, however, were glad enough to have him with us, because, while he was the hardest man afoot or ashore, "Caddy" was the most facile source of inspiration we had. His great vice was sex, whence came his title of "Caddy," his real name being far more attractive, considering no less than pointed penmanship than Van Housen and Stuyvesant.

Valentine was by far the hardest worker in the club, and had, at the age of twenty-eight, achieved notable success as a writer of fiction. Up to that time he had been known only to the limited fraternity of newspapermen. Editors and editors and one or two publishers knew him well as an exceptionally clever young man, who could make his set the river on fire, and put him, on the other hand, might not. To the public he was as unknown as the compressor who sat his words in type, or the stenographer who made the plates from which they were printed. But Valentine was not the man to hide his light under a basket; after he had made up his mind that this habit had diminished opportunities of his discovery, because when he took a walk he had put a way from him, and in the pigeon hole of some publisher's table, but in a secret drawer of his own desk, with the resolution, in which only strong men such as he was could be expected to keep, not to look at the manuscript for

one year, and then to read it as coolly and dispassionately and as critically as he would read the manuscript of an enemy. He should it seem to him on this reading that his story was not a good one, Valentine had resolved to destroy it, and it was not destroyed. At the end of the year he broke the seal he had put upon it, read it over carefully twice, though it never carefully for one month, read it over carefully a third time, and decided that it was good, subsequent events showed that he was right. The story was good. It was published, and Valentine retired to his couch one December night with the pleasing consciousness that he was famous. He was too good a journalist to work until morning to find himself recognized, as Byron is said to have done.

What Valentine at the age of thirty found in an association with Hawthorne, Barlow, Johnson, and myself was somewhat of a mystery to us, since he was a person of intense seriousness of mind, while we, on the other hand, though past them by five years, every one, were still living in our terms—Barlow particularly, who to the day of his death he never let anything but his school-boy, observing of every possible kind of discipline have to the pedagogues. Perhaps he regarded us as a sort of woman, drink, light and more or less agreeable, and possibly a welcome change from the heavier absorptions of his professional career. Perhaps, too, he wished to study on for a possible new novel, in which the relevant philosophy should be rendered the more aggressive by contrast with little more of butterflyism scattered throughout the pages, which Valentine would surely deem to be as true to nature as the more considerable crimes of his malice itself. However the case might have been, Valentine was awakened, unpleasantly, by the fact of our society, and never missed an opportunity to be with us on our civilities as an organization.

It was while on one of our regular exploring expeditions on Long Island Sound that Valentine told us of the singular incident in his career which I am about, with his permission, to record. We had anchored for the night in the harbor of one of the towns on the Long Island side of the Sound, the exact location of which I prefer not to state, since it might lead to the identification of persons who desired in Valentine's name, although the chief personage therein—other than the lady in the case—was no longer living, having died, Valentine told me, within the past six months.

We had been sleeping on board our yacht for six nights, and "Caddy" Barlow and I were for going ashore and putting up at the hotel, where, we understood, were to be had good beds, good service, and good meals, but Valentine disclaimed himself as seeing in doing anything of the sort, while the other two members of the club were not committed. "Oh, please, Henry," Barlow said, indignantly, "what's the use of sleeping on a hard wooden deck when there's a fine spring bed just yawning for you?"

"And what's the good," I said, "of living on posted land and making still more of them on live pigs and cows running wild through the main streets of this lovely town, just waiting to be humored and milked?"

"That's the idea," said "Caddy," chucking his finger. "Fresh meat is my delight; much as for milk, I consider that an abomination, suited only for the use of Jacobean Marston. I have been passed in waiting for milked gentlemen who never turn up."

"Well, you go," retorted Valentine. "Don't let me interfere with you, I beg you. Go ahead, all of you. But as for myself, even as I enjoy your society, I would rather get here in the boat alone than pass the night in that town."

It is an idiosyncrasy of genius or the natural-born curiosity of an old man? queried "Caddy," who glared in the fact that he would not turn thirty for five years. "If the former, I'll stay here, because, if there's one thing I like more than another, it is to associate with geniuses. It has tremendous attractions. Suppose, for instance, Valentine and I were out yachting together, just as we are at present, and the boat were to capsize and both of us were to be drowned. 'Jove'! I'd be immortal. The coming biographer of Henry Valentine would have to say, 'It was while yachting off Cape Cod with his illustrious friend Seymour Van Housen Barlow, whom he always affectionately termed "Caddy," because of that interesting young man's fondness for tea that the author of *My Days in a Club*, and *The First of Myra Bunker*, met his untimely death, and played two continents and an infinite time mourning.'"

"That," added "Caddy," rising and striking a saturnian attitude—"that would make me immortal when I was and would make poor Henry heartless. But if it is not genius that says 'stay here,' but age demanding riches from youth, I go ashore. Which is it, Henry?"

"Yes, an embarrassing lady," "Caddy," said Jerome, snidely. "You don't expect Henry to continue to you that he is a genius, do you?"

"I don't know why not," retorted "Caddy." "You've confessed that much to me about yourself fast many a time and all."

"Well, never mind," put in Valentine, with an amused look on his face. "I'm not a bit embarrassed by 'Caddy's' observations for the very good reason that I shall never interfere. I want to stay about this boat, not from any capricious promptings of genius, nor is it because I have any of the idiosyncrasy which permits to immortality at the age of thirty. I wish to remain on the boat simply because this town depresses me. I have been here twice in my life before and twice. I cannot the experience of the first visit with those of the second, it makes me sicker; it strikes me with an uneasy feeling, to awake which is quite to my taste."

"Then let us stay where we are," said "I. "There is no use of splitting up the party, and after all, it is better to sleep over damp sheets than under them."

"That has been my idea all along," said "Caddy," whose way it was now to be in the wrong side of anything. "Only I think that Valentine ought to be compelled to tell us the mysterious tale connected with this place that turns him so much to his heels every time he thinks of it—does anyone else, if I may be allowed the expression. He has aroused my curiosity to concern pitch, and unless I hear the whole of the incident of his life, he speaks, I shall not be able to sleep, and, as you all know, when I can't sleep, I whistle."

In self-defense, then, Valentine replied, "I shall have to tell you the whole story."

"Caddy" immediately selected the subject spot he could find on the deck, the rest of us left our pipes and Valentine

There may be something in my experience and there may



THE PARK PLACE DISASTER—THE SUDDEN COLLAPSE OF THE TAYLOR BUILDING—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

THE PARK PLACE DISASTER. THE STORY OF THE DISASTER.

WEDNESDAY, August 28th, was a half holiday. At noon the heat of the work was practically over, and thousands of busy workers turned their steps in all directions on rest and pleasure hunt. By one o'clock all the ferry and railroad depots were filled with the crowd that still continued to rush down from the business center of the city. There was a big "down-town," a late arrival and, another would not answer the call; then several people were probably hurt, for some of the one automobile had dashed across the path of the pleasure-seekers. Then was the sound of a great disaster carried far and wide, yet no one could say positively what it was until the early editions of the evening papers were brought to the river by the low-hall boats, and the news was told beneath the shady piazzas of summer hotels.

Even then the full extent of the disaster was scarcely hinted at, and many deemed the reports exaggerated. A large building had fallen in, burying a number of people under the ruins, that was all that could be told, for fire was added to the work of destruction. Down town a vast crowd of people had been arrested in their ways, and they filled the streets near the wrecked building, pushing close to the police lines. Park Place was a mass of anxious, curious, parking people, who gazed at the pile of steam and smoke that rose from the place where the building had stood, while they speculated upon the possible causes and wondered how many were hurt. Meanwhile the ambulances came the force of police was increased, and the dead men from the morgue drew up beside the curb. The ruined building was five stories high, situated on the north side of Park Place, between Greenwich Street and College Place. Four stories occupied the ground floor, while

above ranged a series of business and manufacturing firms. A restaurant and drug store were among those that fronted on the street, and at the time of the catastrophe—half past twelve—the restaurant was pretty well filled. Several printing firms, with their heavy presses, were on the fourth and fifth stories. Some of the workers had gone home just before the disaster, while others waited for their weekly pay, preparatory to an afternoon of amusement. Directly across the street Randolph Holst, an intelligent carpenter, was working near the window on the fourth floor. At the moment the building fell he looked over the way, and saw a lot of paper and dust shaken into the air. He called loudly to his sole partner at the bench that the boiler had gone, and advised getting out. Looking again toward the building, he saw the cornice of the roof tumble forward. Then brick after brick sailed off, falling by hundreds, resembling the snow of coal as it poured through iron chutes intended



SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, OCTOBER 6, 1890.

MARRIED FOR MONEY
Illustration by George



—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

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Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart



THE PARK PLACE DISASTER—SEARCHING THE RUINS BY NIGHT.—DRAWN BY W. A. HERRON.—[SEE PAGE 676.]

a hand-to-hand. The floor in the rear of the building gave way first, and fell downward, one after another, while the front wall seemed to collapse story by story as the flooring dropped. It was all over in an instant, and the building was levelled from ceiling to roof, and while the waterer stood around he saw a man jump up from the debris, which had fallen into the street to the height of three stories. As the man gained his feet he looked around with a dazed air, not knowing what had happened. Then to the left he saw another man lying flat on a beam, which projected from the loop, pinned by heavy boards. At that moment three citizens ran from Greenwich Street, around the house, and with the help of the man who had escaped as by a miracle, rescued the man on the beam, who was unconscious. With this was going on, two men crawled out of the chimney where the grating had been beneath the huge show window of the meatstore, and two boys appeared on top of the loop near the rear wall and made their escape. The drama was quickly enacted, for it was almost instantly that the Barnes lumber faith in two great men. Such is the story of an eye witness.

What the collapse of the building was due to no one is capable of saying. At first it was thought that the letter or chemicals in the drug store had exploded. But the general opinion is that the beams of the building gave way and crumbled the whole thing to. Three teams ran from the street wall to the rear, and not permit with the street, as is usual. The vibrations of the heavy presses caused the building to oscillate, and by this movement it is supposed that the beams in the rear wall were loosened and finally worked out, which completed the awful story.

After four days of work upon the ruins 61 bodies were taken out, 43 of which were identified.

A REVIEW OF THE DISASTER.

The Park Place disaster has been spoken of in the daily papers as horrible. This was a proper adjective enough under the circumstances, but the accident, which horrible enough at first, became degrading and offensively vulgar. What was a public calamity was made still more so. There the dead and those who were nearest to them should have been alone attended, pitied, comforted, photographed, and humane solaces crowded close to us, and greeted their loved one what was awful and sad. The police were not alone to blame for this. It was the spirit of the crowd, and the crowd was the spirit of the people of this city, whom no man knows his next door neighbor or the halcyon over his head on the first show, or even to know him. For many display of force and real feeling shown in this disaster, it might have occurred in Chicago or San Francisco or St. Petersburg.

Asymmetrical merriment, and gaudy, and degrading, that the scene that followed the disaster of the Park Place victims has not been known in New York for many days. The whole thing from the brutal display of the police towards the measures to their equally brutal treatment of the dead, was shameful and barbarous. The men in charge of the police and their men were intoxicated a great part of the time, so were the morticians, and in fact, identified any body as the one belonging to them in order that they might reap the insurance—this was the spirit of the place. There was an auctioneer for the dead not regret for the living. The Mayor telegraphed his regret three days after the disaster occurred, and Commissioner Gillett visited the scene on the fourth day. In the mean while no unsavory gang of Irishmen picked gloriously at the bodies, fearful that they might come upon a dead body, and the men of vulgar habits, swelled and stinking, and mangled bodies, were laid out for four days "on exhibition" to thousands of vulgar spectators. The heads of the city department, who might or should have been in charge, did not appear and the identity removal of the dead and the removal of the dead were accomplished. And the management of this, perhaps the greatest of disasters that has come to this city for a quarter of a century, was left in the hands of a police captain, a foreman of an equine house, and the unprincipled interest of the never-diminishing audience of morbid spectators. The men that is being raised for the survivors, for money how large it may be, come, will not wipe out the memory of the four days in which the disaster was treated as a public show.

IN CONFIDENCE.

You see heard, and the deep and sad,
Faded with one bitter secret scene,
But not an accompanying scene from
By road or bid to cure or share.
The start was, but an trembling ear
Of all the while trembling from
How ever whispered from afar
The story of this hopeless pain.
The sign, law, but the under night
Faded no more, between us night,
We wrap our from sound and sight
Bemusing hearts and reaching eyes,
What if the night and stars and sun,
Should but for once their pledge forget,
And only leave to us the story,
"Oh loved then, thou, who have thou yet?"
A. N.



MAJOR J. HENRY SLEEPER.

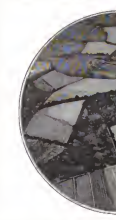
HOW IT LOOKS FROM A BALLOON.

An English scientist recently made some interesting photographs of the landscape lying vertically beneath him during a balloon ascent from the site of the Naval Exhibition at the Thames. The experiment, as described by one of the party in *Black and White*, presents features somewhat unusual in amateur photography, and the resulting pictures, two of which are here presented, are odd and interesting examples of what might be done improperly termed the "ground-plans" of a wide prospect.

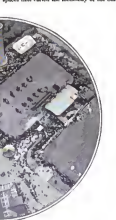
The scientific instruments taken along for making barometric and other observations, and a wicker basket, were strapped to the side of the car, so the balloon rose in mid-afternoon of a clear day, with the sky broken only by a few clouds, and with a gentle breeze blowing from the west. To the astonishment of the party, the only indication of the progress made, being the rapid descent in size of familiar objects on the ground, and the constant widening of the field of view. On the occasion, with the coming of the day, the balloon shot directly upward two thousand feet, during which ascent the first view, covering the greater of the Naval Exhibition, was taken vertically downward from the car. At the height of two-thirty of a mile above the scene, persons on the ground seemed to be mere moving specks, and groups of people resembled swarms of ants. The grounds, the lake, and the river appeared as one perfect, and the lighthouse and other edifices resembled toy houses. A cricket match taking place on the Oval near Vauxhall Bridge gave the impression to the air voyagers of white men playing upon a green ball table.

As the balloon floated above the Middlesex side, Millbank Penitentiary, with its great array of regularly arranged buildings, presented the appearance of an octagonal wall.

placed flower bed laid out with unusual precision. Chancery Court and the Crystal Palace were readily distinguishable;



Hyde Park, the Serpentine, Regent's Park, Hampstead, and Highgate appeared as open spaces that varied the monotony of the plain.



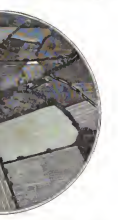
erwise minutely continuous mass of brick and mortar constituting the battie walls of London. Except for a few openings of this character, the city, seen from aloft, presents the aspect of a vast area of unbroken roof in monotonous tones of blue and red. The steady houses of Parliament looked like a smoking funnel, while the clock tower could readily have been taken for the stud for the reception of the penny which sets the ball in motion.

Above the Thames—which the balloon crossed several times, slowly soaring for passengers a fine view of the port of London and its docks—batties was thrown out, and the ship rose to a height of about one hundred feet over Greenwich Observatory and Woolwich. Floating for the fourth time over the street—at Parliament—old buildings were carried about a plowing tract of agricultural country, with brick roads in varying shades of green and brown. At this point the second photograph here presented was obtained, after which the balloon descended on the nose of the river from which it had risen, and the spectators self-distributed, leaving an tangle of their capricious several excited pictures taken from these several points of view.

MAJOR J. HENRY SLEEPER.

MAJOR J. HENRY SLEEPER, of "Sleeper's Battery," was born in Boston, April 6, 1850, and died at Marlborough Neck, August 19, 1891.

In April, 1886, he went out with the Fifth Massachusetts Volunteers as Second Lieutenant, becoming in September following, First Lieutenant of the First Massachusetts Battery, and in September next, Captain of the Tenth Massachusetts Light Artillery. As "Sleeper's Battery," the Tenth became one of the best of the Massachusetts Artillery Corps, and Major Sleeper he gained the



breast in 1864 for gallant and meritorious service at Boston's Hotel contained in command until, following the war was over, he resigned in February, 1865.

Without any military training, he was, actively a soldier, and a great success of officer, raising and holding the respect of his associates, exultants and regular alike. Then, more than now, were West Pointers want to undermine the abilities of those upraised from civil life, but the Major and his warmer friends than Hancock, Hunt, Porter, and other graduates of the Academy.

To him the war ended with the fighting, but he carried into private life only cheerfully for his disinterested view and admiration for their courage. Those who knew him well are all who knew him—recall his abhorrence of sectional feeling and his happy pride that love of country was no longer founded on the south by Mason and Davis's line.

He was believed in him, and have kept their organization alive, retaining him, as President of the Tenth Battery Association, still in their land. It is a touching and significant fact that the surviving veterans of the battery asked the privilege of leaving to him the last resting place the body of the loved commander under whom they fought as faithfully and bravely more than a quarter of a century ago.

"AGED ONE HOUR."

A new twist from a hidden source—
Starts me, and then a great relief;
Drifting on in the unknown maze,
Only to find from sight again,
A little life, so pure, so brief;
The moon, and then a great relief;
A shadow thrown on some beach-side;
A whispering prayer, "Thy will be done."
Gustave B. Brown.



A BUNCH FOR AGED HEBREW, NEW YORK.—JAMES W. W. A. BROWN.—(From Page 679.)



HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



"ON SPEED THE LIGHT CHESTNUT, WITH THE LITTLE OFFICER HURDING ALMOST TO THE SADDLE-BOW"—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

SEE STORY "THE TWO CORNETS OF MOONMOUTH," PAGE 608.

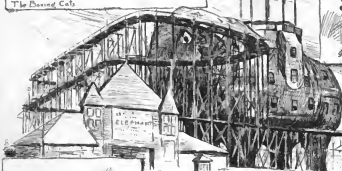
In the Surf



The Original Rattle-Drum



The Boxing Cats

In one of the
Concert Halls



The Two Cornets of Monmouth.

By A. E. Watrous.

THE line of light that had fringed the shrouds of the British rebuffs far to the south of the merry musketry at Walnut Grove had died away, and only the many loud hurrahs of the Mechanics and their reinforcements into the pale blue sky of the May midnight, and surprised the sober waters of the glacial Delaware with their clamor. The roll of the fife and the snare drums thrummed fiercely from the north and the sound of the dropping shots of the pikers had died away, too, and given unobscured prominence of the echoes of Philadelphia down to the scraping of the fiddles in the Wharton mansion garden, where the flower of the British garrison danced away the night with the loyal beauty of the province in honor of the departing commander, General Sir William Howe.

Captain the Right Honorable Andrew Culbert, who, when the line of light sprang up at the southern rebuffs, had drawn away from the dancers, and flitted intently to the thrumming of the drums and the thrumming of the fife, gave a little sigh of relief as the lights and the sounds died, and then his forehead was wrinkled with a frown. He strained his spotted face on the walk of the bon-lighted wherry where he stood, and looked down contemptuously at the speckled tulle of red and white silk which he had doctored for the light (scandal of the scandal) rear of the Seventeenth Light Dragoons and ejaculated: "What—a—d! no more! Knights of the Hermy Mountains! God, we are looked Knights of the Burning Bush, with our New England—!" He started, for a light step on the gravel caught the quick ear of the man who, despite the fact that he had come to the meeting to celebrate a hero's name and a dandy captain of a crack cavalry regiment, turned out on alert a scolding mouth after an hour's ease of Sumner's Tory Corps of Rangers. Next he heard a light laugh and turning saw the laughing head-dress of a lady of the Blended Blue team nodding toward him over a pair of the most sparkling eyes and the sweetest mouth in the province.

"I think I heard you uttering those words, Sir Captain, or Sir Knight?" laughed the lady under the blue head-dress. "What, Mistress Kitty Pryor, are you here?" asked the officer, his only word changing to one of pleased surprise. The head-dress nodded again, and then Mistress Kitty broke out, "Yes, and have been all the evening, and never a word of a word could I get from Miss Nancy White's Knight of the Blended Blue, with his motto of 'Love and Honor'."

The dragoon flinched at this reference to the transfer of his station, drew Mistress Kitty a shewer in Newmarket, to the only lake of New York a high Tory society whose presence excited the Mechanics, and moved to the front, wondering that I did not recognize you in those 'regiments'."

Mistress Kitty looked down at his girlish fustian apart, laughed, and said: "But, captain, were it not for those 'regiments' I should not be here, for my parents belong to Fanny Shippen, whose coming was prevented at the last moment by a delegation of Mechanics, who wanted to let father and

poised against me—the—Turks, and so I'm here enjoying myself, and Fanny's at home crying her eyes out. But why, captain, excuse your eulogy which I interrupted. By my sponges, but you looked a noble, noteworthy, slightly knight in the moonlight."

"Slightly I was not in those 'regiments'—and the dragoon, modestly—"But noteworthy indeed, I went by a given word than mine own sponges at this lady of mine, which hath kept me from feasting and dancing and drinking all winter, when we should have been outstaying the rebels."

By hearing these few blundering words, Sir Captain asked Mistress Kitty, with a devious side glance from behind her full head dress.

"The trumpet fluted at the situation of this front of his which in this previous December had warned all hearts in the freezing Continental camp to arms of vengeance against him and his corps."

"The rebels would not surrender," he said, in a pained tone, "and I found their intemperate fortitude. I was within the lines of war. Yet," he continued, freely, "rather would I be making such poor war as that than mousing here. Aside from his history books in the Franklin's library, why do you think the Carthagenians at Capon, where they spent such a winter to be taken in the spring and I wonder if the Carthagenian commander had a pistol like that Lord Lovelace?" And in the next breath he said that the rebels are so bold and stubborn. Why, listen, and he took his voice, "they told you ladies but now to quiet your slanders that the lights on the rebuffs at the upper side of town were an illumination in honor of this event, and the firing a few days."

"As an illumination, but those molasses doleful of McLean's firing the salute with Greek-fire out of his hat and the few days came from the loaded muzzles of our foot beating them off."

"What mischief?" asked Mistress Kitty, serious at last, her fair pale and a suppressed tremor of excitement in her voice. "McLean's horse, you say? Why, I have a cousin—now the Newmarket cousin—a cousin in McLean's, and he was always a wild boy. I'll warrant he was there."

Captain Culbert laughed a milder harsh laugh. "Why, Mistress Peggy Shippen likes better than Mistress Kitty Pryor. She has, they say, a grand (I should mention the rebels) but Mistress Kitty only a cornet, and in McLean's right hand!"

"Oh, let's not errand of mine," said the girl, blushing. "He might have been, but my father broke off all that when Robert responded the post-hill rebel cause."

"Well, your great cousin will hardly break his vengeance on my devoted head this night," said the captain, seriously. "But Mistress Kitty, I'll tell you a secret that all the rebels will know tomorrow: Sir Henry Clinton's first order on coming would be to march for New York! We're going to evacuate the town."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Mistress Kitty, surprised out of her manners and using a homely provincial expletive in her first outburst of pretty little white teeth which the British officers had taught her. "And what's to become of us?"

"You'll be pulled in at Monmouth, your ships, and taken a sea voyage around in New York," replied the captain, laughing.

"Oh, those many troop ships?" cried the girl with a pringle. "Discretion will be on one that brought a cargo of flintstones once. Oh I wish I were a man! I'd rather fight my way to New York, and kill my own cousin on the road, than go by sea."

"Fudge! wouldn't you, though?" said the captain, smiling sympathetically at the rage of spirit in the girl's brow. "Well, we must look to the moon. Hey, do you know that I've so worn in that March moon to day that I had high run the yard through the body before the herald called us on to sleep."

Up the bon-lighted alley toward the lights and fiddles the mock knight and lady went, and as they passed, the lowering level down and the antique lanterns drew close together in a whispered conversation which was greeted with eagerness by Captain Culbert, and answered with expostulatory gizzards by Mistress Kitty.

The dragoon surprised his change to Lieutenant Shippen, her mother, at the door of the great banquet hall, which was seated with the most landed and forty per centum which had been borrowed from the walls of every house of Tory quality in the city to grace the dinner. There he passed into the card-room and followed, for at a high table was General Sir William Howe, flanked with wine and dapp in the mysteries of pleasure. He was surrounded by the brilliant but anxious, discontented, and nervous of the army, who chiefly looked his example in that Captain Walter of '78. At his elbow, in powder, paint, feathers, and jewels, was that jester of whom Culbert had spoken, the wife of the Boston refugee contemporary of prisoners, the chance playing of whose names with the multitude "reading" had held her up to the scornful merriment of the whole country in the name of the "Battle of the Keys."

Culbert smiled. Yet as he turned away in search of Nancy White, the young mother's gown was lighted by a flash of music and she laughed several times to herself as if at a thought of past or future fun were drifting through his brain.

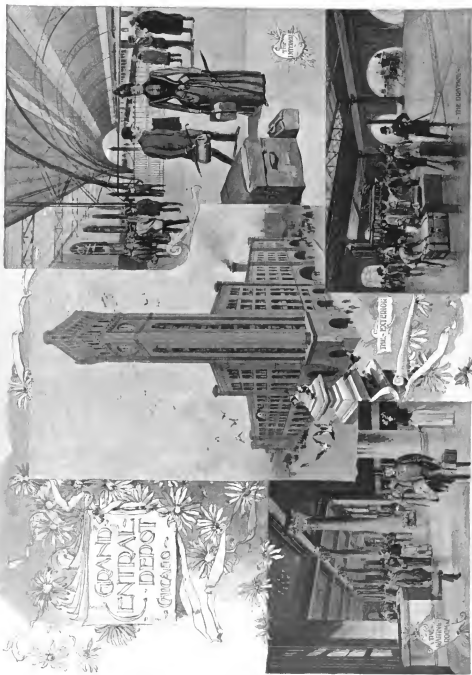
When Admiral Lord Howe's great fleet, crowded on all its decks with a crowd of convulsive refugees, was laid a cloud of white sail against the steep slopes of Red Bank, and the mar-guard of General Sir Henry Clinton's army a vivid spot of smoldering disappearing in the foliage of Governor Point, Mistress's horse rode round the four-story shadow of the line of ancient redoubts, unscathed by the hastily deserted barracks of the Northern Liberties out on the Delaware River front, now close two miles, and dotted. It was the morning of the 16th of June, a month to a day after the New Year. There, while the extraordinary commandant Arnold's liveried army of occupation stood in after them, they returned their duties of waiting and patrol, raised by the movements of halting refugees and daily keeping Quakers.

But one tall cornet, Robert Colladay by name, sought a half-day's leave of absence from his during chief, and rode over the dewy acres Black Creek, past the Blue Anchor Tavern, despite the fact that the taverner of his servant Clever was taking a good look out of his black face with threat, and on

Dragoons, just in sight of Hadkinson and

support, moved swiftly northward on its hoofs determined pace.

of each officer curved a graceful salute to the head of the army.



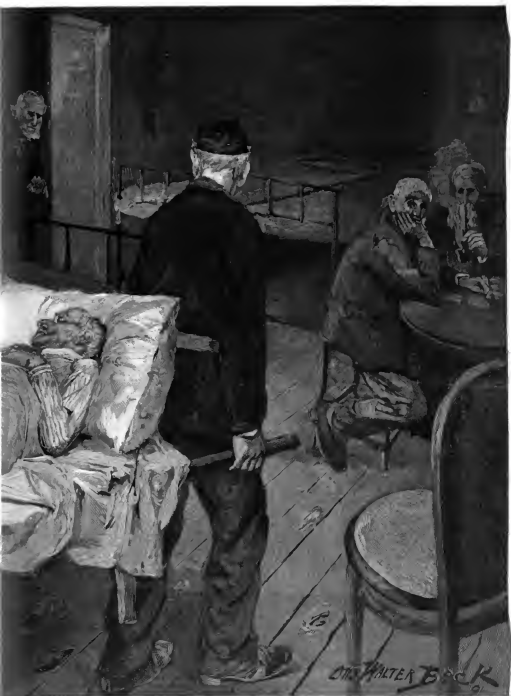
GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, CHICAGO—Drawn by CHARLES GORDON—(See Page 691.)



ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY WATKINS, SEPTEMBER 2, 1901.

FROM THE BARRACKS TO THE 1

Division by C. C. C. C.



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HOSPITAL.—DRAWN BY OTTO WALTER BECK.

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POPULAR CONCERT IN TOMPKINS SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by T. de Tervarent.—[See Page 684.]

MINISTER PATRICK EGAN.

BY RICHARD BARNES DAVIS.

PATRICK EGAN is one of the links in the chain of ministers which the present administration has spread over the globe. A chain is only as strong as its weakest part, and this particular link of the chain rests on that far away portion of the map marked Chili. It was so far away and so seemingly unimportant that it was possible for the government to believe that any infidelity on the part of Patrick Egan as a minister would never be discovered. How was the administration to know that that particular part of this map was to become of world wide moment by a civil war, and that Patrick Egan was to have greatness thrust upon him? As the *Milano* says, "That is the pathetic part of it. How were you to know?"

Patrick Egan came to this country in 1892. Before that time he had obtained much notoriety in Ireland as the Treasurer of the Land League, and through recidivism was ever present against charges were made against him, notably by Lady Florence Digby, who claimed that there was a discrepancy in the funds of the Land League of £130,000. He took up his residence in this country in New York, where he became conspicuous in Irish American matters, and a year after his arrival came out in a letter advocating Blaine for the Presidency. His later work for Mr. Blaine's election, and still later headed the Irish Blaine contingent, which supported Blaine after the withdrawal of Blaine's name for re-election.

On March 27, 1899, he was appointed minister to Chili by the President, Egan at that time having been a naturalized citizen but for the space of one year. Not only this piece of Chili, but the press of New York were indignant at the appointment. But Egan was received as minister, and had it not been for this civil war might have ended his career as a minister without gaining further authority. He might even have avoided this had he maintained the neutrality incumbent on a minister. But he present he stands supported at home and openly accused in Chili, of course without a word of assistance, of joint interest with him in straits both and national conscience, of having directed the department at Washington to the late state of affairs in Chili, and in causing the United States to side with Balmaceda, who represented depravity and unconstitutional methods, and to crush the agents of the insurgents, who represented liberty and the rule of law by the people.

In the local papers of Santiago of June 8, 1901, Egan writes to Admiral McCarty, who had been asked to serve with him as mediator between the insurgents and Balmaceda. "Me puerce que el Gobierno no pade de corrupcion," or, in very plain English, "It seems to me that the Government cannot be overthrown." This official expression of opinion naturally ended Egan's usefulness as a mediator. Whether or not it should not as properly and his career as a minister has with the present administration to determine.



THE HON. PATRICK EGAN, MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO CHILE.

THE WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS ABROAD.

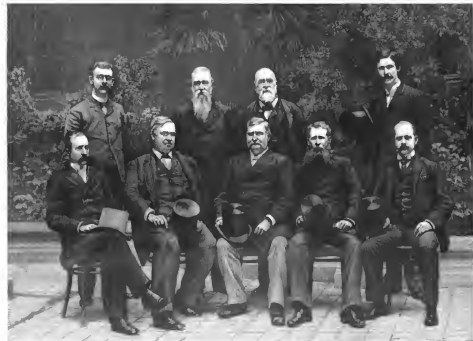
Since the World's Fair at Chicago became a recognized thing, the people at large have read daily reports of the difficulties encountered and the progress made, and they have looked forward with interest to the time when the great work will be complete, but hardly have they thought of or realized the immensity of the undertaking. They will go to Chicago in 1893, and see the exhibits of the world, never counting the steps that were taken in perfecting the whole. The organization is like a huge and intricate machine, where every part must fit and wheels run smooth, and not a screw or pin be loose. Committee within committee, each headed, must march in all directions, each doing its own particular work, until the world is covered, and a situation world centered in the Columbian Exposition. The detail is enormous, but the world must first learn of the plan and scope of the Fair before the detail is worked, and in this end commissioners were duly appointed to go forth and now the world of interest abroad. The commissioners departed upon their mission early in the summer, and since then have

been engaged in their good work. The heads of the various governments and first to be courted, and their recognition gained. Their official authorities were sent, and their favor asked for, and finally the trades, the representatives of trade, the individual merchants, and all persons who might be looked upon as exhibitors. Not was this all; the Fair itself had to be advertised. One might think that in this day of ours, when the newspapers in the press and such individual work was unnecessary, but, as every one knows, success is only secured by personal application.

The reports of the commissioners have been most sanguine. The first steps have been decidedly forward, and interest has been aroused in all the foreign governments. The manifestations have made favorable impressions upon the officials with whom they have come in contact, and incidentally have been directed and aided by societies and individuals. The men to make up the commission are of recognized ability, and many of them well known at large. Major Halsey has won his laurels in journalism, and Mr. Bismarck in politics. The *London World* remarks as follows, under the heading of "What the World Says":

"The delegates from the executive of the Chicago Exhibition, who have come over with the intention of enlightening us as to the manner in which America proposes to celebrate her five hundredth birthday, have made a very favorable impression here, and they also seem to have thoroughly appreciated the cordial manner in which they have been received. They were much gratified with Lord Salisbury's reception of them at the Foreign Office; they were greatly pleased with Sir Richard Webster's dinner at the House of Commons and the opportunity it gave them of comparing the actual Balfour with the pictures of him produced for the American market; and they fully enjoyed Sir George Clerk's dinner and fireworks at the Naval Exhibition."

In a work of this kind the co-operation of men of experience is greatly needed, and the commissioners in London were fortunate in interviewing Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, who first made them welcome at a reception of the Chamber of Commerce, where the assistance of that body was promised. Sir Cunliffe Owen is a man of great and valuable experience, having been actively connected with the greatest international exhibition, and at present one of England's royal representatives to the Columbian Exposition. His kindly attention was of the greatest service to Chicago representation. He was good enough to go to France with the commissioners, and his knowledge has furthered their work greatly. From this instance it can be seen that the work of the commissioners has been fruitful, and the volume that come from them are very encouraging. The seeds of interest have been sown and taken root, and the daily work is steady and given promise of great success in all branches of the Fair. Just at present it is impossible to say exactly what will be done by the foreign governments. England, France, Germany, Greece, Russia, and Spain are among the larger transatlantic countries that have officially accepted the invitation extended by the United States, and the friendly rivalry of the nations will enhance the brilliancy of the Exposition.

MR. J. M. RICHARDS, AMERICAN SECRETARY.
MR. J. W. FINE.GORDON GORDON.
JUDGE LORRAINE.MR. PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN.
MR. RICHARD WEBSTER.MAJOR HALSEY.
MR. EDWARD F. BARNES.GORDON DE LORRAINE, SECRETARY.
MR. A. B. BELL.

THE WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS ABROAD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PARIS.



HOW TO HUNT THE GRIZZLY BY BOOK—A TALE WITHOUT WORDS.—By A. B. FROST.

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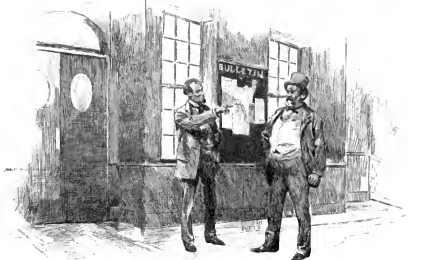


BOAT-RACING IN THE NAVY—THE CHALLENGE.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZODRAC.—(SEE PAGE 714)

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A NIGHT ON THE BOWERY.—DRAWN BY T. DE THOUSSIEP.—(SEE PAGE 702.)



A NEW DEAL.

BY L. R. MEEKINS.

"WHAT'S this? Head-Rock of Elwyn?" Well, well—"I'll spread the welcome." "Fellow of Dedication?" he roared again. "Mr and Mrs. De Dink ought extremely that they are unable to accept the polite invitation of Mr and Mrs. De Black." "It's too bad!" I wonder if they've got money in the family, or perhaps the children are down with the cough. New look here, my dear, if you're going to get fashionable, I'll resign, and go back to Green's Iron House."

Aber Green was not the first man who found something amusing in a look on Elwyn, and as long as a name of humor remains with the town, even he will not be the last, but in the case of himself and his wife Jane there was a special significance. They were on the threshold of a new career. He had been elected sheriff of Chapman County. With the honor of personal esteem and the credit of saving the ticket was the removal from the monotony of a cross-roads store to the excitement of town life. He had retained Mayor Penderbury, his sheep, in the jail residence, and for himself and Jane had taken a house in a desirable section of Salem, the county seat.

Salem was a place of 2000 people, mostly politicians, but while it was small, it was exacting in its social demands. Family was greater than wealth, although wealth was occasionally accepted as a substitute for ancestry. With the Greens the situation was in the middle; their antecedents were humble, but respectable, and their means were the comfortable results of attention to business and industry. In Sumner District they were as good as great people, but in the county town they had the disadvantage of no name. Aber's election had made him known, and he was accordingly hereafter called in the naming of Green's Cross Roads, but he knew that the best success under the changed circumstances must come from a policy of modesty. His old-fashioned Jane believed her better than the best, and he had the fullest confidence in her social possibilities. So while he made fun of the Head-Rock of Elwyn, he was secretly elated by its presence in the house.

Their town life began as an experiment, and grew on observation. Everything was new. It was the step from the informality of rural existence, in which everybody knew everybody, in the clearly defined circles of his registered society, Salem had an aristocracy. The aristocrats were proud of their transcendence, unworried, proud of the official honors that had come to their names in the republic. In their life they mingled the consciousness of their origin with a superiority of the present that demanded a dignified standard of conduct, and a general recognition of their family importance. Their ancestors may have come over because of a stress of financial circumstances, or they may have come because of other reasons which it would not be polite to inquire into, but the mere fact that they came only once was enough.

In Salem politics followed the lines of society as closely as possible. Many of the aristocrats depended upon office for their incomes. The intelligency of the county concentrated in the town manifested itself so as to secure the

scholastic results for its favor. Sometimes there were signs of reform in the outlying districts, and occasionally rural leaders became so strong that danger was threatened, but the broken at Salem—the court-house crowd—were full of policy and perfidation.

Colonel Short, who was the chief of the house, was a man of middle age, close in his dealings, but privately alert in his personal habits. In many respects he was an ideal politician of the practical sort. He was well posted. He studied men, measured them by their realities, and moved himself in accordance by suitably assuming countenance to fight one another instead of something him. Aber Green's name was placed on the ticket in this peculiar manner. There was a scientific for the sheriff's office. None of the semi-lawless Colonel Short. Aber had commanded himself by his retirement, his good sense, and his service as a more hands-on campaign leader. Colonel Short and he talked it over. The sheriff's office was promised to him. The agreement was a mutual confidence. Not a word was said, but in a few weeks every citizen in the county had a candidate, and when the convention met they fought each other beyond the hope of peace. It was then that Colonel Short, in his capacity of power maker, got Mayor Penderbury as the candidate of Sumner District, and abdicated the name of Green, who was then as one of the Mayor's delegates. The worried look of feigned satisfaction that Aber showed to the cheering convention was in Colonel Short's eye of the most cleverly experienced in all his political career, and the last that Aber, now installed as sheriff, had Mayor Penderbury as the chief deputy, added to his appreciation of the episode.

Next to Colonel Short in power was Mr. Penderbury, who for sixteen consecutive years had enjoyed the favor of the clerkship of the Circuit Court. He was the political man in the county, a dispenser of courtesy that occasionally showed but never compromised. An illustrious ancestry, compelling an officer in the Revolutionary army, a foreign minister and a member of Congress, furnished his social importance. His wife, with family connections equaling his own, was the leader of the county society, and her house was the scene of his salubrity. To Mr. Penderbury there was a place for politics and a place for society, and he observed in descending his house for recreational purposes. He looked upon Aber Green as one of the incidents of politics. Recently it may have passed him to see the party conferring its offices on persons of inferior pretense, but he was too polite and too polite to confound the living, and moreover, the party had to do something occasionally for the common people or it might lose their votes.

Around Colonel Short and Mr. Penderbury were a dozen lawyers of varying age, some of whom he had offices, and all of whom were looking for larger opportunities. Henry Green, the most prominent candidate, expected to lose his wife in Congress. A cousin to Cary was little Dickie Dink, a small but active aristocrat, who dreamed better and put on more style with his few hundred dollars salary

as a copying clerk under his uncle, Mr. Penderbury, than the richest man in the county. Dickie's chief ambition in life was to talk family, dance all night, and draw his salary in advance. Cary appreciated Aber Green's qualities. Dickie thought it a shame for a man to be an "old boy" to try to enter the town's society.

Aber Green was himself unconscious of the emotions that his coming had aroused. He had always made it a rule to avoid his own business, and he and Jane thought modestly of getting settled in their home. Jane's natural good sense was quick to appreciate and utilize suggestions, and the result was that within a month their house was in excellent order.

By that time, too, the neighbors had begun to visit them. Among the first were Benader and Mrs. Boone, who lived on the opposite side of the street, and who belonged to the best society of the town. It was forewarned that Jane and Mrs. Boone, both of whom were great house-holders, should at some time in their lives come together. At first they seemed a little scared of each other, but the moment they began to talk flowers and preserves, they felt very comfortably acquainted. When they got so as to exchange recipes and patterns and such books, they reached that domestic affinity that smoothed all thoughts into a perfect harmony of feeling, and when Mrs. Boone was sick for three days, and Jane prepared pills for her and spent the afternoon at her bedside, the friendship grew into that strong if somewhat reciprocal relationship that makes one family feel to another as "the best of neighbors."

Mrs. Boone had such extra care to intimate. They cannot exchange patterns and recipes and make pills for one another. But in some way Aber and the Senator got along wonderfully well. They spent many evenings together. The Senator was a lawyer of long experience with men and affairs, a citizen whose sharp interest in public matters was more in the interest than in personal participation, although he had been a member of the House Senate, the title of which house still clung to his name.

"I was very sorry that you refused a second term," said Aber one evening. "You were the truest representative that the county has had since I can remember. If your plans had been carried out, we would have the old time majesty and the old time enthusiasm."

"I'm glad to hear you say that Mr. Green. You appreciate as well as I do how methods have changed. We have 50,000 men here in the worst form. Our politics has become a scramble for office, and our friends in law are manipulating it so that they always get the rewards. Money has taken the place of merit, and promises made only to be broken are more powerful than principles. I was placed on the ticket to meet it, but when success came on, and as I tried to introduce a few reforms in our county government, I found all the influences arrayed against me. I wanted to abolish the fee system in our courts, and substitute salaries. I wanted strict execution of accounts and a better election law—all of which the house opposed. They were stronger than I. And so our high taxes go on, our county is mismanaged, and the people's money goes in way into private pockets."



THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES GRAYSON.—(SEE PAGE 207.)

small effect upon the personal fortune of M. Grévy. His daughter, when he died, and married a certain M. Wilson, an administrator of the wine type. The main asset of the wine type, and long before there was any public complaint about the situation in Paris were convinced that Wilson had state secrets to sell him in his ventures. This way of making money was not sufficient for Wilson, so he embarked in the business of selling crowns of the Legion of Honor. In this he was detected and only escaped conviction by a technicality.

The crime of the Legion of Honor is most heavily penalized. Frenchmen, and those who held them, and those who wanted them, were equally ill-treated with shame and rage that there should have been a discovery of their deception. There was something else for the old President to do but to resign. He made way for M. Carnot, who now occupies the Palace of the Elysées, and went to his country being a broken man. It is pleasant to state that the French people long ago absolved M. Grévy of any participation in the corrupt practices of his son in law, or of having been any suspicion of them. All agree that he should not have been elected for the second term. In that case he would have retired with his fame unimpaired by any scandal whatever.

Personally M. Grévy was the simplest of men, and in his habits he was always of the bourgeois class. His second wife had been his housekeeper during his widowhood. She was a peasant, and they had been privately married many years when he was chosen President. Then the French people learned for the first time that their new Chief Executive had a wife. The manners of the peasant woman at the head of the domestic staff of the President's household at first occasioned some comment and derision from those accustomed to the manners of the European court, but her hearty good nature soon won her the respect and regard of all the good people who came in contact with her.

As illustrating the simplicity of M. Grévy's habits, this anecdote was told of him in 1878 and it is probably heard upon more truth than that told of Thomas Jefferson's ruling to the Capitol unadorned on the day of his inauguration, and leading his horse to the fence, while he went in to take the oath of his high office.

"Unlike most official Frenchmen, he believes enough in his own country to invest in her funds, and the other day went to the Bank of France to receive his dividends. He was President of the republic, yet he quietly placed himself in the queue, and waited his turn, undisturbed between a petty employee and a great prince's wife. Suddenly a high officer of the bank stepped him, but while he was so able to interfere with his own eyes, and when he did, almost faded with shame. The President was forthwith accosted with all honor, and bidden to quit the queue, that his money might be paid at once. 'Many thanks,' he answered; 'but I don't mind waiting.' And the Chief Magistrate of the republic—a true liberal in every good sense of that word—quietly bided his time. The impatient citizen was not to lose a moment of time on his account."



SKIFF-RACING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE—PREPARING FOR THE START

M. Grévy was a great admirer of the American form of government, and at one time, after the establishment of the second empire, thought very seriously of coming to this country and seeing his friends with us.

Jno. GILMER STEEN.

SKIFF-RACING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY G. V. VARY.

A great rate of speed is the demand of modern civilization. It is only necessary to look a record to become famous. Buses and money are harnessed to increase the speed of the Atlantic liners and the trucks. We must travel fast whether on business or pleasure. As universal in this passion to move rapidly that even little children have caught the fever, and speak knowingly of the winning yacht or horse.

The forty-six foot yachts of the St. Lawrence, sail about as fast as the truck seventy-fifty of a few years ago, so great has been the development of speed by horsepower in the lines of hull and design of rig. The racing skiff races of this season's build more nearly or quite twice as fast as those of ten years ago.

There is a class of boats on the St. Lawrence River called skiffs, which carry more sail in proportion to their displacement than any other boats in the world, except those at anchor, and which can contain not only all their boats of their size, but very much larger craft as well. The St. Lawrence River racing skiff is twenty-two feet long, with a beam of four feet. It carries two but's-wice sails; is fitted with a large steel centre board; has a cockpit just large enough to accommodate the feet of six men on either side of the centre

board trunk; is decked, with a dashing rounding about the cockpit, pointed at its forward end; and has water tight bulkheads at each end of the cockpit, which convert the two ends of this big canoe—for it is neither more nor less—into life-chests large enough to float the skiff high out of water when the crew is washed and a capsize partially filled the only eyes port, thus making a veritable life boat of it. High winds and heavy seas have no terrors for the skiff sailors. The boats are of light construction, but strong, and carry not a pound of ballast.

The manner of outfitting these skiffs is unique. Be it understood, though, first of all, that the skiff, with her masts, stepped and sails in slugs, will not float right side up. The weight of a crew of at least four men is necessary to keep the boat on an even keel, and admit of any sailing being done. The total crew consists of five men, and in heavy weather sometimes six.

The racing rules do not limit the crew, sail area—in fact as things sail beam and length, and these only in the simplest way—the length is first ascertained by the beam, the feet shall not exceed ninety-eight. The captain sits at the aft end of the cockpit on deck and steers with a tiller. He also manages the mainsheet by which the after-sail is trimmed. The middle man handles the main sheet by which the forestay is worked.

The forward man sits and feeds the job by means of out-boards and halbrails. This job is used on a few of the boats, and only when working. In beating against the wind a job has not been found in work to advantage on a skiff. The entire crew sit on the weather deck—opposite to that over which the sail is set—with their feet in the cockpit and their toes braced under a long cleat or a rope made fast to the lower part of the centre board trunk. They are shoulder to shoulder and move as one man. When a line strikes the sails and the boat begins to heel, the men lean backward over the side. As the wind decreases, in every case, the object being always to keep the skiff on an even keel, or as near it as possible. If the signal is a severe one, the men lean out so far that the backs of their heads sometimes touch the water. The captain never lifts nor shakes the wind out of the sails until water comes over the side. No orders are given. The men sail together all they have every part of their duty worked down to so fine a point that it is almost a matter of instinct with them.

When it is necessary to tack, the captain lifts up sharply; the main-sheet is raised off a little, and the crew all come in-board together. When the bow points into the wind and the boom swings over the main deck under it and neatly clasp over the centre board trunk to the other side, where they take up their positions as before. Just as the mainsheet is pulled, the captain raises off the sheet a little, and at the same time the mainsail (which is the forward one) is trimmed off, just as it fits with wind. Then the skiff is fitted. In this way the skiff is brought about with a spin and has little leeway, and goes flying off on the other tack.

The most trying point of sailing is going directly before the wind. Then the sails are wing and a jib—once on one side and once on the other, with boom nearly at right angles



be followed by another on the 20th. After this the Athletics came on a tour, including a game with New York, and ending, respectively, at Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, and Chicago. In the latter cities, where the Athletics were the home team, the game was well played, and if the visitors did not lose matches where they have not, it seems very few calculations will have gone astray.

AS FOR PHILADELPHIA, if the Quaker City cricketers do not win their matches, they will remain their best conduct for such a mere consequence. It is not likely, at least in theory, to be visited by a hot wave, compared to the tropical heat which swept over the city on the 10th. The Philadelphia cricketers look upon the American city as an exciting and fun place, and they do not intend to let it be "too easy." In consequence they have not a team of sufficient respect for American cricket to be able to defeat the Yankees. An opportunity to appear in Philadelphia was taken advantage of by the Quakers. An opportunity to appear in Philadelphia was taken advantage of by the Quakers. An opportunity to appear in Philadelphia was taken advantage of by the Quakers.

THE INTERVICT CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP was won on Saturday by Philadelphia from New York by a score of 150 to 100. The game was a very close one, and the Philadelphia team were prepared to lead the slaughter of Lord Hawke's job of English cricketers.

THE NEW JERSEY ATHLETIC CLUB players in the last several days of the season furnished the first opportunity of our getting a line on the public form of a few of the best men. Henry Ryan, the captain, and previous lead made the track heavy, but some excellent runs were made notwithstanding. Notably A. M. Grier, who made a score of 114 runs in 114 innings, in which he was pummed by E. H. Ryan, who was running in great form. A. M. Grier, who made a score of 114 runs in 114 innings, in which he was pummed by E. H. Ryan, who was running in great form. A. M. Grier, who made a score of 114 runs in 114 innings, in which he was pummed by E. H. Ryan, who was running in great form.

THE STATED LEAGUE ATHLETIC CLUB was very fortunate in receiving notice of each year for its laboratory of cricket. All the cricketers were scratch, which of course kept out the amateur players, but the cricketers were scratch, which of course kept out the amateur players, but the cricketers were scratch, which of course kept out the amateur players.

THE PARTICULAR EVENT OF THE DAY which appeared especially to the St. Louis team was the famous match between the Philadelphia and New York teams. The Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100. The Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100.

C made some marvellous runs, and scored, by actual record, 4 goals in his career. He was a very good player, and he was a very good player, and he was a very good player.

THE AQUATIC EVENT OF THE DAY was the cricket match between the Philadelphia and New York teams. The Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100. The Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100.

LOCAL ATHLETIC CRICKETS have been set on foot by a few prejudiced men, who have been in the habit of setting down the Philadelphia team as the best team in the country. They have been in the habit of setting down the Philadelphia team as the best team in the country.

IT WAS THE FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE Metropolitan Athletic Club, and it was a very good match. The Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100. The Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100.

IN THE METROPOLITAN ATHLETIC CLUB match, the Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100. The Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100.

IN THE SHORT SPURT CRICKET, the Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100. The Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100.

IN THE SHORT SPURT CRICKET, the Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100. The Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100.

who is not running so well as he was in the spring. Curry's time, 10 1/2, was only fast, and he was not in the best of his form. Curry's time, 10 1/2, was only fast, and he was not in the best of his form.

CONFESSION BY ANOTHER ATHLETE who is in the form, and will make a fine mile or a mile record the first time all the conditions are met. Curry's time, 10 1/2, was only fast, and he was not in the best of his form.

THE MOST ATHLETIC EVENT, and one of the most important of the year, will be the Metropolitan Athletic Club's annual sports next Saturday. From now until next week at night there will be a succession of contests on land and water.

IT WAS IN NO CASE FOR us to comment on the high quality of the match between the Philadelphia and New York teams. The Philadelphia team was the better team, and they won the match by a score of 150 to 100.

WEATHER THE COMING FOOT BALL season may bring forth in the way of new records, it is not likely that the Philadelphia team will be a pleasure to watch, and that in the half back section. There is a lot of talk about the Philadelphia team, and that in the half back section.

THEY THERE ARE QUESTIONS of who we had but a glimpse last season who are going to join

up or start this year—such men as Posing and Hitt and Hitt. As for the Philadelphia team, they are not in the best of their form, and they are not in the best of their form.

WHILE YANKEE FOOTBALL CAPTAIN was planning to visit a match on the other shore, he was not in the best of his form, and he was not in the best of his form.

WE DO NOT HEAR ANYTHING OF HARVARD during preliminary work, and Captain Truford very likely thinks there is little probability of his coming to New York. Captain Truford very likely thinks there is little probability of his coming to New York.

COLUMBIA'S FOOTBALL CAPTAIN, Mr. Chrysler, is not prepared to notice, in taking on the Philadelphia team, the Philadelphia team is not in the best of their form, and they are not in the best of their form.

ANOTHER NAME WELL KNOWN TO FOOTBALL fans, who they will remember, the pitcher of the Engineers, Phil Clark, declined a very flattering offer to play for the Philadelphia team. Phil Clark, declined a very flattering offer to play for the Philadelphia team.

THE LATELY COTTON TERRA INDIAN failed to bring together the players it was confidently expected it would. No one of the players was in the best of their form, and they were not in the best of their form.

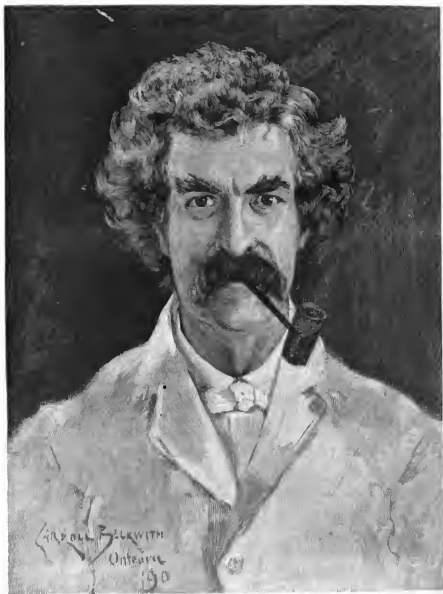
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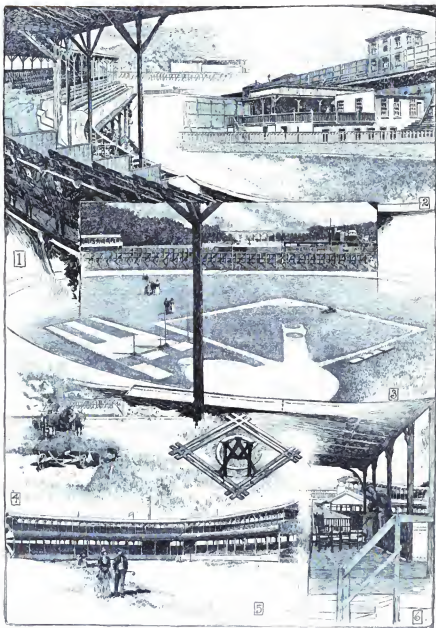
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. GARDNER BICKWITH.—[SEE PAGE 724.]



1. View from Grand Stand. 2. Club-Boxes. 3. The Field and River View. 4. All Work on the Grounds. 5. The Grand Stand. 6. Club-house Porch. Drawn by F. V. De Mott.

THE MANHATTAN A. C. GROUNDS.

Among the athletic fields of this country the most significant of the Manhattan Athletic Club at 15th Street and Eleventh Avenue will occupy a very prominent place. Nature has done very little for the field; on the contrary, the site was formerly a swamp, or really a part of the bed of the Harlem River, and the grounds had practically to be made. This most barren parcel, however, is a very fair foundation, and it has been so well built upon that the running track is said by experts to be even now one of the best in the country. If the time should come that the Metropolitan championships, which it was used for the last time, are any criterion, a little age will make it a close rival of the Brooklyn track, now claimed to be the fastest. It is not surprising to note how this new track was constructed. First the mud river bottom was filled with clay, then it was covered with loam clay, and rolled and re-rolled

until it was as smooth as a board. After this brick dust was used as a top layer for the first time in this country. It is said to be very good, combining the characteristics of both cinders and clay, being firm and springy, and yet porous enough to absorb the rain. The shape of the track is neither round nor elliptical; there is a 220-yard straight-away, which meets at the extreme left of the grounds and finishes at the bottom of the grand stand at an angle. The location of this track is relative to the grand stand is very unfortunate, for making of the race except the finish of either the 100 yards or 220 can be seen by the spectators in the left wing of the stand. There should be no danger of jostling among contestants, two men can run in a heat of the sprint and the track is thirty-three feet wide, which at the widest base is increased to sixty-six feet. On the corners the track is graded four feet six inches, so cyclists may turn the corners with ease. The hurdle course is very fine, and the new hurdles are individual affairs of a patent that

makes them equally 2 feet 6 inches and 2 feet 8 inches. Probably the *pace de resistance* of the new grounds are the arrangements for the field events. These so frequently required on athletic grounds are here simply perfect. The running broad and high jumps, the pole vault, and any one of the sprint events may be carried on simultaneously, and the runway and landing place for the jumps are the best that have ever been seen. The broad jump runway is 125 feet long over a good path, that of the high jump and pole vault, 25 feet each. In the jumps the competitors are running parallel with the grand stand; in the shot the arrangement is similar, and in the 56 lb. weight and hammer they start away from the grand stand into, in the latter case a bed of clay, which enables accurate measurement. While a stone is thrown of this field in the club house tower, which is to be replaced by a handsome structure. There is also an enclosure for carriage, and for base ball and football there are no grounds in the city to equal these.



AU TROISIÈME.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

MAMIE, trying the brass on the stove, went to the window and drew in the hot and cold from her white gown. At the other was a young fellow, jabbing a knife into the sill, was a young fellow.

"That dress is a dead give away, Mamie," he growled. "You're going out again to-night with little Simpson."

"Your mother, at the stove stirring a pot, passed, looking anxiously at her daughter, upon uplifted."

"There all right, mother," called the bright-eyed girl.

"Harry's corner on the world, that's all."

"He's like Mr. Simpson," said her mother. "He won't touch much jewelry."

"Oh, it ain't real," laughed Mamie. She slumped as iron viciously.

"Can't I have the best bit of pleasure?" she complained. "The Lord knows I worked hard enough for the swindle all winter, never out once—sawing, sewing, sawing, till I was sick all over. Now I get a bonus of air in the evening, Harry has to make a fan. And won't I have to work again next month?"

"Simpson's a Johnson," returned her brother. "He won't let you go if another girl comes along."

"Oh, wouldn't he?" she asked, despondent. "All the same, the other girl hasn't got it as expensive yet." Oh, yes, mother, the bakery policy man's dead, there's luck on their door."

"Back," repeated her mother. "That reminds me. Won't you go ask Mrs. Leary to lend me two black collars for this afternoon?"

"Harry'll kindly stop her jabbing."

"Oh, I suppose so," answered Mamie. "But the last time she said all the third floor's relations must be dying off in me."

"When do you want the black dress for, mother?" asked Harry.

"She's going to General Grant's tomb," said Mamie.

"I've got to see your knife man," answered the mother, haughtily.

"That creek," said Ed Mearns.

"I don't know what we'd do without him," sighed her mother.

"A twenty twenty dollar a month," returned the girl; "that's all he does for you. He ain't do that when I can help him. But—with a chance at Harry—he does more than some brothers do for their sisters."

"Any I going West to morrow?" started Harry. "And won't I stop his money when I can?"

"Oh, West?" cried Mamie. "You'll come back again. What's the matter with Harry first?"

"I don't go to Harry first."

"None when?"

"He's been home every night for ever a month," interrupted the mother.

"And you've been out with Simpson every night," cried Harry.

"Oh," cried Mamie, "he's too cute for any one. He don't

have to go to Montana to grow up with the country; he's the kind of man a girl don't go back on,—not like you."

"No girl ever went back on me," he cried.

"Oh, didn't they?" laughed she.

"He's going up and shivered out, giving back of her mother."

"This ain't a Whig gang," she said. "A pretty man, to make a girl?"

"Who's named you?" he retorted. "Only you keep a civil tongue in your head!"

"Oh, no! nobody dares say a word about Sam Johnson!"

"Look out, Mamie! I won't have it!"

"Mamie," cried her mother, "stop! Here, I'll iron that dress. You go down to Leary and get her collars. Go!"

The eldest pushed the girl from the room, and went to the living table.

The lad walked up and down the room. "Mother," he suddenly said, "I want you to tell me what you're going to Uncle Sam's for."

He mother kept on looking. "I'm going to see him, that's all," she said. "I haven't seen him since they moved."

He looked at her keenly. "Mind," he said, "not a word about me and my affairs."

"I've got enough to think about without that," she roared, suddenly, and got a fresh one, "plenty to think about."

The young fellow looked out the window, and she could not see his face.

Then Mamie came back with the collars. "There it is," she said. "It's a daisy, if you don't mind what you're saying."

"Oh, mother, she says the bakery policy man had the pin gone."

"They must have been," returned her mother.

"The men hear policemen had to hold him. One of 'em got up all the foremen and had to go to the hospital. I'll bet that you can't take a hint with a rest."

She snatched the iron from her mother, saying, "She's my As you. For her live now we'll marry—" and tramped thoughtfully, smiling at her thought.

Her mother was critically examining the borrowed goods. "That Eugene wears a bad thin," she said. "Here's some of her stuff in the gutters."

Harry answered to the door. "Dinner'll be ready soon," his mother said; and he went out without a word.

Then his sister went down. "Mother," she whispered, excitedly, "remember her mother, wouldn't it?"

"He said," returned her mother, "that when he last Harry the cost the fifty dollars were in the pocket; they weren't there when the coat came back. He says he'll hold off till eight to-night."

"If he'd waited till to-morrow, Harry'd be off to Montana."

"He said only till tonight."

"You've going to Uncle Sam to try to get the money?"

"What else can I do? If Harry's around it'll kill me if I get to pass twice as fast, I'll catch him, he leaves the office at three. And, Mamie, I don't see how you could say that to Harry about your cousin Cassie."

"What's he going on about Mr. Simpson for? I could have Simpson to-morrow if I wanted to."

"I hope," with a sneer, "you'll meet him."

"What's the matter with him? I'm not stuck on myself or my relations. He's Uncle Sam that makes you and Harry as easy."

"You know we weren't always what we are now."

"That was before my time. I guess. Pop was a poor fellow, but he was decent. I was never ashamed of him," and her voice quavered—"never."

"Who was?" demanded her mother.

"Oh, you and Harry," answered the girl, tearfully. "You hardly noticed him towards the last; you took up his victim when he died. What did you marry him for, anyway?"

"That's pretty talk from a daughter to a mother."

"Oh, mad! Well, just and Harry aren't first. I don't take too much stock in Simpson. But he's a gentleman, and he treats me like a lady. But wait till I'm a type writer; then I'll get to my work. You wait till next month."

She threw the white dress over a chair, and got a multi-looking bag, and set about altering the trimming.

When Harry came in to change his mother was arrayed in the black costume. He sat little or nothing, sitting silently at the table. A piano organ in the street played "Comrades," and Mamie hummed the tune. The children of the house were enjoying the balls. There was a sudden check and a shriek.

"That's Ed McCurdy," placidly remarked Mamie.

"I know her fall. She's learning to slide down the stairs on roller skates."

The young fellow rose and, hands in pockets, went outside.

"Mother," said Mamie, "will Oppenheim arrest him if we can't pay the fifty?"

"Yes," answered the mother, harshly.

Mamie looked around her. "If we only had something to sell," she said. "I'd do anything to keep Harry out of trouble, soon as I would! Poor fellow! I blame Cassie James for this."

"What has she got to do with it?" irritably asked her mother.

"You know Harry was always spoons on her," answered Mamie.

"She never noticed him."

"You mean Cassie James wouldn't let her. Ever since I've been told you she was engaged, Harry did everything else. Before that he never bothered a drop, talked about going out, getting rich if they worked hard and washed their clothes."

"But you know Cassie never cared for him."

"Well, I don't know. He's good looking, and—What's she, anyway? She's no better than us all. Oh, I only wish I had fifty dollars! Say, mother—and she passed."

"Wait!"

"Never mind. I was only thinking—I wonder if Mr. Simpson—"

"Don't you dare to ask him for the money," she sharply cried.



"THE PLAIN CHANT."—Four new patterns of Warren Day in new Plain School of 1890.—(See Page 718.)



H. F. BAKER
P. E. BARNETT

W. C. MERRILL, JUN.

E. W. COLEMAN, JUN.
RICHARD STONE

G. B. WARDEN
D. S. HARRISON (CAPTAIN)
J. W. BAKER

G. E. PATTISON
P. E. BARNETT
WALTER BERRY

R. J. BAKER

H. D. BAKER

THE PHILADELPHIA CHAMPION TEAM OF 1888.

CRICKET IN AMERICA.

BY CHARLES BLANCHE.

NEW of the habits of the cricket-ground who watched the feeble efforts of American cricketers to defend their wickets against the bowling of Pur's professionals in 1898 would have ventured to predict the improvement that has taken place in their play since that date. The evolution from a nervous, nervous twenty-two to an eleven of height, active young fellows, keen of eye and skilled of hand, has been most complete. Unlike champions of their countrymen's abilities were wont to declare that the American's lack of patience would prove an insuperable obstacle to his success as a batsman. And yet the American cricket field has developed successfully, in the persons of William C. Morgan, Jun., and Walter Scott, possessing patience enough to beat Belton or Hill.

The game of cricket possesses in itself all the essentials of first class amateur sport. It has not usually been called the gentleman's game. So sport in the amateur category appeals more forcibly to the robust tastes of our nation. Politeness, courtesy, and forbearance towards opponents, unobtrusive submission to the authority of the umpire, patience, skill, and activity, are all demanded from the player of the sport. Possessing such pursuits to follow it is not strange that Americans have adopted it as a standard pastime.

Cricket undoubtedly owes its introduction to America to the enterprise of the sports-loving Englishman. As far back as the year 1728, we have a record of an international match between eleven colonials and an equal number of "merrie men" coming from London, which resulted in the dissemination of the surprised cockneys. From the year 1750 until the outbreak of the Revolutionary war cricket seems to have been much affected by times of trouble, who pressed regularly on grounds set apart for the purpose. Cracks were the implements used in those days, and rough were the grounds, but they did not seem to detract from the enjoyment experienced by participants in the sport.

Cricket was first introduced into Boston in 1806, where a regular club was started under the name of the Boston Cricket Club. Following the progress of the game still further, we are brought to the next important event, the founding of the St. George's Club, of New York, in the year 1808.

Purely American cricket does not appear to have made much headway prior to 1824. During years there were, and of cricketers there was no lack, but of American players there was a real scarcity.

In the days of the British cricket boom a sudden bound into popularity, clubs sprang up in every direction, professionals

were engaged to impart instruction to aspiring cricketers and to strengthen the weak points of the eleven. In the cities of New York and Philadelphia every available piece of ground was eagerly snatched up by cricket clubs.

To the Young America Club, which was founded in 1855 by the younger brothers of the members of the Germantown Cricket Club, belongs the honor of instituting a school of purely national cricket. Circumstances conspired to deprive Young America of the advantage of regular professional coaching, its members were consequently thrown upon their own resources, and it is small wonder that their forms exhibited peculiarities distinctly individual in character.

The year 1858 witnessed in the international matches between Canada and the United States. The first match was played on the Red House grounds, Harlem. It was won by the United States team, which was composed entirely of English resident cricketers. In the following year another important series was started, which was designed to test the relative merits of English and American resident cricketers. No superior was the Englishmen considered as the extent that they were able to take the field against English Americans. This humiliating state of affairs continued until 1861, when the native cricketers had the satisfaction of meeting their English counterparts on a more equal basis.

Previous to the year 1858 the sport had been entirely in the hands of the English cricketers, who viewed with distrust the proposition to give American a representation on all United States grounds, particularly recognizing in the American nation to obtain recognition from their British brethren would form an instructive chapter in the history of the game. Previous to the year 1858 the sport had been entirely in the hands of the English cricketers, who viewed with distrust the proposition to give American a representation on all United States grounds, particularly recognizing in the American nation to obtain recognition from their British brethren would form an instructive chapter in the history of the game.

In the year 1859 Americans were for the first time called upon to try bowling of the highest class. A strong team of English professionals, captained by the great George Parr, visited our shores. The excellent all round play of these worthies was a source of admiration and delight to the native players, who felt that the schools as they passed how the visitors' pockets were well lined. About this time bowling on forward a great change. English professionals had enjoyed almost a monopoly of toward arm bowling, the amateurs having been content to confine their attention to underarm

bowling. Now, however, American amateurs began to master the art of round arm bowling, and it is as to the typical equipment of this delivery rather than to their skill in hitting that they owed their superiority over the resident English amateurs.

Traditional times were new to some for America. The peaceful implements of minor contests were exchanged for the staves of war. I think were understood, were to be recognized. At the close of the war cricket seemed to fall under the ban of popular disfavor, the more quickly played game of base ball supplanted it as a national pastime, and many cricketers turned their early love to follow the track of the new idol. Indeed, if it had not been for the efforts made by the Young America Cricket Club, cricket would probably have died out altogether. This club, being composed mostly of the younger brothers of those in the army, made its reputation during the war years, playing against English red devils, etc., and it did more than all the other clubs combined to prevent the death of American cricket under base ball pressure. Encouraged by the example set them by Young America, other clubs were organized, and little by little cricket began to grip on its legs again, until the game came once more to be a national and profitable sport.

The match between Withers' all England eleven and twenty-two Americans in 1866 did not rebound to the honor of American cricket; in fact, the batting of our cricketers showed that little improvement in form over their display against Parr's team. In bowling, however, the native players showed up remarkably well, for whereas in 1858 the burden of the attack was borne by the English professionals attached to the various clubs, the bulk of the bowling in 1866 was done by American amateurs.

There soon appeared to be a general desire to see how American amateurs would figure against an eleven of English professionals. The feeling led to the visit of Fitzgerald's team, captained by W. G. Grace, then in the zenith of his fame. The progress of this powerful team was a triumphal march until it reached Philadelphia. In that city the distinguished visitors were barely able to secure a hard earned victory, thanks to the fine bowling of George Mowbray and U. S. Wood. The last match of the tour in Boston resulted in a draw. Americans having now begun to exhibit a very marked improvement. The visit of U. S. Woodhall in the summer of 1867, and such events as cricketers as John Large, R. N. Caldwell, F. E. Bennett, etc., were causing us to promise.

In the year 1873 the Philadelphia gentlemen conspired in an invitation tournament with the officers of the English



AT THE PONY RACES.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. H. B. HARRIS.

Illustration by J. H. B. Harris



BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—(SEE PAGE 734.)

LAYING THE CABLE FOR THE BROADWAY REFRACTORIAL RAILROAD AT UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—(From the New York Herald.)





THE HON. ROY SAMUEL P. FLOWER, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK. (From a Photograph by S. H. Wadsworth.—[See Page 124].)

Some progress had been made in securing the necessary fund when the financial distress of November of last year postponed the active prosecution of the scheme. Before the effort had been renewed this year, Mr. John R. Kennedy, the retired banker, addressed a letter to the two societies above named, and also to the Children's Aid Society and the City Mission and Trust Society, announcing that he had bought the property on the northeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, then occupied by the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, and proposed erecting thereon a building for the use of the four societies. This generous offer was quickly accepted by the societies, and shortly afterwards the old stone church was uprooted and the walls pulled down.

In his letter offering to erect and give this building, Mr. Kennedy said:

"It is, however, my opinion that greater benefits and more extended co-operation could be secured by enlarging the circle of institutions primarily interested in a building constructed for this purpose than by confining its ownership in the two originally active in the plan."

The building will be called the United Charities Building, and will provide offices at a nominal rent for these societies. It will also provide offices at a moderate rental for other benevolent institutions.

Portions of it may be rented for other purposes. It is my expectation that the rental will more than meet all the expenses of maintenance, and that the building will not only furnish headquarters for these four societies, and thus relieve all the expense now used to provide office accommodations, but will produce a surplus. In such case the surplus will be equally shared by these four societies. Correspondingly, any deficit will be met by them in proportion to the space they occupy.

The site chosen by Mr. Kennedy was a very fortunate one. Its central and easily accessible front on Fifth Avenue.

The building, which will be finished and probably occu-



THE HON. FRANCIS BENDIS, COLLECTOR FOR THE PORT OF NEW YORK. (See Page 124.)

THE UNITED CHARITIES BUILDING.

Two or three years ago the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor and the Charity Organization Society proposed to erect on a carefully chosen site in New York a charity building, in which the head offices of the various charity organizations should be located, and these societies appealed for help to all who had the social interests of New York at heart. The aim in view was the establishment of a strong administrative centre, from which the work of active benevolence throughout the city might be conducted with more efficiency than had before been possible.

Completed a year from now, has been designed by Mr. H. H. Richardson and Messrs. Horn & Baker, architects of New York City. It has a frontage of 120 feet on Fourth Avenue and 120 feet on Twenty-second Street. It is a massive and dignified structure of a composite style of architecture, with Gothic renaissance. It is seven stories high, the basement and the first two stories being of bluestone; while the other stories are of gray Ohio brick, with vitrified terra cotta ornaments. The roof is of Spanish tile. Mr. Harrison Hawley's picture of the building, with these notes as to the material of which it is to be constructed, will give a very adequate idea of its appearance when finished. The interior



THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE UNITED CHARITIES OF NEW YORK CITY, CORNER TWENTY-SECOND STREET AND FOURTH AVENUE. DRAWN BY HARRISON HAWLEY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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TEN CENTS A COPY
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THE RUSH FOR OKLAHOMA—THE SIGNAL FOR THE START.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—(SEE PAGE 76.)



THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE BROOKLYN FIRE DEPARTMENT.—From the American Builder.

THE BROOKLYN FIRE DEPARTMENT.

It becomes more and more evident that for the better control of the paid fire department of a large city there must be one general headquarters sufficiently large to contain there not only a certain portion of the driving power, but also of that essential machinery without which the fire department to-day would lose most of its efficiency. The old Brooklyn quarters on Jay Street having been found entirely inadequate for the requirements of the case, in the spring of this year a new building was proposed, and in March plans and specifications were sent in to the authorities, and the designs of Mr. Frank Freeman, an architect of that city, were accepted.

On the old site where the former Fire Department stood the new building is now in process of erection, and it is believed that in a twelve-months' construction will be finished. There will be a frontage on Jay Street of 50 feet, and the main tower will have an elevation of 120 feet from the curb. Within certain restricted limits of width, Mr. Freeman has been able to devise an imposing building. The facade is to be of red granite brought from the Lake Superior mountains, with terra cotta. The roof will be covered with dark Spanish tiles. There will be a double entrance, one leading to the office immediately under the latter portion of the building, the other a large and well-proportioned arch, will be used for vehicles. In this basement will be the hoisting and storage machinery, and above that ample room for the horses and wagons without which the hoists of a fire department cannot perform their duties when quick service is a necessity. There is to be full space for the clerical force required, and for the storage of documents. On the fourth floor there will be a training hall and gymnasium, for the arming department of a city fire organization must have men who understand their perfect duties. Above this floor on the office of the telephone superintendent, inspectors, and drivers. Here, too, will be placed the central electrical machinery, with its many wires stretching to all parts of Brooklyn. The Fire Department of that city will be fortunate in having two complete sets of electrical apparatus, as a duplicate will be kept in another building on Jay Street some distance from the new headquarters. It will be at once understood that in case of an accident and the destruction or breaking down of one set of central apparatus another will be always ready.

The inside decoration of the building will be in good taste the domes being of white oak. Such ornamentation as an interior is designed to contain is to be in bronze. Tiles of a color selected by the building will be used for flooring, and it was once for the walls. The high tower will be ornamented by a steel mast, on which the flag of the department will fly.

Mr. Freeman who has designed a number of large buildings in Brooklyn, has shown much taste in this design. He has kept strictly within the limits as to what is allowed to him by a fire department. A private examination of one portion of the building was necessary, and the fire department is not a com-

plainte but a lookout. All buildings should be fire-proof, and there would be something ludicrous in the idea of a fire department being reduced to ashes. The architect has therefore made his structure strong and fireproof, as if to insure its indestructibility. He has, then, controlled his art, and made it properly subservient to the requirements of the case.

CHICAGO ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN.

There have been known in travel seldom to see the electric fountain in Lincoln Park, Chicago. It is worth traveling miles to see if one be of the sort that can be entertained by the play of infinite combinations of colors in flowing water rising into the air to a height of say 100 feet or more. Every Tuesday and Friday night from 20,000 to 30,000 spectators gather to see the thrill and show.

Whenever the fountain plays, it plays at night. Of course it plays at night. In the daytime, under the pitiless revealer of the bright sun, the fountain looks like a Christmas dinner table after the family has left it, or like the old morning stage or low muddy water, out of which arises a circular wall of house grass. Very peculiar indeed. But at night—when you see the fountain at night in the witchery of the darkness—the wonder-work of Herbert Thron, an Englishman, of Robert of Flood, an Englishman of Apollonian or marvellous of the fountain, was more simply beautiful, more laden with the richest and color of the magical, more clad in loveliness of transition, in changes changing from one bewitching aspect to another, infinite in number, fascinating, full of surprises.

This is what the thousands see in the fountain at night. Higher, higher, as if it were rising as an aspiration always just beyond its reach, but still possible of attainment, leaps the central stream, big of color, of color, and never weary of its fall, falling, flaking from its interior spray a million points and prisms of light, and piercing on and up with noble swift and its force is spent, then its falling over the topmost point, and tumbling and tumbling down upon itself, flinging the old and passed water in the form of the sublimated jets that follow it, rising more steadily with new supply, only to repeat and flash and fall and fall again. As it leaps up from its urns above in the pool, and strikes itself furiously in the stars, it may be said to resemble some ancient statue that is some ancient temple in the old Orient, showing its line and form covered with beautiful flames and flames. At the very top, and symbolizing the purpose of man in the universe—upward evolution, self-achievement. A little thing as measured by the stand-

ards of material existence, but noble, sublime, inspiring, life-giving, irrefragable and true.

Across this central bit of color, of light and shadow, in the main picture, are flung the eight subordinate streams, radiating from the center of the show, and between them are several hundred minor jets, each a little rainbow in itself, adding to the incomparable coloring of the greater stream their own beautiful splendor. By a clever arrangement of reflection and colored cover glasses, to be described below, every stream—central, subordinate, and minor—is turned into a living, leaping rod of color. The light falls on every drop, every spray, every atom of water that is thrown out of the jets, and the result is an ever-shifting and surprising sea and fall of a clear liquid colors about one hundred feet high and about fifteen feet in diameter.

The height to which the central stream is thrown (and this is true of all the streams) is controlled by a system of valves in the great square cellar or room directly under the bed of the large pool surrounding the exterior wall of the fountain. From the roof of this room rise fifteen cylinders of black lead, inclined toward the center and set at an angle toward toward the center. These cylinders resemble the vanes of a windmill if you resemble the central jet. Their tops are nearly level with the top of the circular wall, and out of their nozzles project the nozzles of the water pipes. They are closed at the mouth with round plates of glass, designed to prevent the return of the water to the cellar. Directly beneath each opening in the roof of the cellar is a car bon electric light backed with a strong reflector. On a slight turning post near the light is a circular frame, in which are fixed the circular plates of colored glass—blue, green, purple, orange, and white. The post is turned, the light is covered by one of the plates, and all the water that issues from the jets in this cylinder is transformed into a column of brilliant blue—blue, green, purple, orange, or white.

As has been said, there are fifteen cylinders; therefore, to be seen, there are fifteen lights, and five sets of color glasses of five glasses each. The number of a system of questioners may judge you by calculating the combinations into which these twenty-five different plates can be thrown. But the people who watch the fountain seldom go to the trouble of doing so. The fountain is so beautiful, and the people who watch the fountain are so much impressed with the power of it to hold with its majesty of the sea. The central stream measures one and a half inches in diameter, and the eight subordinate streams one and a quarter inches.

The fountain was made in England, and is said to have cost Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, who presented it to the commissioners of Lincoln Park, \$40,000. The work of the erection of the fountain and the arrangement of the nozzles were made under the supervision of Mr. Dwight H. Moore, son of Daniel D. Moore.



THE ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN AT LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.—From the American Builder.



WOODEN-PIPE LINE IRRIGATION, PERRIS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

WOODEN PIPES FOR IRRIGATION.

Irrigation is one of the oldest of the arts, and many of the ancient peoples it was as great skill as has been shown in our own time, when by its help a soil less than a generation ago was known as the Great American Desert has been converted into an fruitful bearing land as any in the country. In such an old art it is surprising to note anything that is new, and something in this direction has just been accomplished in California. The usual method of taking water from place to place for irrigating purposes has been by the construction of canals, and that was the universal practice in ancient times. But in the western part of the United States, for some time past, large pipe lines have been laid, and have been used with much success. There is a long pipe line in California from the Great Bear River in the San Bernardino Mountains, which extends for forty miles into the Perris Valley in southern California. This wooden pipe line has now been topped by a pipe line seven miles in length made of redwood staves from twelve to twenty feet long, and bound together with steel bands or hoops. This wooden pipe is thirty-six inches in diameter, and will therefore carry a large volume of water. What is new in this line is the use of wood for constructing so long and large a pipe as this for irrigating purposes. Wood is not usually plentiful in sections needing new irrigation works, and it is therefore not likely that this pipe will be imitated in any considerable extent.

TO THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION.

Patriotism is one of the higher virtues of man—one of the noblest, it might be said. The national poets whose hymns in its praise, the silent unobtrusive people who at their country that a more than fierce in the face of death. One of the greatest patriots of the Union was dead, and today every man will respond to the call of his country, as the men responded thirty years ago. Patriotism cannot be analyzed, it is also to be, but it is the noblest of emotions. A revelation of personal love and offers to the citizen to reward greater than that which is paid—on the field of battle. A man who is so true to his country or to his country, by his own or by his, is only one of the thousands that brought about the glorious constitution, even



THE BALFOUR MONUMENT AT POTTERVILLE, TENNESSEANA.—From a Photograph by B&B.

ment, and called for contributions. One dollar was the minimum necessary to secure membership in the association, and poor widows of the brave men died with it, and the dollar was secured, in order to be remembered with those who were the tributes. It was a popular movement from the start in giving every one to contribute to the cost of personal sacrifice. The monument is an irregular octagonal column of Vermont granite. It is 18 feet in diameter at the base, and, revolving in its base, is reduced to a square at the height of 8 feet. Upon this base is a simple Corinthian shaft, crowned by a statue of Liberty, holding a wreath in her right hand. The figure is heroic, graceful in pose, and her feet press upon broken shackles, and her left hand clasp the identical sword. At the four corners of the base four life-sized figures in bronze represent the branches of the service—cavalry, artillery, infantry, sailor. The statue is 42 feet in height. Upon the sides of the square base are the following inscriptions:

Revised A. D. 1865.

This monument is the tribute of Potteryville, Georgia to the brave men who were slain in defense of the Union.

1861-1865.

The Washington Artillery and National Light Infantry at Potteryville, Ga. were, with part of the 8th Pennsylvania, the first service to defend the Union Capital, April 19, 1861.

From a photograph of 18, 1861, Potteryville, Georgia, during the War of Secession, given to the nation of the Union Artillery.

Lone, honest, manly, and loving Americans that these men fought for and so no longer forget. May posterity praise by their example. Inscribed on stone tablet set.

Mr August Zerk was the designer and sculptor of the work and the military figures are perfect in every detail. Not long ago the Legislature of Pennsylvania ordered medals to be struck off for the men who carried out at the first call for war. Each of the survivors and the heirs of those who have passed away receive the medal, and the presentation of the medals by Governor Feltus and the reception of them by War Governor Andrew G. Curtis made up one of the most interesting incidents of the day. The monument stands in Potteryville, and is a noble record of valor and a tribute of love and patriotism.

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A thoroughly artistic and charming contribution to the class of literature of which suggestive novels never weary.—*London, London.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
[One of the above books will be sent to any reader who is prepared to pay part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, in receipt of the price.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
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A RECEPTION AT THE PROGRESS CLUB, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. ROGERS.—[See Page 718.]



THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY FAIR.

There is the season for country fairs, and all over the United States the farmers are exhibiting in friendly competition their horses, cattle, farm produce, and other fruits of the earth. The harvest is over, and the proud householder is glad to show to admiring neighbors what his patient labor and skill have managed to produce. There was got their idea of Westchester County from the daily paper have a notion that on account of its contiguity to New York city it has no country in the ordinary sense, but that the whole of its area is occupied by fine places of rich city gentlemen, who, while finding summer homes for their families, play at farming in an amateur and expensive way. There are certainly many fine places in Westchester County, and it probably is true that some of the wealthy gentlemen who do a little farming by way of amusement find that there is much more enjoy than income from such ventures, but it is not at all true that the whole of the county is taken up in this way. A visitor to the Westchester County Fair, which was held near White Plains, New York, last week would have seen evidences on every side that not only were the exhibitors as a general thing country people, but the very great majority of those who attended were actually men and women and boys and girls who were born and bred on farms, and were by no means ashamed of the fact.

The proximity of these fairs to the city which were distinctly agricultural made the exhibition all the more attractive to the New York city people, who visited



SCENES AT THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY FAIR.

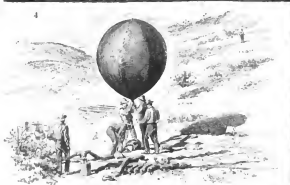
the show in great numbers, while those things which were departures from what is ordinarily seen at a country fair were probably of more interest to the country folk than those which were merely usual. For the reason, therefore, that those who attended found always more than they expected, the affair was unusually successful, and it is likely that many more such will be held. This fair had been talked about a good deal in New York, and was looked forward to by many city lovers of country life. The Westchester County Hunt Club also took an interest in the undertaking, and the party race, which has been an amateur sporting event each autumn for several years, was run during the fair and on the fair grounds. The Hunt Club was also very liberal in the prizes offered, and in nearly every instance these prizes, from the very nature of the contest, were only open for the competition of actual farmers. The Country Club also gave many prizes. The co-operation of these sporting and social organizations very astutely drew to the country fair the attention of those whose notice it would otherwise have escaped.

The weather makes or mars a country fair, and as the autumn days of last week were very lovely, the managers are to be congratulated upon the good luck which was theirs. But no magnanimous act due upon the present takes to keep the country children from being flooded by the sharp rogues and tricksters who congregated in great numbers at the show, and who were permitted without invitation to openly swindle the unwary. When an association of gentlemen invites large crowds of coun-

(Continued on page 771.)



THE GOVERNMENT IMPROVEMENTS OF DELAWARE RIVER AT PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY F. CRENON SCHILL.—(SEE PAGE 771.)



THE GOVERNMENT RAINFALL EXPERIMENTS IN TEXAS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 770.]

1. General Robert G. Pyne. 2. A Burro Train carrying Dynamite up the Mountain. 3. The Balloon in which John T. Ellis made his Ascent.
4. Raising up an Oxhydrogen Balloon. 5. A Dynamite Explosion on Mount Franklin.

THE JEWS OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY DR. ABRAHAM S. ISAACS.—FROM DRAWINGS BY W. A. ROGERS, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE story of Jewish immigration to the United States offers but few facts in the chronicle, and differs little from the record made by the successive landfalls of other nationalities which have filled our towns and cities and insured our country's prosperity. In common with the oppressed and persecuted of all creeds, the Jews were attracted to the New World, whose discovery occurred in the same year as the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. Their growth and prominence on American soil, as strikingly free from the bigotry and intolerance that have inhibited their entrance in other lands, cannot be regarded as exceptional. Follow the history of America Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopians, and a similar rapid development will be noticed. There seems to be some subtle element in American conditions which gives strength and impetus to most of the dominations.

Yet the growth of the Jews in is some respects remarkable because they have had peculiar difficulties to overcome, and up to the past few decades their numbers were very limited. Possessing no national church organization, without a recognized land or authority, being strictly congregational in character, they have had also to contend with the heterogeneous nature of their population, the smallest fraction being native born, or dating back a century on American soil, and the large majority coming from all parts of Europe within recent decades. The process of Americanization cannot be hurried; it takes a generation at least to forget or to understand. The children of the immigrant, however, never need be told American holidays. Our public schools and the press are potent agencies that develop the American character, with

his strength and weaknesses. Jew and non-Jew are alike influenced by these.

The legions of the "Jewish colony" in New York can be traced back only 150 years. It was in 1654 that the first band of Jewish settlers arrived in New Amsterdam, and under rather discouraging circumstances. They were twenty-seven in all, who had sailed from Brazil on the pretension of Brazilian power, which looked no good to the descendants of settled Jews of Spain and Portugal. They were so destitute that their baggage was seized and sold on public auction

rise, no antiquities, no historic memorials of the past survive. Happily New York has no ghetto reminiscences, like old-time cities abroad. The solitary landmark is the old cemetery on the Bowery and Oliver Street, a narrow strip of ground begun in 1691, and devoted to the Jews by Nos. Willey in 1720-1726. It has none of the picturesque and charm of the old Jewish cemetery at Newport, but possesses some interest for the antiquarian. The first regular synagogue was built in Mill Street in 1726.

STATISTICS.

The real history of the Jews of New York began about half a century ago, when the comparatively small number of native born and English Hebrews was increased by German immigration, which continued unintermittently until 1861, when it ceased, only to be revived after the war. It was then joined by similar streams from other portions of Europe. The more recent landfalls from Russia, which is continuing, has more than doubled the Jewish population within ten years. Some idea of the enormous growth can best be gleaned from a census of the Jews in the Twentieth, Twelfth and Thirteenth wards, which was taken in August, 1890. The figures reported 111,666 souls, which were distributed among 22,000 families, being an average of 4.91 per family. Of the whole number, 80,327 were children, 16,673 of whom, including those under school age, attended schools; 7596, or 10 per cent, were citizens, 15,673 non-citizens; 11,666 were in New York two years and under, while the average length of time of all in the United States was nine and a half years. As the district embraced in this enumeration, although a crowded section, is but small in extent, the entire Jewish



HENRY RICK, PRESIDENT UNITED HEBREW CHARITIES.



THE HON. JACOB SELIGMAN, PRESIDENT HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM.

in payment for the passage. To add to their troubles, as the American case realized was found not sufficient, two of them were held as "hostages," and confined in jail until the claim was satisfied. Nor was this all. Peter Stuyvesant objected to Jewish immigrants, and in a letter to the house authorities was not ashamed to plead that "none of the Jewish nation be permitted to inhabit New Netherlands." Holland, however, maintained its character for toleration, and successfully defied Stuyvesant's and by passing on not allowing Hebrews to reside and trade in New Netherlands, so long as they came for their pace.

Under Dutch and English rule the Jews enjoyed a measure of property despite occasional restrictions. A fuller measure of civil liberty was theirs when the colonies secured their independence. But although a few prominent names have been preserved from that epoch and the early decades of this century, and are referred to by local histo-



THE HON. JACOB H. SCHIFF, PRESIDENT OF THE ROTHSCHILD HOUSE FOR CHRONIC INVALIDS.



THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM BAND.





A PAPER-HUNT BREAKFAST AT THE DUMBLANE CLUB



WASHINGTON, D. C.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMITHLEY.—(SEE PAGE 179.)





BISHOP A. T. TANNER, D.D., PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



BISHOP S. S. HARGROVE, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



BISHOP J. F. HURST, D.D., WASHINGTON, D. C.



REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A., LONDON



REV. J. W. HAMLIN, D.D., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



REV. T. B. STEPHENSON, D.D., LONDON



REV. J. M. KING, D.D., NEW YORK

REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A., LONDON.
Formerly a Fellow of the University of London.

REV. A. CARMAN, D.D., BELLEVILLE, CANADA

PROMINENT DELEGATES TO THE SECOND ECUMENICAL METHODIST CONFERENCE, AT WASHINGTON—(See Page 719)



J. B. WHITTIER, MANAGER OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION OF ST. LOUIS.

PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB OF ST. LOUIS.

THE success of the Pastime Athletic Club, shown by the opening last Saturday of its handsome new clubhouse, and the recognition of its importance in the athletic world through holding the national championships under its auspices, marks an era in Western athletics that is extremely gratifying to amateurs. It is not so long ago when, outside of the Detroit Athletic Club, amateur athletes in the West were left to shift for themselves, and the result was far from pleasing. But now, with two such clubs as the D. A. C. and the P. A. C., the future of amateur sport is assured in that section at least. Early in '99 the Western Association of Amateur Athletes was organized, and the Pastime A. C. became a member, with Harry J. East, afterwards P. A. C. secretary for two years, and now official handicapper of the Central Association A. A. U., as the club's representative. In the course of a few months he resigned, and Mr. S. C. Osborne succeeded him, finally becoming the president of the W. A. A. A., and Mr. A. D. Hartwell the P. A. C. representative.



AARON D. HARTWELL, PRESIDENT OF THE PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB.

In the middle of this, the P. A. C. met Mr. Hartwell's East to confer with the Amateur Athletic Union Board of Managers. The result was an effort to bring the entire W. A. A. A. into the P. A. C., that everything might go on harmoniously East and West. But it was to no purpose, the Western association refusing to entertain any proposition of the kind. This left the P. A. C. no course but to withdraw from the W. A. A. A., and join the A. A. U., which it did. This step was more than welcome to the P. A. C. than those outside of St. Louis could realize. The club was then in its infancy,



C. T. REESE, CHAMPION BOXING BROAD.
AT NEW YORK.

of membership, at last became a possibility. The result has been long coming, but worth the waiting, for the house opened last Saturday is one of the largest and most complete as well as finest structures of its kind in the West, while the membership roll numbers eleven hundred. The house stands directly opposite the western entrance to Vandeventer Place, a private park of three blocks in length, surrounded by the residences of some of the city's most wealthy citizens, and in the very core of "West End." Twelve of these families formed an association and bought the lot, which is 100 by 154 feet, upon which the clubhouse stands, in order to prevent the erection of any building likely to mar the beauty of the place. They have agreed over in the club the title to this lot, taking in exchange perpetual membership, to the value of their respective shares, in the Pastime Gymnasium Association, which is the business end, so far as building goes, of the club. This association originally had a capital stock of \$25,000, of 250 shares at \$100 each, but lately increased it to \$50,000, of 500 shares, a single share of stock entitling the holder to a ten years' membership free from dues and assessments, and in a and a half share, or \$250,



THE PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUBHOUSE ST. LOUIS—DRAWN BY HENRIE HUBBARD.

and strong, and obliged to sustain a better exchange from its local circles which did not stop short of personalities. Aaron D. Hartwell was elected to represent the club on the A. A. U., and in June, '99, was elected to the A. A. U. Board of Managers. At the annual meeting at Washington he was elected, and upon the reorganization of the Union became vice-president of the Central Association, position which he continues to fill with great credit to himself and his club, of which he is president.

The Pastime A. C. was organized in January, '98, with its members, and incorporated in June of the same year. Mr. Joseph A. Trebley was its first president, and held the honor for ten years. At the annual meeting in January, '98, a board of nine directors was elected, composed entirely of prominent business and professional men. The question of a clubhouse was early agreed, and, with the increasing

going the holder perpetual membership free of all dues. The club takes possession of the clubhouse, which represents an investment of \$25,000, under an agreement with the Pastime Gymnasium Association for forty-one years, one year less than the life of their representative. Every member of the Pastime Association has been elected an active member of the Pastime A. C., without restriction, and ladies are under direct control of a Board of Managers, fifteen in number—nine from the association and six from the club. While the club is young in athletics, it has much material that promises to develop. Better held the record broad jump record of 25 ft. 6 in., and is said to be a wonderful feat. Whittier holds the American mile swimming championship, which he won in 21 minutes 11 seconds, and Powell is a high jumper who, with some training, will one of these days hold a championship.

There were certain men in the W. A. A. A. who had for years in St. Louis and Chicago carried all there was in athletics around in their pockets and whose methods were, from an amateur stand point, so deplorable that the club was hurried into an opposition which they bitterly deplored. Matters were going from bad to worse. Sunday basketball, picnic games, and card professions ruled the day. In





The Fall Crop. "You are certainly in it this Year, old Man."



Pennsylvania on another Investigating Tour.



No Maff this time.



The Trebble beats the Record again.



Blair, the White Elephant of the Administration



Settling an International Dispute on the Cricket Field.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

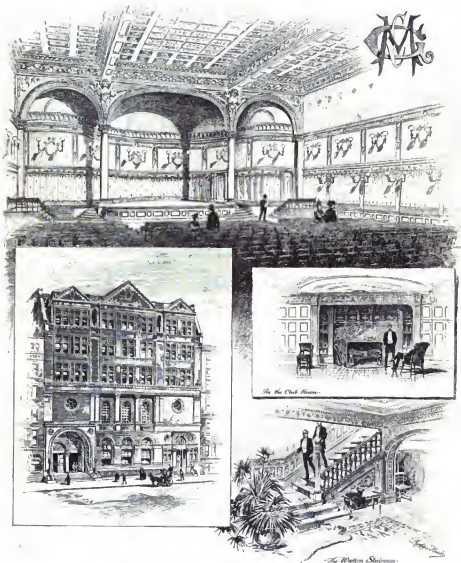
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS DR. PANGLOSS IN "THE HEIR AT LAW."—FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN S. HARTNET.—[SEE PAGE 916]



THE NEW HOME OF THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.—DRAWN BY HUBERT HAWLEY.

THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.

Nearly twenty-six years ago, just as the glare of the bugle, the shrill tones of the life, and the rat-tat-tat of the drum were dying away in the land, the Mendelssohn Glee Club first saw the light of day. For five long years before, civil war had distracted the people, social ties were broken, people thought of war's horrid clamor, and music and kindred arts languished and withered. With the sweet strains of peace and the motion of a united people, harmony where discord had reigned, the divine music was brought out from her place of refuge, and our people once more turned their attention to the cultivation and propagation of musical culture. Like all organizations of its kind whose career has been prosperous, the Mendelssohn grew out of a very small beginning. In 1865 about a dozen amateurs used to meet in the studio of Mr. Joseph Lohrstedt, and practice together just songs and instrumental works. A favorite position was to revivify their lady friends. For a year it had a chorus of mixed voices; but in 1867, by the untiring efforts of Mr.

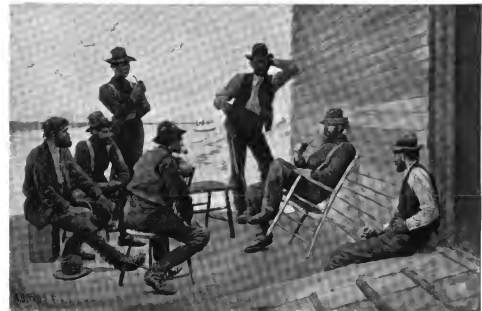
Francis C. Bowman, a musical scout of undoubted ability, and afterwards for many years the musical center of the New York, was a permanent organization was effected, and Mr. Bowman became its first president. One of its first acts was to appoint as its conductor Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, a violinist of repute and a pupil of Spohr's. In this selection the club was singularly fortunate, and as an evidence of the high respect and appreciation in which Mr. Mosenthal is held by his club, something over a year ago Mr. Mosenthal's health gave way, and he was compelled to abandon all his duties, the Mendelssohn Club, however, refused to listen to any resignation, and upon Mr. Mosenthal's return, he resumed at once his conductorship.

When Mr. Mosenthal took charge of the musical end of the club's affairs there was no music, practically speaking, among the American home element. Mr. Mosenthal has done a great work, much greater than is generally known or recognized. He is really, through his Mendelssohn Chorus, has established in this country a capital singing by male voices, and as the epitome of the Mendelssohn Glee

Club, have sprung up the Orpheus Club and Bachelors' Glee Club in this city, the Apollo in Brooklyn, the Orpheus Society in Philadelphia, the Apollo of Boston, and other kindred organizations throughout the country. The club's first concerts were held in Holbein's hall, then a celebrated rendezvous for fashionable functions, which these glee club concerts soon became, and have since remained.

The club, of course, had a number of a number of a number of a permanent home, until finally, in 1885, it settled in its present quarters at 101 West Fifty-fifth Street. This, however, is hardly a club house; there is no privacy for the members; the hall, charming in itself for club purposes, is nothing more than a rehearsal room, which has compelled the club, at a great expense, to give its concerts outside of its own building, mostly in Chickering Hall. Upon its final and complete organization the size of the chorus was set at fifty voices. Their work has been uniformly good and creditable, by a very high standard of art has been set before them, which they have made an honest effort to attain. Of course

(Continued on page 817.)



THE WRECK OFF ROBB'S ISLAND.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS.

THEY began by having great fun with the captain. The moment before they arrived, the captain came out and took his usual cruise in the usual spot under the shadow of the station. He was not a handsome man. He was strong, rugged, picturesque, but not handsome. His feet high and thin leaded pants in weight, he was an epic in brilliant flesh and muscle, and his face was so full of lines as to be almost comical. His general appearance offered a contrast to every rule of a fashion plate, and he looked like some big shaggy animal that was particularly ugly because it was especially strong. On this occasion the captain's eyes were half shut, and they looked over an expanse of sand on which low houses were built, and saw the smoke of passing steamers that crept along the horizon. It was peaceful, but it wasn't much of a view.

In fact Robb's Island wasn't much of a place, simply a few hundred acres of sand in a wilderness of water. But it had its fascinations. For instance, in summer people—some of them of such good family stock that they didn't have to talk about it—bathed there bare chested and bareheaded at home and went there. They lived in rough shacks to counteract a hotel, bled in the ink, traveled around in the surf, washed through the ever shifting sand, and gathered fish and tin and strength and freedom on the worst food that a summer resort could possibly offer. At first Robb's Island was deeply disappointing. You reached the place in a stuffy little boat, after a half of ten miles from the mainland. The compass rose and the glare of everything disgusted you. You finally resolved to return the next morning. But the boat didn't go for two days, and there you were! In those two days you got into the surf and pulled up some fish then you ever saw before, caught a shark or two, because the owner of a wonderful appetite, and when the boat was ready to start, you were on the other side of the island. In a week you were a confirmed victim to the ropes of the place, and you remained a hapless prisoner until you considered or your dinner drate you across the ten miles of water and away to the world and the seas.

After the summer visitors went away in September, parties of men with canvas clothes and big guns arrived in kill ducks and geese, and when they departed, the island, with its stranded people, was left alone in the solitude of the ocean. There was no more to do there, and the inhabitants did it. It was a dull life and a dull place. Everybody was well, and the only way to break the monotony was for the women folks to imagine a few complaints to do the descriptions in the potent medicine business. A small community without sick people to gossip about is stupid, but the fact that Robb's Island could do so was a misfortune, a curse, and a disaster then on some made money. The idea of a resident physician was preposterous. He wouldn't make enough in a year to find a cut on land, remedy and water, much less milk.

The most interesting place on the island was the life-saving station, a fine house of two stories with a broad gable roof, a big staff, a veranda, and a liberal decoration of

red paint, whose contagion had spread over the neighborhood, and given the settlement a sanguinary hue. The keeper of the station and the captain of the life saving crew, who, according to the authorities, are two gentlemen at once at four hundred dollars a year for the land, was, and is, Captain Detlevus Graw, and on this afternoon he had eaten his dinner, and was trying to smoke and sleep and keep his eyes open at the same time. He almost succeeded but he was losing himself in festive days when other men began to come out. At first they didn't disturb him. They took seats quietly, stretched their limbs, and gazed across the expanse of sand and sea. The captain dozed; then the air surface looked at each other and smiled.

The smallest man struck a match and lighted his pipe. He puffed twice, threw his hands over his knees, looked backwards and forwards several times, and began to speak. "Detlevus," he said, "this life's getting too slow. I think I'd go ashore, and let some nice girl with a farm marry me, a girl or a widow. I guess I'll take a widow."

There was a pause. The captain's eyes opened about one-thirtieth part of an inch. The other men looked into vacancy. The captain said nothing. "I don't better be quick about it, then," advised the long man. "From what I hear, widows is mighty popular now, and somebody might get you out."

"Oh, I guess not," said the short man. "Good people come in little bands, and widows have quality. Doesn't they, captain?"

The captain's eyes opened another fraction, and he took his pipe from his mouth and growled: "What are you and you go to sleep!"

"Oh, nothing. I just thought of going ashore and getting some things, and calling on a widow."

"Then why don't you go?"

"I'm afraid somebody's got ashore of me."

The long, laughing, and the captain ascended, and took an extra puff from his pipe.

The long man spoke up: "You needn't try to deny it, captain. We've got the dead wood on you this time."

And there followed volleys of questions from all the six men. They wanted to know when the marriage was to take place, when he was going to bring his bride over, and whether or not they would receive invitations to the ceremony. The captain puffed away at his pipe, but behind the smoke was an increasing exasperation. The boys welcomed the signs with unadvised glees. The truth of the matter was that the captain aimed to be one of their greatest delights. They often said that they would rather hear him swear than the church choir sing, and they never thought it a sin because the captain's wife, of course, cannot get his natural glow in reputation—seemed to be an inevitable part of the man. He stood their prying longer than they expected, but finally he let them know something which, considerably exaggerated, unrecurred to him.

"What if I did go to see the widow? Is it any of your business?" If people would attend to their own affairs, this here world would be a happy better off. I'd give married if I wanted to, but, thunder! who wants to get married? I wouldn't

marry a single if he was to come down and ask me, 'specially if I had to introduce her in some good for nothing London that I know of."

"We're not talking about angels, captain, but widows, which is altogether different."

"You're just about marriage as if it was a joke," continued the captain, ignoring the interjections. "It ain't a joke! It's serious, and it raises more dirty than whiskey. Men don't know their own minds till they are forty, and then they mostly say single, but if you see more, they generally poke out the right sort of wit. What's the matter with the world now? What caused all this hard work and this starvation yet? What was an early marriage? If Adam had had the sense to wait for another woman, he'd a' done something in the world a little better than smoking apples."

"But, captain," put in the long man, who had married when he was a captain, "these are—"

"Of course there is. I don't say anything about present company. There's a few married men with a little right, and there's a big lot who ain't worth a cupful of salt water. And you're a case of 'em."

The next remark about four hundred yards away they saw a heavily built, young fellow with barefoot and sole showing the feet that enclosed a small and mostly kept two-story house. The exasperation of every one in the party fell—every one except the captain. He ground his teeth and snarled.

"That's a nice married man for you, a nice head-lidderly piece of dough and fresh water he is!"

"Now, captain, you're so right to talk against Henry that way. You know that he married because he had the heart disease. You know?"

"Tom Terry, I know more about Henry than in a minute than you do in a year, and I say he's a big leader. Who brought that boy up? I did, I did—him! Who taught him to be so strong and handsome and the best all round life saver on the island? Who got him a place in this crew? I did, and you all know it. When he wanted to get married, I said to him, 'What you got to take my word, but he was a married man, and I'm to take my place, he had no right to get married. But married he got, and what cause of it? Why, pretty soon he had the heart-disease. Buh!"

"He felt, captain. There ain't a braver man on the island than Henry, and the old surface." "We all say his head over on there in the raft so soon then four times."

"What if he did?" growled the captain. "How'd I have knocked out a damn cause? That do you say? He's proved the exasperation, didn't he?"

"It was pretty terrible in his case," answered the long man.

"It was awful enough. There ain't no sickness on this island—you know that—and Henry was the one who was here till he got married, and then his wife and that doctor who was down here had another wife and then he believed that something ailed his heart, and told him he had to get out of the service or die, and he got out, damn him! He got out. And I don't speak to him since, and I wouldn't if he was on his dying bed. Every time I had him wrapped up in



THE TOWER AND OTHER NOTABLE PARTS OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—DRAWN BY F. V. DE MONT.—[SEE PAGE 819.]

regular employment over here, the employer said. "You of course look very well to one side, and on this the contractor is in no doubt on his luck and way."

"Ah," said the French American, "if I could speak English—that is, I wish only to French, to not understand."

"We understand perfectly," said the reporter. "Your English is good enough."

The language of the immigrants had all been explained, "for revenue only," on the summer at last wharf. It was now necessary to the ground floor of the large office.

A stranger in the way of those who seek out those who would never dream to look at half of it, that the staff they bring in begins.

The double majority of it consists of bags and padding, clothes, baskets, almost always done up in what once was white or light-colored cloth, but which has become stained and grained with handling and with the use of soft coal smoke. The trunks, when they have them, are not like our trunks. Some are made of tin, others are tin-plated, and still others are covered with cow skin, "with the heavy side out," or are painted like an Indian on the war path. As a rule, the traveling families look like overgrown children, with the poor people have been obliged to buy, and do not want to lose.



A GROUP OF ITALIANS.

passed their actual salaries under the eyes of the doctor, who singled several out for further inspection and questioning, the people who meant to remain in New York were assembled in a great pen, and the others were led to the large, which is kept for lack of other room, in which the railway travelers may hold until evening, when the large is taken to meet the emigrant trains that are always started at night. These who were to be permitted to enter the country were then at liberty to ask questions at the information bureau, to which their friends from the "telegraph bureau," or "telegraph bureau," as it was variously called, or to have their money changed at the desk of Mr. E. W. Smith, the official banker, whose sign, announcing his bank, was read thus:

Credit of Banca
Argenti de Banca
Pavaria di Banca
Zanica di Banca
Gold di Banca
Ward of Banca
Money Exchange.

These terms are respectively Italian, French, Hungarian, Polish, German, Swedish or Scandinavian, and English. Current rates of exchange are posted and ordered in the pen. In Mr. Smith's opinion, the money immigrants bring into this country is on an average between three dollars and five dollars per capita.

It is the custom of General O'Brien that though such sums are all they may submit to the broker's master, they actually bring in about fifty dollars per capita.

There is a bank counter, also, in the large office, and on it are to be seen bottles of beer, sandwiches made of junks of rye-crust, called by good lengths of sausage and pie, and crullers. When a prospective looking, the leader was asked why he did not eat better on his head, he replied that he was not used to it, that he made a great deal of it every year, but sold it all, and never dreamed of eating it.



FAIRLAND BUY.



A HUNGARIAN.



A HUNGARIAN.

Some are made of tin, others are covered with cow skin, "with the heavy side out," or are painted like an Indian on the war path. As a rule, the traveling families look like overgrown children, with the poor people have been obliged to buy, and do not want to lose.

As fast as a man or a woman left the boat, he or she went up to the top floor of the large office to pass down side of two railways, or sides, between railways, and to be questioned again by the upstairs inspectors, who desired to know their names, nationalities, ages, whether they were married or single, the number in each family, whether they were traveling, and if they had money or tickets with which to travel; whether they were over sixteen of an adult or prime; their condition of health, their occupation, and whether they were citizens of alien.

Two women were suspected of being about to become mothers. If such a case were proved, and no husband was present or speedily forthcoming,

the person would be returned to Europe. Women employed for the purpose were sent for to satisfy the authorities in these cases—a task that should be most delicately undertaken. The officials insist that no complaint can be made upon the manner and spirit in which this feature of the work is treated.

Nothing is known of these cases, a fellow-passenger so knowledgeable as to insist in word the fact. "They marry her now," said the official, and the wedding took place at once in the large office.

After all the immigration had



DETAINED POLISH JEW.



MARRIAGE OF AUSTRIAN JEW BY THE EARL.



A MOTHERLESS ITALIAN CHILD.

One of the most interesting attacks on Mr. W. L. Garrison, of the United Hebrew Charities, was presented not only of the society's fund of about \$150,000 annually, but of the Hebrew fund of about \$120,000 a year. The charities and Irish missions are better known, and they and the Scandinavian, Italian, Polish, French, Scotch, English, and other societies did not protect their countrymen in various ways, but all of them together support no wholesale and grand a charity as that of the Hebrews. Their work is in part the principal source of those emigrant funds by which the government is guaranteed against the landing of pauperable paupers, and against which there is some talk by legislation, and more among under-unionists. The Hebrew fund is being applied in Europe to send victims of Russian persecution here and to South America, and, in this country, to care for them after they land. To discuss so grand an undertaking including would require investigation, followed by a longer article than this.

Mr. Garrison tells us that he gives help for all Hebrews who, having out the question of their pauperism, seem likely to become self-supporting good Americans. Men who come in such a way are provided with assistance, those who come as farmers have farms sold to them on such easy terms that it does not matter whether they pay for them or not, those who have relatives or friends here are put in communication with them and sent to them, those who know no trade, but wish to learn one are apprenticed to light work, like parts of tailoring and shoemaking, and are found to be able to earn sufficient to support themselves at the end of six weeks. Technical schools and night schools for the teaching of English are provided in New York, and improve trade of hand are receiving millions of dollars. The story of what has been done and what is about to be done is marvelous; the whole charity would seem fabulous to any other eye. On the other hand, the police has within a week sent Secretary Garrison's letter questioning the legal right for the boarding houses, and has



REGISTERED THE IMMIGRANTS.



FIVE IMMIGRANTS FROM RUSSIA.

also seen reference in the newspapers to the report of a Hebrew (Jewish) man, who says that the course adopted with the refugees has already raised whole families, involved in charges, some from of labor, and will bring about just hatred of the Jews on the part of American working men.

What constitutes a possible danger or interference to the Jews is a subject of considerable consideration. The Commission of Emigration may decide in such case, however, and I see that within a day or two of this writing it has returned seventy or eighty to Hamburg. They acknowledged having been assisted to come here. Without doubt, heads could have been gotten for all, because they were young married men and women.

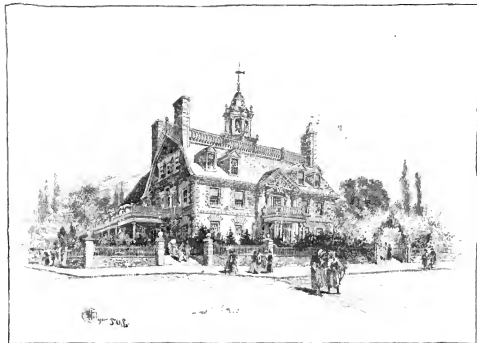
Now that all passengers are housed and guarded until it is next to impossible for the land sharks to get at them in the city, a new and most aggressive method of robbery has been discovered by men who manage to travel in the emigrant trains with them. These things are called "chick-offers."

They carry their shabine in a bag called an *asson*, or a bottle filled with a bath in there the fluid out in the form of mist. They all look the same, they seem to ask, or suggest him in conversation on the cars and while he is entirely unconscious, a man in a large the form in the shape of spray, so that it will rise to his mouth and nose and choke him. It is said that they sometimes do this without taking the attention from their coat pockets. By working at their game at night, they easily rob their victims without detection.

However, the immigrants arrive here as we are guarded or so immediately treated as they the Federal government look them in charge, and saw that the new arrivals are killed and it is about to be opened, new efforts to our shores may look forward to a successful campaign with our dignity and their dignity, in a corner, well lighted, thoroughly ventilated, and far from the city, and in the charge of non-Jews, who, as General O'Brien told me, "remember that the immigrants pay their salaries with the fifty cent bond has imposed upon the extremely common law which brings them here."



AT THE RAILROAD TICKET OFFICE.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—THE MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING.—DRAWN BY E. H. GARRETT.

MASSACHUSETTS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Massachusetts Building at the Columbian Exposition is going to be distinctive and American. The architects, Messrs. Peabody and Stearns, in selecting the place, said: "We have a feeling that in the midst of the modern styles and motifs which we have talked of for other State buildings this design which we suggest will have a satisfactory and distinguished air. It is a reproduction, with but slight differences, of the old Hancock house, the impressive colonial residence which for a long time stood on Beacon Street." The old Hancock house was destroyed in 1845. It was a house in which a history was attached. Built in 1781 by Thomas Hancock, a prominent merchant of Boston, it descended to his nephew John Hancock, who became presiding officer of the Continental Congress, whose penmanship autograph appears first upon the Declaration of Independence. Later, while Governor of Massachusetts, Hancock at the old mansion dispensed a generous hospitality and under its roof he entertained Washington, Lafayette, De Kalb, B. Hanck, and others men of note.

The Hancock house was built of granite, fundamentally a Massachusetts building material, and in its construction it is supposed to reflect the "stiff" or "stout" in respect to construction. In the gables, over the door appear the arms of the commonwealth, and on the capitals, as a weather vane, is the cock, similar to that gilded cock which from time immemorial has long been used where the Speaker's chair in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. It is supposed to ascend the lot by a fence with a rustic old-fashioned fence, which, by way of contrast with the group, parchment walls of the building, they would have filled with beds of the old-fashioned New England flowers, such as lilacs, sun-flowers, and hollyhocks.

A HISTORY OF THE STREET CAR AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

BY HARRY P. MARSH.

THE first means of swift transportation in use in this country for the general public was the locomotive, of which the Jacob Sharp "stage" on Broadway were the last survivors in the advanced form. Within a few years a modified type of the omnibus used in Paris had made its appearance on Fifth Avenue, and within a shorter period a somewhat cheerier copy of the English vehicle had been successfully brought into use on Broad Street, Philadelphia. For years the street car has served as the only means of transportation for the people based from their homes, and has thus been a fruitful source of development in all the cities of this country where an imperative demand existed for their direct travel. Locomotive ferries have been made out of these car-terries, and street car "stock" is one of the best direct-inducing investments in the country. It is not to be wondered at that there is an acute competition shown in securing street railway franchises. The first street railway owned was the New York and Hudson River, and it was the first road now popularly known in New York city as the "Fourth Avenue." The first car (Fig. 1) was built and patented by the venerable John M. Prentiss, Esq., of Pittsfield, Mass. and, at the age of eighty-two,

This car was named the "John M. Prentiss," that gentleman being president of the Central Bank and owner of the street railway company. Mr. Prentiss was in his possession the patent and the original drawing of this car. The patent was taken out in 1833, signed by Andrew Jackson, President; Edward Livingston, Secretary of State; Roger B. Taney, Attorney General; and John Campbell, Treasurer. There are magic names historically great in the published story of our country, and this document attesting as it does a complete revolution in street transportation all over the world, is of itself a valuable and interesting relic.

The car is a question was a transition from the existing styles of construction, being the result of three Quaker cars constructed on East River by the "Horseless Carriage" which afforded an ease of movement not since equalled. Its features represent it as a cross between an omnibus, a hackney, and an English railway coach. It was divided on this inside into three compartments, each seating ten passengers; the front held two seats, one at each end, with room for two more passengers. This car was followed by its mate, "The President," previously the same make as the "John M. Prentiss," but with four more top seats, that permitting room for sixty passengers, besides. The President had a canopy or awning top. As a financial venture the New York and Hudson Street Railway proved a disastrous failure, and after several years of struggling existence the street car service was abandoned, and the company obtained permission from the authorities to run their electric street cars, driven by horses, all the way down to Tenth Avenue, from the northern end of the Broadway bridge, there depositing on the present site of the Atlantic Building building. Some idea of the complete financial nullification of the parent company of the street car may be inferred from the fact that their stock actually sold at one time for the meagre sum of four cents per share. Now it is a Vanderbilt family corporation, and its stock is never quoted—probably overvalued. In those early days north of Fourteenth Street there was almost no traffic, no streets were laid out, and the New York and Hudson Street Car Company was obliged to purchase the right of way right out to Harlem, through the workers' farms; and, in this to this day its cars run on the very property. Strangers on this road ran as far south as Fourteenth Street, but on the 4th of July, 1828 or '9, a train stopped for some reason just about opposite what the present N. Y. M. P. A. Building stands at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The engine, of course, was the old type high-pressure kind, and, owing to some carelessness on the part of the engineer, the boiler exploded, killing and injuring a number of citizens. This accident led to the passage of an ordinance by the city authorities prohibiting street travel. Twenty-ninth Street, which previously constituted the company's depot at that point and brought into existence the following subsequently famous "Horseless Carriage" and "Horseless Car," which in turn has been raised, and has given place to a mammoth monument building.

In the original street car the passengers were seated crosswise. The first car with an axle down this center was the "Horseless Carriage" built in 1828 or '9, and in 1831; and when the New York and Hudson road resumed its street car service in 1843, it brought into use (Fig. 2) the first street car that closely resembled those of to-day. Of course it was a very plain affair—in fact a veritable

pine box—and immensely heavy, probably weighing 2000 or 3000 pounds, whereas a first-class modern car carries nearly over 2000 pounds. At first most of the cars had top seats, a central of which is even on some of the omnibuses at present in use on Fifth Avenue. No street car company was organized again until 1843, when the Third and Sixth Avenue lines were built to be followed in 1844 by the Eighth Avenue, and in 1850 by the Ninth Avenue. In the year 1845 Boston had given a fairly early use in 1841, and Philadelphia in 1851; although none were in operation in Boston until 1856, and by 1858 the street car became an institution in that place.

In 1844 the first cable car called "Cable" or "Cable Car" made its first appearance. This was nothing more than an omnibus towed by a cable, and was made to resemble, as in these days the trolley was a thing of the future.

A great impetus toward the construction of the street car was the introduction of the summer or excursion car, as it was first called. In our climate these cars proved a great boon to the public, and also a source of increased revenue to the companies.

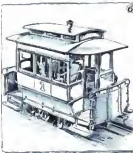
The first foreign country to become acquainted with the street car was England. There, in 1840, the estate George Frobisher Tait, Esq., made a characteristic reference to introduce street cars. His first attempt was at Hammersmith, and when one was started in London, it drew a riot, and the people took up the rails. That popular outburst gave the project such a set back in England that it did not recur for ten years. Now, however, they are in popular use all over England.

In 1846 both America followed into street railway enterprises for the improvement of nearly all the principal cities of the continent. Naturally, elastic conditions here created some very curious and amusing types of cars. One of the most interesting street railways in this world is that in the Argentine Republic, which caters east and west from Buenos Ayres, connecting that city with Montevideo. The line is about ten miles long, the rails have been laid by night only. The reason for the use of horse-power upon this road is undoubtedly a northwestern deluge, and, as a good horse can be bought for twenty dollars.

An interesting car on this line is the funeral car, of which (Fig. 3) shows the exterior. These cars are painted a white, decorated with posies of flowers and gold striping and fitted up inside with black cloth and curtains to match. The first class funeral cars carry one body only, the second class two, while the third class is a kind of mourning coach, which comes prominently into use during epidemics. The exterior of the funeral car resembles a sleeping car. (Fig. 4) It is divided much about the same as a Pullman "sleeping" car, is somewhat flat and has four sections, each with its upper and lower berths, also side seats and an aisle for the aisle. In this tropical land they freight live chickens just as they do the passengers, and so forth. (Fig. 5) shows the exterior of the car in use on this road; the car makes a series of deflections from the various turns, and then proceeds on the straight line. The car is a very regular car in this respect, as is represented by Fig. 6, which shows the car in its own way to the road designed to hold the baggage. (Fig. 7) shows a combination car, used chiefly in the city of New York, which, with its peaked top, brings us back to the old "Prentiss"

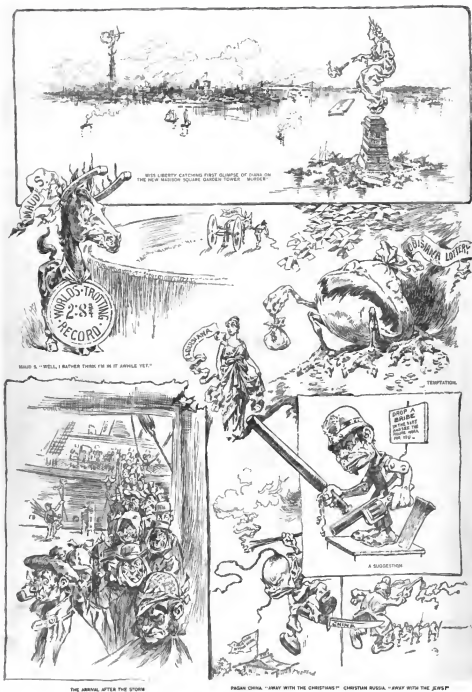


THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS AT TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.—DRAWN BY EDMUND H. GARRATT.—[SEE PAGE 820.]



HISTORY OF THE STREET CAR AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEYER.—[SEE PAGE 955.]

1. Simplest Car, Argentine Republic. 2. The first Street Car used in New York, 1827. 3. Olden Car. 4. The first Cable Car, New York. 5. Children Car, Argentine Republic. 6. Importation Car, Venezuela. 7. "Cable Train," Market Street, San Francisco. 8. Cable Car, San Francisco. 9. Cable Car, San Francisco. 10. Cable Car, San Francisco. 11. The Interior of "Cable Car." 12. Present Car, Argentine Republic.



THE ARRIVAL AFTER THE STORM

PAGAN CHINA. "AWAY WITH THE CHRISTMAS!" CHRISTIAN RUSSIA. "AWAY WITH THE JESUS!"

In this Number—**TEAM PLAY IN FOOT-BALL**—By **WALTER CAMP**.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



AT THE STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC, FAIRMOUNT PARK DRIVE, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY ALICE ELLEN STEPHENS.—(SEE PAGE 945)



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.



THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.—[See Page 841.]

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

When the late Matthew Arnold came to this country, a little while before his death, he was often referred to as the author of "The Light of Asia," and so he did not like this, America was made to suffer in return. To the American people in general the writings of the elegant English poet and essayist were unknown, and the only Arnold they knew was the author of their great book in the founder of Buddhism. Today people know better, but it was not so long ago that the above error was not uncommon. Sir Edwin Arnold appeals to the people of the New World by the wonderful force displayed in his writings and his grasp of Eastern lore. "The Light of Asia," which sets forth the tenets of the Buddhist faith, is the best known of all his works, although the book is but one of his Oriental trilogy, the others being the "Indian Song of Songs," from the Sanskrit, an idyl of the Hindu theology, and "People of the Faith, or Islam's History," after the spirit of Mohammedan belief. He has covered these religions of the East with all the subtle imagery and mysticism that are common to them, and yet the subjects have been treated with such simplicity that they appeal to every one. His latest work, entitled "The Light of the World," being a story of the life of Christ, has not met with the favor that the former books received, for the Christian thought does not lend itself to the treatment that is in accord with the Oriental faith. Sir Edwin Arnold has grasped the Eastern mode of thought, and rendered it perfectly, but theology of the East appeals widely to the noblest sense of man, and leads the brothers and humanity of Christianity. The life of the Christ has always appealed to the poet, for at the age of twenty he won the Newdigate prize at Oxford for the best English poem, the subject being "The Feast of Belshazzar."

It is strange to think of this sweet and gentle poet of this scholarly, deep man, as a newspaper editor and a writer of editorials on the events of to-day. It does not, of course, follow that a poet and a scholar may not be an editor. For nearly thirty years Sir Edwin Arnold has been an editorial leader writer on the London Daily Telegraph, and it is said that during that time he has written about eight thousand columns of editorial opinions. At an early age he was elected an honorariness at University College, Oxford. When the Earl of Derby was installed as Chancellor, in 1903, Edwin Arnold, then only twenty-one, delivered the address, and a year later he graduated from the university. He was made principal of the Government Sanskrit School at Bombay, and a great deal of his early life was spent in India. He has received the Imperial Order of the Star of India from the Sultan, and when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, was made a Companion of the Star of India.

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BUNOL, THE QUEEN OF THE TROTTERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[See Page 842.]



BROTHER ALEC.

BY EDITH ELMER.

"COME, brother Alec; come for yourself. I'm a-bullin' the bowl an' the soup for ye. Come now, an' wash yer hands. I shud think ye was old enough for wash yer own hands."

"Whys—do—ye—trouble me—woman?" avoided a feeble, expressionless voice. "Ye—are—always—troubin' me."

The woman gave a short cackling laugh. "Ye seem ter think yer self a right better'n yer folks, now don't ye? Come, ye old lanky, yae; ye've rubbed yer hands enough. Time fer day tea."

The young artist was awakened by the voice, and for some moments she could not remember where she was. Gradually it came back to her. She was taking the tea which she had been planning so long. She was in the spare room of a farmhouse among the hills—such a cheerful, bright little room with its cheerful coloring. On the remembered it all now—the dusty journey from the city, the long drive across country in the twilight, the welcome supper of bread and milk and honey, and the more welcome bed, quickly sought. Now she could feel the still voice that had awakened her. It belonged to Miss Mary, the farmer's daughter and elderly half sister. But who was brother Alec? Whoever he was, he had ter sympathize, and she felt her kin kindling hot against Miss Mary.

The young artist dressed quickly, and hurried out on the porch. She stood there, constantly leaving the fresh air over her lungs and the fresh scene into her soul. It was a radiant sort of day. The fields were bathed in mellow sunlight; the dry was lazily shining; the morning mist was just rising up from the hills. She smiled as one who regains his birthright long withheld, exhaled over the sweet, fair country as only those can who, with the earth's beauties firmly rooted in them, are doomed to live within a horizon bounded by brick walls and chimney pots, and under a sky darkened by factory smoke. She was no longer that she felt a pang of loneliness, she longed to share it all with some one who would dwell in the color and the freshness as she did. If there, the faithful, the sympathetic, were only there!

At that moment the door opened on to the porch, and Miss Mary appeared, leading out an old, old man into the wash-house.

"Good mornin', miss," she said, nodding to the young artist. "Plas day, miss?" This old man's my step brother, Mr. Mosen. Now, Alec—he adopted that name late of voice which is sometimes used with young children—

"ye be good, an' watch the chickens, an' don't trouble the bowl."

A cloud seemed to fall over the glowing landscape. A little more noise thrust its way into the young artist's mind. The old man, bent almost double and leaning on two canes, shuffled slowly across the porch and down the steps. He was so old, so feeble, so helpless, and his was such a lonely, forlorn old age! He was out of place in this vigorous, force abounding world. The life terming necessity rarely had no niche for him, and the human kindness, who sometimes, with their superfluous sympathy, make welcome a beleaguered traveler after nature had denied him, had no place for him either. Especially hard did it seem to the lonely, unloved young artist, who had been taught to see the body as the visible soul, who had learned, after long, living study to watch the living spirit of man down through nervous fangs, and the fraying hairs of woman waves knelt into the plastic curves of neck and torso. To her now there to most of us a worn-out body meant a weary can't soul. Irresistibly her mind flew back to the assembly of condemned ships in the navy-yard that they call "Rotten Row," and she remembered how as a child she used to cry over those poor drenched hulks, which had been proud cruizers and gallant fighters in their day, but were now left with shrouds and tattered sails, with keels buried in the mud, with barnacles clinging to their sides, and worms boring into their timbers in crumble and decay as winds and waves and swarming sea rops beat upon them, and no one cared.

"Yes," said Miss Mary, impatiently, speaking in the pale, fully long tone that is constructed by talking to a deaf person—"ye, that's Alec Mosen. He's sixty-three years old"—she with a sort of indignant pride. "He can't as kin ter the folks here. I'm the half sister, an' he's my half brother as the other side. He used ter be a great scholar in the city, did brother Alec. He was a fine gentleman in them days, an' never paid no heed ter his country ways. One time, when he got poor an' old, though he was glad enough ter come an' live with his half sister an' her folks on the other side of the house. Well—he is a sort of plous nee-gation—" I try ter forget by guess an' hear no more, an' I hope I do my Christian duty by him."

"Poor man!" exclaimed the young artist, with more fervor than tact.

"Poor man indeed!" she repeated, scornfully. "It's his own fault of bein' poor, an' he'd utter be very thankful ter

find a good home an' folks ter care for him after he's done best any one ter anybody."

The young artist shivered—mentally, I mean. This hard, gentle woman gazed painfully on her somewhat acute smile. "It is the beauty and the gentleness that are left out of her," she reflected. "She is a good woman in her way. She is dwelling her life in taking care of the half brother who ignored her while he was prosperous, but—"

Miss Mary returned into the house, and the young artist stretched her canvas, and began sketching in the hills before the sun should disclose their most beautiful. Pretty soon the old man shuffled toward her.

"Do—ye—know—me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, cheerfully. "Ye are Mr. Mosen."

"The—young people—eh—know—me,—but—I—don't—know—do—ye—think—I—am—gettin'—old?"

The man now came shuffling into her eyes, but she said, bravely, "Oh, we are all gettin' old, Mr. Mosen."

"Remember like the first, false memory of a smile passed over his face. "May I—ask—ye—your—name?" he asked.

"Hamilton," she said. "Miss Hamilton."

"Am—ye—an—any relation—to—the—illustrator—Alexander—Hamilton?"

"I am afraid not."

"I am—sorry," he said. "I am—a—distressed—deceased—art—of—those—distinguished—statesmen. I bear—his—name."

"I should think ye would be very proud of it," she returned, warmly. "I'm sure I should be."

"I—am—be—proud," he admitted, "but I am—gettin'—old."

Miss Mary appeared at the door. "Ye go—long an' watch the chickens, ye old troublemaker. Didn't I tell ye not ter bother the lady?"

"Oh, don't, please, don't," pleaded the young artist. "I like to talk to him."

But he had turned away at the sound of his sister's voice, and was shuffling off.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the shadow of old age fell again across Miss Hamilton's path. She was walking in a quiet sketch of a rather subjective character. There was nothing either sad or before about the man, but the artist's mood was projected into the sketch in a remarkable degree. It made one shiver as he looked at the



OUT OF THE GAME.—Draws by W. A. Romaine. (See Page 843.)



BACK FROM VACATION—A MORNING STROLL



MADISON SQUARE.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.



主編：王仲賢 副主編：王仲賢、王仲賢、王仲賢、王仲賢

WILL MILLERSON IN CHICAGO

THE builders of Ikal-hai well. Tradition relates that it was only a confusion of tongues that checked their aspiration. There can be no doubt that the foundations of the well chamber tower that was designed by his assistant to reach the level of the water table were laid in the most solid manner possible with the most solid granite, bound and knit together by the best most excellent insoluble cement that is one of the secrets of the Egyptian art of masonry. The Egyptian engineers be not hesitating to erect well columns to the construction they have shown in respect to ancient masonry from the ruins of ancient temples, towers, bridges, columns, and other structures. It is probable that the Egyptian engineers, in a simple way, for the safety of the works they wrought. The project of the Nag on Wal, where walls and columns were built in the same manner, was to ensure that there have had room for a building like the Egyptian in Bessid-way within its walls. Such engineers would never choose of setting the walls of the building of his walls up at about the height from the ground.

[illegible]

We might expect the Asian foreword, after his first surprise, to lovingly and placidly contemplate his modern reforms, and then to turn away with the remark: "An effect was? This is not architecture; it is engineering." Where is the danger of the Nag-o-Wai would be eminently and unambiguously correct.

Will the city of Chicago and her people gain anything in the end by their new system of lofty buildings? This question has been one of controversy among the architects and real-estate men, and opinions are about evenly divided. There can be no question as to the immediate benefit, and the increased money flow into the city.

"If this building were on an open plain, it would completely resist an earthquake or a cyclone," said Mr W. L. E. Janney to me in his office, on the sixteenth storey of the Home Insurance building. "You will appreciate the force of his remark when you learn the details of what is now known as the 'Chicago construction method.'"

It has been within the past few years that architects began to apply the methods of hedge construction to habitable houses. And now almost every new structure designed for the purposes of city habitation (at least in Chicago) is designed after this fashion. Twenty years ago there was not in the world a large and imposing structure built of nothing but steel and terra cotta or brick. The fire-proof building was



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NEAR MCCLURE IS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION IN CHICAGO AS VIEWED FROM THE "BOILERY."

The Cyber Building

The Mammis Tongs

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WILLIAM REDWOOD WRIGHT.

Born parties in Philadelphia are bound to like the City Treasurer's office, where most securely share the million and half dollar honor was stolen by Oliver March and John Barclay.

W. Redwood Wright is the Democratic nominee for the office of George D. McCuamy the Republican. It is possible that an even more ideal candidate for municipal office have faced each other for many years in any city in the country. Both men are in their prime, both are of the best "social standing," both are successful business men—Mr. Wright being a member of the great shipping agency of Peter Wright & Sons, and Mr. McCuamy a large coal operator, and vice-president of the Market Street National Bank. Moreover, both men are sincere and judicious reformers. Mr. Wright has proven his right to the title during his few months incumbency of the office in which he was appointed by Governor Phillips to fill Treasurer Barclay's unexpired term. He has therein laid bare abuses which have been more than latent at any time, but which, owing to the vicious system of considering the office as a place for the enrichment of its incumbent and the distribution of political spoils, had never been corrected. One of the worst of these was the systematic appointment of a certain number of assistants to roll up costs for themselves, their constituents, and the disbursement of the patronage—the City Treasurer himself—by insisting upon the collection of hospital delinquency or actually non-existent taxes. Another was the bribery of the officials charged with the assessment of assessable taxes.

Against these evils Mr. Wright has proceeded with a vigor which has resulted, if not yet in the punishment of the practitioners, at least in making the practice decidedly unsafe. Mr. McCuamy's title to the same reform dates back to the early '80s, the best days of the famous Committee of One Thousand. He was chairman of its relentless committee on frauds against the ballot, and the mark of his work is left yet in many a corruption of men who, before the advent of the committee, thought but too well of stuffing a ballot in the pocket of a "spoiling fix," and would no more have thought of going to prison for it as for being on a horse race. Moreover, when the poor trembling victims of pretended puppet alms-house attendants failed to testify against the rascal Pappas, who, in custody the greed of his "house," had stripped the very carpet flooring from about the pauper's heads, out came Mr. McCuamy's check book to pay the living expenses of every man or woman who lost his or her place by telling the truth.

It is the strongest evidence of the desperation of the Republicans here that Mr. McCuamy has been placed in nomination. Not the combined influence of the Union League and the Manufacturers' Club, containing, as they do, both the respectable and wealthy elements of the party, could have induced them to allow his candidacy were they not certain that a desperate remedy was indispensable.

Mr. McCuamy may furnish the remedy, but there are hundreds of thinking Republicans in Philadelphia who believe that he has made a great mistake in accepting the nomination. They believe it simply because they think it impossible for even a man like himself to break the ties which will bind any Republican incumbent of the office with the old bad system, or by proper legislation—which cannot be had until 1902—definitely abolished.

If they vote for and elect him, it will be in the case of many, to defeat the Presidential ambition which, they be-



WILLIAM REDWOOD WRIGHT, Democratic Candidate for City Treasurer of Philadelphia.—From a Picture at Princeton.

lieve, is striving to make capital out of the disservice of the State. And, so the other hand, many Republicans join with the Democrats in holding, as did Mr. Beveridge, with his better quoted in the last issue of the WEEKLY, that there is no justice in reason in putting William Redwood Wright out of a strictly partisan position, either for an other purpose than to put some one else in. The fact that this issue one who is a good man is not the question. It is rather a question of leaving well enough alone.

THE NEW POINT COMFORT.

When the original Americans wandered down to the sea shore, and beheld the watery waste and other accessories, they were wondering what in the world it was made for. The chances are, however, that he devoted no very deep thought to the subject, and accepted the coast line as it was. But the better day American has changed all this and thought deeply regarding the matter. To the practical nineteenth century individualized the seashore, with its surrounding features, including the watery waste, is good for but one thing, and that is summer residence. This idea has passed ground every year, and passing southward has been grandly accepted, here that the season of winter is maintained for the world season in the lower latitudes. So the summer cottages and palatial houses have grown up, and the coast is lined with them all along. And there are certain points midway that are blessed with such equable temperature that they are adapted for both winter and summer residence. Old Point Comfort is thus happily situated, and a new hotel is rising

there that will be surpassed by very few in this country, not to mention the world. It is all government ground, there, ceded from Virginia, and Fort Monroe occupies a great deal of space on the peninsula. The Monitor and Merrimack engines in their historic tanks on the water that lie beyond, and the place is historical. But there is plenty of ground in spare, and the government of the United States has told Mr. John Chamberlin that he might build a hotel thereon, so he has gone ahead with the work, and the new building is nearly done.

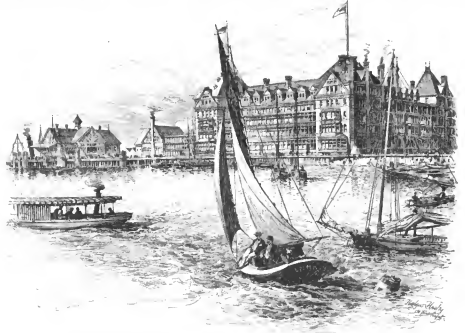
The idea of a world-wide appeals first to the average American mind. They have the wonderful distances and extend monumental their country before them, and their ideas have free scope and unlimited horizons. The breadth of freedom characterizes the American, and in addition to this he has a passion for beauty and magnificence which is second only with their first idea. Mr. Chamberlin, who is a familiar figure in Washington, and without change of admittance with the opportunity has gone ahead to build the national capital in size, and the new hotel is three feet longer—being, in all, 154 feet. The great parlor is 200 feet in length, and 103 feet on all sides enclose the ballroom. The dining room measures 102 by 125 feet, and is 28 feet in height. The corridor is 400 feet long. The hotel will have 344 rooms for guests, of which 148 will be en suite, having hot water bath in addition to the regular fixtures. One will be wholly equipped with, and the Edison system of electric light will be in triplicate in house perfect and constant service. All the minor details that do so much toward insuring comfort have been attended to, and it is wonderful what has been considered and attained in all things. The hotel covers 109,000 square feet, and is four stories in height. It has a singular plan of design that might be adopted for other buildings of like character, most of which are laid toward the fingered style of architecture. Situated in the region of terraces, maracas, and, upon the east of the city, may rejoice for the reputation of Mr. Chamberlin is national. The situation in Washington, however, are not to lose him, now standing his new venture, as he will do to both places.

HIGH BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.

(Continued from page 856.)

space was soon filled. This has served to protect the street at once as well as to beautify it, and the resultant stores on stories of balconies, adorned with plants and flowers, are one of the beauties of Parkman apartment life. London architects would contravene Chicago's custom with most wonder—most of their architectural boldness or rakishness that at their barbarity, for English ideas run first toward light and air and a room for a single's comfort, and the laws there restricting the height of city buildings are old and well used.

There is no danger to be feared in the usage of the Chicago construction. It has been noted that its requirements are more those of engineering than of architecture. When rationally constructed there is nothing safer. But the architects who attempt it should employ a skilled engineer, who can appreciate the mechanics of steel beams as stress as well as the strain of a granite arch. The most trifling error may well precipitate a disaster calculated to stop even for all the growing use of the Chicago construction, in being traveling down into the crowded streets a mass of terraces, brick, stone, and, cotton, thereby making one



THE NEW HOTEL CHAMBERLIN AT OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY HUGHES BAWLEY.



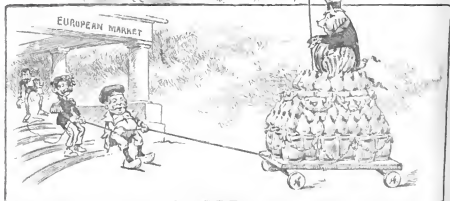
THE LADY ON THE FIBER.



LA FIBRE.



BITS FROM THE CYCLOLE RACE.



THE AMERICAN PIG TRIUMPHANT.

THINGS OF THE DAY.—DRAWN BY BERT WILSON.



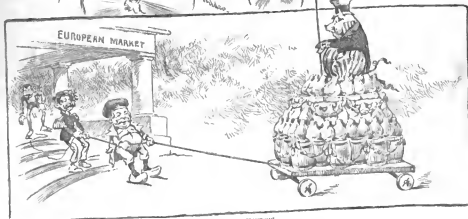
THE LADY OF THE TIGER.



LA OIGALE.



BITS FROM THE BICYCLE RACE.



THE AMERICAN PIG TRIUMPHANT.

THINGS OF THE DAY—DRAWN BY BERT WELDER.



THE LADY OF THE TIBET



LA CHALE



BITS FROM THE BICYCLE RACE.



THE AMERICAN PIG TRIUMPHANT

THINGS OF THE DAY—DRAWN BY BERT WILDER.



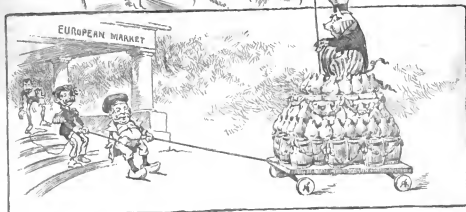
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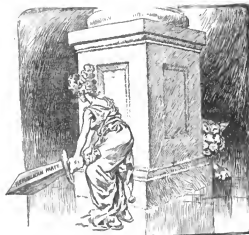


BITS FROM THE BICYCLE RACE



THE AMERICAN PIG TRIUMPHANT

THINGS OF THE DAY—DRAWN BY BERT WILSON



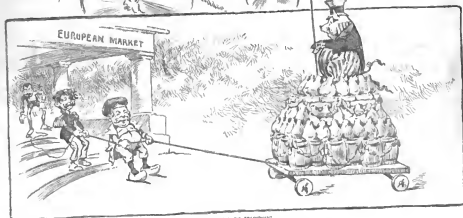
THE LADY ON THE TIGER?



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BITS FROM THE BICYCLE RACE



THE AMERICAN PIG TRIUMPHANT

THINGS OF THE DAY.—DRAWN BY BERT WILDER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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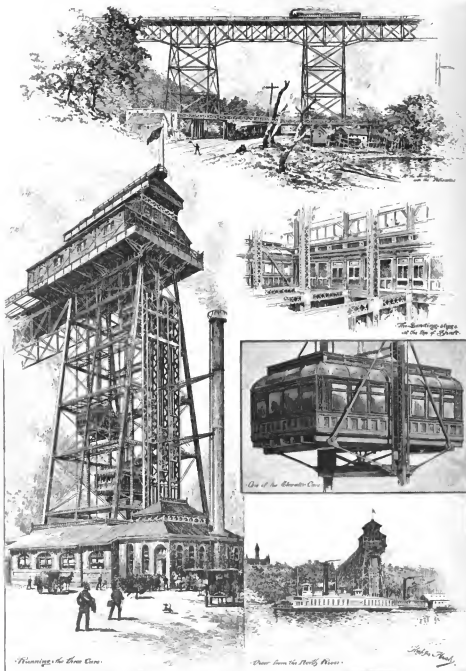
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1901.

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R.F. Ziegler

THE BRAINS OF THE SHIP—INSIDE THE CONNING-TOWER OF A MODERN WAR VESSEL IN ACTION—DRAWN BY R. F. ZIEGLER.—[SEE PAGE 896]



THE WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY, ELEVATORS, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.—DRAWN BY HOBBS HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 908.]



THE DEAD THAT DID NOT DIE.

BY J. C. B. ANDREWS.

WHEN a French army officer grows old and is retired, he does one of two things. His either purchases a small garden near Paris and is devoted to his flowers, or he turns boulevardier, and exhibits himself in the streets with a swagger that plainly says: "Behold me! I am a soldier of the empire, or of the republic, so the case may be.

Colonel Belier was an exception to the rule. He was the boulevardier to the tips of his lavender bell gloves and the curls of the hairbrushes, worn on the right side, because of the ribbon of the Legion which was stuck in the upper button hole of the left lapel.

His curls were very broad at the shoulders and fell over the chest. They shined at the waist and were pinned there to the tips of his anatomy, which was fast being its shadow here under the continued assaults of old age, now coming on with giant strides. The cut of these particular garments was always the same—a frock—and they had short flaring skirts like those on the skirts of the new ones. The color was always blue, the material invariably West Riding broadcloth. The waistcoats offered by Colonel Belier were as meticulously gotten up in all respects that it is not possible to give even a meagre description of them within the confines of this tale, so let them pass. The trousers were always light in color, of the finest kersey or light-weight flannel, and were very tight at the ankle, large at the knee, and voluminous only full at the hip. On his feet were always white gaiters; top, on his head was a very elegant brimmed hat, and well fringed silk hat, with a great bell crown.

Take the cavalry then arrayed, with the addition of blue or lavender silk for a neck cloth and a light rufous waistcoat, and you can see how he would fill your eye should you meet him humming a love-ditty along the Bois or at the Bois de Boulogne. He liked to be seen—and he was so sure in the desire that he came to look on it as fact—that his military air and cavalry walk made those who saw him turn and say, audaciously: "Ah, c'est un brave!" or "Et—"
—And why not?" he would think. "Surely they must know that I am Belier, late colonel of the 9th. Though this is Paris and that was Algiers, they must know that Belier's blue never lost a tinge. Ah, they were soldiers, those exact boys and I—well, I was a colonel of the bravest set of devils in all Algeria!" And then the back would curve and stiffen yet more, and a deep "bah-um" come from the grizzled breast.

He had the back of a Napoleonic eagle, and the same

bird's fearless gray eye flashed beneath shaggy brows, thickened with descending crests of force and wrinkles bent. His heavy mustache and the chin tuft, known as an imperial, were dressed in vermillion to those of his former chief, and dusty whiskered Emperor. His full iron gray hair was brushed precisely as were the locks of Louis Napoleon. One thing he could not do, try as he would. He could never so command his eye that they would take on the vacant, busy look always forced in the visual apparatus of "the man of Honor." This was a source of great grief to him, for he only desired to be the exact counterpart of his idol in all things. He even adopted Louis's somewhat thickened nose and slight English accent.

Back, then, in the year 1889, was this Colonel Belier.

Years before, young Andreol Belier had entered the army with small hope of speedy promotion, but a disposition to enter into any expedients that promised an expedient. The result was a warm interest in the fortunes of Louis Napoleon that eventually led to promotion and a place near the body, when that gladiator became President, and later, an Emperor.

So far he reached his great heights, however, he met and loved a certain Madeleine Juliette d'Auxelles, whose papa and mamma were great royalties, and who dreamed that their daughter should never be the wife of the son of a poor captain. He hid his cause before the Prince-President, who at once sided him by giving the old Secrétaire d'Auxelles a place at the Elysée. This enabled the young people to meet and enjoy little interviews without the interference of third parties.

At such times Belier had plucked his cause with such good effect that the madeleine was won completely. He made a manly and dignified declaration that ended with these words:

"Juliette—madeleine!—I hardly know what more to say. That you must know that I love you seems only probable. It is not possible that I have hidden from you all my affectionate hopes. The Prince-President is my firm friend, and that means much for me—as it may for you. I have asked you for a long time in silence, and yet you must have known. I realize the feelings of your father, and hence no objections to our marriage, yet why does the Secrétaire d'Auxelles permit Prince Napoleon if he is so great a lover of the Bourbons? Surely you will not let a political whim stand in the way of my whole life's happiness? Let us make no marriage of convenience, Juliette; let it be the union of

heart! Will you not say 'yes,' and trust me to win consent from the Secrétaire d'Auxelles?"

Juliette stood trembling and agitated, but finally looked up with happy eyes, and whispered softly: "I will," after which she fled down the corridor to her father's apartments—first giving her mouth to be kissed, which filled her with a joyous trepidation she had never known before.

"What, sir? You? You marry my daughter? You marry a d'Auxelles? And the old gentleman spluttered and breathed very hard at the young gentleman who had asked him for the hand of Madeleine d'Auxelles.

"Monieur," proceeded the old gentleman of the old man's wink. "I have asked for your daughter's hand and I am honored in the asking. I know she is a better woman than I deserve to have, but I love her, and she loves me, and—"

"What?" fairly howled the old gentleman. "You have spoken to her before you have said a word to her father? You have done that? What are we coming to in France? Oh, for the days of the king!" and the Secrétaire d'Auxelles appeared as if about to leave a fit.

"The Secrétaire d'Auxelles forgot he often treated against France, with such words," said Belier, with due dignity.

"Monieur, I am not here to handle words or build up a phylaxia for a post that can never be repeated in our country. I am a soldier, and a blunt one. The sole question is, have I your consent to wed your daughter?"

"D'Auxelles looked at the captain a moment, and then replied: "Monieur, you say well. We will not hardly waste. Once and for all, you cannot marry my daughter. Once and for all, I will cut a place I never should have taken. An office in the gift of the Prince-President will be vacant before another day passes." Going to the door, he opened it, and bowed low to the man who passed out with cautiously flaking eyes.

(From *Le Monde* of June 1881.)

The story of Auxelles, secretary of Legation in the Franco-Prussian war, has become an office because of his worth, and will prove to be in the end of his life. He has been a member of the Council of Ministers with accompanying loss in his endeavor to find a continuation of his cold friendship.

The Captain Belier has been appointed to succeed the Secrétaire d'Auxelles as secretary of Legation in the Franco-Prussian war. The Captain Belier is a man of worth, etc., etc., etc.

The story of Belier was an accomplished fact. For it and throughout its many phases one man had worked and



FISHERMEN LANDING IN THE HUP AT SEABOARD, NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by M. J. BURN—(See Page 808.)

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE

BOSTON, NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND CHICAGO.

BY HARRY P. HAWSON.—ILLUSTRATED BY F. CRISSEN SCHELL.

* Home, sweet home;
There is no place like home."

WE of the English-speaking lands maintain that in the civilized business there is no one word which is so precious as such as that little word "home". Of late years, too, a curious use of the word has sprung up. In the good old conservative times "home" meant anything, not necessarily the sleeping or lodgings place so familiarly linked upon now-adays as "home". I consider this one of those miscellaneous barbarisms, to use "home" implies much more than the place where one sleeps. It is the place where one lives. But the purpose of this article is to follow the popular trend, and treat of "home" considered as such by the nation.

It is of no consolation to be directed by the bosses of the rich, or even of those who are fairly well-to-do, as we can and do understand the arbitrariness of masters' slavery. We know that it is simply a question of expenditure, in which the least bit of better skill, the most generous—pocket-book takes the lead. What we have to deal with in the vast multitude of wage-slaves—"the people," in fact, who make the body politic of our life. It is all ways an interesting study to see how we can begin to ascertain and to understand how the mass of the people lives.



MANHATTAN STREET, ALBANY

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Discarded by firm if in 4 laminae, and 50¢ more for each lot from 4.5 to 5.0 per lamina.

When the average scale of wages—let me be more polite and call them salaries—is considered, one marvels how many neatly and even well dressed men and women one sees in a day's walk. How do they make ends meet, and how much money does the head of the family have weekly at his disposal? It is as well at the out set that I draw the line at one

[illegible][illegible]

customized to use in the metropolises, but simply three up- four story single buildings, with a common entrance for all tenants. One odd feature of these apartment houses is that the bells are outside the door for each tenant, and instead of



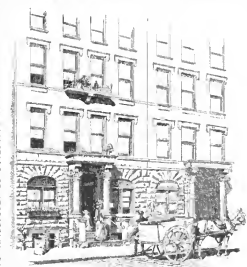
80 JOHN STREET, JAMAICA PLAIN

has a room to each bed, there is usually a number, e.g., Bed No. 1, 2, 3, 4. It is constructed these days are very inferior, as a general rule, they are old-fashioned Boston dwellings, in neighborhoods that have sunk in the social scale, badly ventilated, with few light rooms, and an uncomfortable odor of age and moldiness. In spite of such disadvantages, these apartments cost, for from \$10 to \$12 a month, being much in demand by people who are employed at night, or where whose occupations compel a very

The older portions of Boston are strictly remnants of an English town. There is a great similarity in the narrowness and crookedness of the streets, and another curious feature also strongly British—two separately named streets are almost opposite each other, one no doubt intended to be a continuation of the other. For instance, School Street runs only from Washington to Tremont, and Beacon Street begins on the other side of the

poetic and immediately on poster's school. It is almost the same as with Waller and Summer streets and Old Market and Temple Place. Anonymity in Boston is at about the same figure as in other cities, and the picture is looked upon as one of the very best paying "show towns" in the country. It is the only city in the United States outside of New York supporting a show company in a regular way, and without plays. They are also great service agencies, and stand in the front line of the divorce art. Here too is another place where Londoners are distinctly not made popular, and they suggest more real masculine life than any Continental city, and certainly better than any in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. And certainly are more conservative in their tastes than anywhere else in this country. This is a decidedly high intelligence and average. It must necessarily have a rather superficial influence upon their homes and their homes. This is decidedly terrible, too upon a class of people who have a very great reputation, especially in the most rugged and most liberal sense of the word. The most girls in "suburbia" is our large middle-class class. In the fact they are, as a rule, well educated, polite, of good appearance, and strong maintenance in their

A. C. CHRISTIANITY

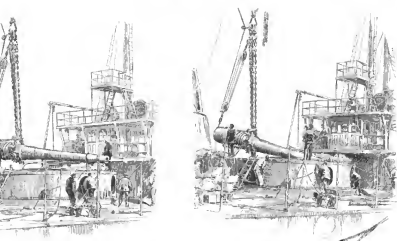


A CONSTRUCTIVE AND TALK-FLAT CENTRAL FIRM ABOUT THE NEW MARKET



PLAN OF A TYPICAL
NEW YORK FLAT.
(Double, Renting for \$80)

just 4000.



REPLACING THE SET OVER THE TUBS.

LOWERING THE GUN INTO POSITION

OUR FIRST BATTLE SHIP

The construction of the old motorway *Wendlandstr.* armed with modern high speed engines, made us in our rural program, the *Wendlandstr.* of the Chicago type, they are little more than small concrete structures, whose light reinforced concrete pillars are placed at intervals of 100 feet, and are supported by the ship of the sea.

According to the new classification, the *Wendlandstr.* will rank as a transatlantic bridge, and will be the first of its kind in the world of speed and endurance, for its great 20 kilometers and modern composed ones would make for the first of its kind in the world of great maritime power in the world.

In the event of hostilities, *Wendlandstr.* would serve only as a means of defense, and would be the first of its kind in the world's territory. *Wendlandstr.* would stand with *Wendlandstr.* a serious place, and would be the first of its kind in the world's territory.

At that time the *Wendlandstr.* was the only vessel that was built to be able to support the member of the first of the *Wendlandstr.*

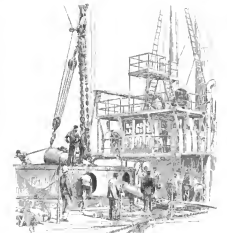
The forgotten guns of the Manchoukuo have a history almost as interesting as that of the vessel itself. They were bought at the Washington Navy-yard during the administration of President Wilson, and were to be placed in the arsenal established in this country capable of producing large steel forgings for a modern built-up rifle. Thanks for the first three guns as well as those for the anti-air planes, were made in England. The last gun, however, which was recently placed in the forts and turret, is entirely of American make. It is the only one in the arsenal, and is the distinction of being the first 16-inch modern high power rifle mounted on the deck of a United States vessel.

As each gun was completed, it was sent to the proving ground at Annapolis to be

The following figures will give an idea of the size of these structures. It is a 250-ton, 250-ft-long floating barge. Here the 75-ton floating device with transporting gear of chain and temporary rope type trolley runs along the barge. Another 25-ton floating device with 100-ton chain blocks grapples the 30,000 pounds of steel. After the girders were mounted on their carriers, the tops of the towers were assembled by the use of the floating barge and hoisted to the base of a craning tower.

The following figures will give an idea of the size of these structures. It is a 250-ton, 250-ft-long floating barge. The length of each is 27 feet, one half of which projects beyond the turrel. The width of each block is 10 feet. The weight of the blocks is 10,000 pounds. The propellers are 10 feet in diameter and the service charge of powder 250. The initial velocity will be 250 feet per second. The range will be 15 miles at best time, capable of penetrating 200 feet of armor. The solid steel shot can be varied a distance of 10 miles, though the effective

After the guns of the Miankowskis, the turrets are perhaps the most menacing part of the machine, for in them lies her fighting strength. There are two in number, crisscrossed in shape 24 ft in diameter, and studded with 14 inches of steel, weighing 60 tons. Including guns, magazines, and the mechanical apparatus for working them, each turret weighs 90 tons. In battle, powerful engines will revolve this immense weight onto a minute.



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BEACHES ARE ON THE TEN-MILE BEACH IN THE TOWN OF THE + BEACHES

and listening history. She was captured at the close of the civil war, together with the *Amphitrite*, *Montezuma* and *Terror*. These vessels were built of wood, without overhanging armor shell at either end or sides, but had 2 inch laminated plates on the broadside, with 10 inches on the turret. Their batteries consisted of four 15-inch smooth-bore muzzle-loading guns. They were the last ironclads built in the United States. In 1900, after three months were laid up at different navy yards, while the *Washington* was kept in commission under Captain Beacom. With Assistant Secretary Fisher aboard, she made a cruise to Europe, making the passage from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Queenstown in 10 days and 18 hours, thus showing herself a

In 1874, during the latter part of Secretary Huber's administration, it was decided to rebuild these vessels to meet the requirements of modern warfare. Congress refused, however, to appropriate any money except for repairs, and it was therefore under these terms that the *Albatross* was sent to the shipyard at Groton, which has since largely been a dry dock. John Bosc, becoming chief of the appointment bureau of the national government, sent in a large bill for warships. His action was again opposed by Secretary Chandler, for in the fall of 1882 the House passed warships but in extension a rider was added that suggested that the vessels not serve until they were completely modernized. The vessels were placed in cribs to give the most dispirited. In a few months she was

again laid up, this time at the Longos Island Navy-yard. Finally, during Secretary Whitney's administration, the old vessel was brought on to the Brooklyn Navy-yard, where the work of reconstruction began in earnest.

The post-Miocene is technically known as a low freeboard, twin screw, double inverted transet of the monohull type. Length over all, 262 feet; breadth of beam, 35 feet 2 inches; depth of hold, 34 feet; mean draught, 14 feet. Deck-beam closely spaced, 18 inches apart; 12 inches apart, aft of midship. Speed, 10 knots; displacement, 2974 tons.

The hull is of iron throughout, and divided into 12 compartments by transverse bulkheads. The length of 222 feet, from the foremast collision bulkhead to within 11 feet of the stern post, is a double bottom. The space under the bottom is divided into 12 compartments by transverse water tight floors and the vertical keel. The machinery space is in the same bottom compartment, 40 feet aft of the stern post. The foremast collision bulkhead is also divided into water tight compartments, 14 in number, and extends

The power will be furnished by engines of a direct acting compound type, with cylinders of 33 and 40 inches in diameter, and a stroke of 32 inches. Four return fire tubular boilers will furnish steam at a working pressure of 80 pounds to the square inch. These will be placed forward of the engines (two on each side of the vessel, with the fire-

between. In addition to the four 30-inch guns already described, the *Montanans* will have a secondary battery of four 8-pounder rapid-fire Hotchkiss guns, and in the auxiliary tops two revolving canon and Gatling guns.

W. SHERMAN KISS, JR.

THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE
IN BOSTON.

制法：将熟地、山萸肉、山药、茯苓、泽泻、牡丹皮、杜仲、桑寄生、狗脊、续断、骨碎补、鹿角胶、龟板胶、虎骨、豹骨、熊胆、珍珠末、冰片、薄荷油、樟脑、麝香、安息香、苏合香、乳香、没药、血竭、阿膠、黄明胶、龟板胶、虎骨、豹骨、熊胆、珍珠末、冰片、薄荷油、樟脑、麝香、安息香、苏合香、乳香、没药、血竭、阿膠、黄明胶。

[illegible]

The attainment of an independent free theatre, while new to this country, has been a reality for some time in Europe. The proof of the probable success of the present enterprise is provided by the fact that Pina Bausch at Berlin and the Theaterhaus, Munich, have been able to attract large audiences in the elevation of the stage in their respective countries. London has only one theatre that has, and as yet, no reason to look for a decline in the number of plays produced only last March. The claim is made by the friends of the independent theatre that it is the only theatre in the American stage is decidedly on the decline, and one already lost the little individuality it possessed. The acceptance or rejection of plays is based on the quality of the production as well as on the content. In fact, the production of a play is no longer a mere technical matter, but a creative one. The production of a play is no longer a mere technical matter, but a creative one. The production of a play is no longer a mere technical matter, but a creative one.

In the establishment of this free theatre plays will be immediately removed from the disastrous influence of a box-office, and "Truth for All's Sake," which is the motto of the association, will be every where apparent. All works will be produced without fear or favor, and the so-called dramatist will stand on better chance of having his play accepted than will his sisters, teachers, stars. Everything will be given anonymously for one week. A reading committee will have entire charge of the selection of plays, and a favorable verdict having been passed by a



JOHN HESTER BOOTH.

unconsciously may have been his "extraneous" exit of volume black, the latter has been "ruled at all points like a man." We now come to a period of the pitiful government when, as in the first instance to give, the case, or rather evidence, is such that the act of the representative becomes almost a matter of doubt. Perhaps it was this first which tempted to many to come to the part and take this time Sir John's and the rest which I believe the almost only recorded fact, Hamlet, while their name is legible.

Charles Kean (b. 1811; d. 1869), who is celebrated for the expressive and almost facial gaze he took to be an anachronism in the first instance, but which it would seem, led to the still later of Hamlet, and contained him as effectively as in the performance had done, though, as observed above, "with a difference." He gave up wearing the stocking "down a yard to his an-



EDWIN FORREST.

The next great Hamlet was David Garrick (b. 1734; d. 1779). An eyewitness describes his appearance thus: "Hamlet, who is in costume, appears here with black trousers, but some of his hairing over his shoulder he having already begun to play the madman; one of his black stockings is half-way down his leg, showing the white understocking, and a piece of red garter hangs down the middle of the calf." This swarming appears from his portrait to be a full court suit of black velvet cut in the style of the middle of the eighteenth century.

John Philip Kemble (b. 1733; d. 1823), who appeared in the character for the first time in 1768, is thus described by his biographer, Boswell: "He wore a modern round dress of rich black velvet, a star on the breast, the caper and pendant ribbon of an order, mourning sword and breeches, with deep ribbons; the hair was in powder, which in the scenes of frequent distinction showed discolored in front and over his shoulders." And again, "He wore an elephant suspended by a blue ribbon, and a monkey's ear."

Boswell suggests that Kemble should have committed the misdeeds of a departure from the Venetian costume "of black satin and laces," to which "we have for so many years been accustomed," as the ground, apparently, that the great actor is not out of keeping with the period of Charles I., as it is with that of George III.

The celebrated portrait of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence exhibits an entirely different costume, apparently of black satin, in which he wears his own hair and no collar of the Garter, though the elephant on its blue ribbon is conspicuous, and the star no doubt is there lurking among the folds of the "inky cloak." A pair of obvious patent-leather pumps are the only relic of the court dress retained by Boswell. His brother Stephen, the celebrated Falstaff, who was so accurately said that he could play the "he himself" without any padding, appears to have thought the precedent of Shakespeare's a fine good reason for following his footsteps in the part of Hamlet, which he played frequently in an old-fashioned black coat, breeches, and vest, also with buckles, and a large hanging waistcoat petticoat, and would seem to have been as unostentatious in his playing as in his appearance.

Edmund Kean (b. 1787; d. 1823) and his great rival Josiah Broun Booth (b. 1790; d. 1852) dressed the petulantly there in a combination of Elizabethan and Venetian styles, which might perhaps have satisfied Mr. Lawrence. The deep blue collar and cuffs, together with the star on the short coat, date from the latter period, while the doublet and trunk hose and buckle of the hair, shorter than Charles I. was accustomed to wear it, suggest a pair of lace-trimmed pumps and a sword.

Richter is well observed that however



CHARLES DEAN.

audience, please to take what he thoughtfully designated as the *pas de moulinet*; this was a piece of business used by Macready as he said: "They are avoided in the play, I must be in it." To give the impression that Hamlet's intellect was unimpaired, he dressed as the stage, wearing a white understocking over his hair.

The influence seems to Macready's side, and without knowing who it was that bowed, he bowed divinely and conventionally to the place where he sat, and danced and waltzed the more."

Both of these were petticoated Hamlets, and Fennell seems at one period of his career to have worn a dress, which had almost as much white as black in it, and which must have made him be very like a heroine. Fowler (b. 1823; d. 1879), the famous wigged Hamlet of the last generation of playgoers, who wore a shirt, and also "red" his "night of cold off" to some extent, wearing, instead



WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

of no "inky cloak," one of gray with a black velvet hose.

He is the first Hamlet, if we except Broun, who wore a sword and moustache; these, like his wig, were black.

The admirable way he wore in the collection of The Players, and is decidedly of a redder shade than what is usually known to "dancers," which, rather than in the hands of both by George Henry Lewis to show and the lot of Jerry and by Miss Kate Fennell in her life of the great tragedian actor. The modern Hamlets are Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Henry Irving, both of whom have more suitably appeared in the possibilities of the authentic costume (always suggesting



EDWIN BOOTH.

there is such a thing) than any others who have achieved fame in the character. Mr. Booth carrying his attempt into matters of the minutest detail. He used to wear, for instance, a dress entirely made of such soft material as silk, the majority of the costume color being retained with purple inlaid on the sleeves, the lining of the skirt, and the hair; at one time he substituted blue for this red. He carried his legs, and wore a short mantle (labeled on one shoulder, presenting a very striking resemblance to the portrait of King Caesar, without sacrifice of either grace or dignity). This, it seems, is the only way to dress the miserably Friar; it is sufficiently possible and accurate to mislead the



FENNELL.



LAWRENCE BARRETT.

student of such matters; sufficiently strange to produce upon the less-reflecting mind an effect of "once upon a time," which, in other all the rest of the play, while at the same time it is graceful and becoming, and entirely justified the actor in wearing the key-note of the character on his first appearance.

More recently Mr. Booth has worn a soft rich silk tunic and a cloak of plush, which is certainly a grave misdeed, but possibly be accounted for by the desire to give variety in a costume entirely of black, which color he now affects to the exclusion of any other.

Lawrence Barrett's dress when he first attempted the part of Hamlet was a copy of Mr. Booth's—black serge relieved with blue. Subsequently he wore one of the strongest signs of solemn black that ever the dress was indeed without. It was founded upon a dress worn by Lexard, the famous performer, and



HENRY IRVING.

consisted of a very close-fitting "shape," as it is called in the theatrical profession, of black silk, profusely adorned with head-work, and fitted with the same. This, with a cloak thrown over one shoulder, and a hat covered with "a forest of feathers," made of Mr. Barrett a rather fierce, indeed, but "more an Italian hero than a Dane." The last Hamlet dress was of black velvet-covered silk cloth, with elaborate trimming of head work, and generally of a fanciful to permit in particular, but unbecomingly personally and picturesque.

When Mr. Irving first mounted the part he was severely criticized for the impractical choice of a costume of a strangely dark and confused kind, which prevented his presenting a picturesque appearance of the scene. "I do not remember any very marked



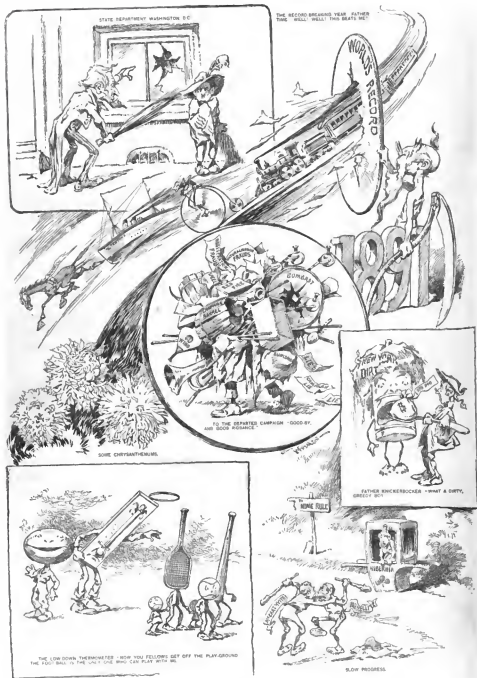
HERBERT GILES.

difference from his present costume as here represented, except that he used to wear a voluminous coat of red-lined velvet in lieu of the far finer cloak in which he now wraps himself from the slipping and eager air of the plumed actors of Eton.

His doublet is of heavy black silk trimmed with velvet; but that's not work," and his hair is of silk. Unhappily there is little sense in his attire, nor and excepting a most Sophisticated hat and neck's feathers.

I have never been able to understand why when the Comedie Francaise presented Hamlet some five years ago the persons that decide such matters should have picked upon the period of French the First for the mounting of the play.

Be that as it may, there is no doubt but that Mr. Barrett badly looked a person full of powder.



THINGS OF THE DAY.—DRAWN BY BERT WALKER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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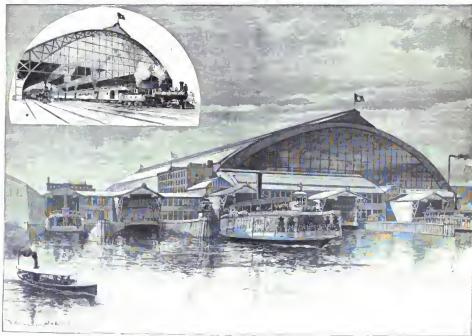
BOAT-RACING IN THE NAVY—THE FINISH—DRAWN BY R. F. ZIEGLER.—[SEE PAGE 104.]



MRS. E. BURD GRUBB (NEE VIOLET SWIFT).—[SEE PAGE 86.]



GENERAL E. SCHU. AMERICAN MINISTER TO SPAIN.
FROM A PORTRAIT BY G. SCHU. (SEE PAGE 86.)



THE NEW STATION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AT JERSEY CITY.—DRAWN BY F. CHESNUT SCHILL.—[SEE PAGE 95.]



A MOUNTAIN WOMAN.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

IF Leroy Brinsard had not had such a respect for literature, he would have written a book.

As it was, he played at being an architect—and succeeded in being a charming fellow. My sister Jessica never lost an opportunity of laughing at his conceits as so serious.

"You can build an enchanting villa, but what would you do with a cathedral?"

"I shall never have a chance at a cathedral," he would reply. "And, besides, it always seems to me so material and so impractical to build a little structure of stone and wood in which to worship God."

Yet one who he was like? He was frivolous, yet one could never tell when he would become shockingly earnest. Brinsard went off suddenly one day. I suspected that Jessica was at the bottom of it, but I asked no questions; and I did not hear from him for months. Then I got a letter from Colorado.

"I have married a mountain woman," he wrote. "None of your prissy level of modern femininity, but a genuine, left over from the bonny ages—a primitive woman, grand and vast of spirit, capable of true and steadfast wifehood. No apology about her, no knowledge even that there is anything. However, now, do you remember the redskins

and trinkets I used to write to those pretty creatures back East? It would take a Sage man of the old New-England to write for my mountain woman. If I were an artist, I would paint her with the north star in her locks and her feet on purple clouds. I suppose you are at the Fair. I know you usually are at this season. At any rate, I shall direct this letter thither, and will follow close after it. I want my wife to see something of life. And I want her to meet your sister."

"Dear me!" cried Jessica, when I read the letter to her; "I don't know that I care to meet anything quite so gigantic as that mountain woman. I'm one of the young breed of modern femininity, you know. I don't think my nerves can stand the encounter."

"Why, Jessica?" I protested. She blushed a little. "Don't think of me, Victor. But you are, I've a little scrap-book of those trinkets upstairs. Then she burst into a peal of irresistible laughter. "I'm not laughing because I am piqued," she said, frankly. "Though any one will tell you that it is rather irritating to have a man who left you in a blighted condition recover with such extraordinary promptness. As a philanthropist, one of course rejoices, but as a woman, Victor, it must be admitted that one has a right to feel annoyed. But, honestly,

I am not ungenerous, and I am going to do him a favor. I shall write, and urge him not to bring his wife here. A primitive woman, with the north star in her hair, would look well down there in the Casino eating a pineapple ice, wouldn't she? It's all very well to have a man, you know, but it won't keep you from looking like a gay, amusing woman who has good dressmakers. I shudder at the thought of what the poor thing will suffer if he brings her here."

Jessie wrote, as she said she would; but, for all that, a fortnight later she was walking down the wharf with the "mountain woman," and I was standing beside Leroy. At dinner Jessica gave me no chance to talk with our friend's wife, and I only caught the faint, contralto tones of her voice now and then contrasting with Jessica's vivacious soprano. A dizzling rain came up from the east with nightfall. Little groups of shivering men and women sat about in the parlors at the end tables, and one blind woman sang low songs. The Brinsards were lined with their journey, and left us early. Where they were gone, Jessica burst into ecstacy.

"That is the first winter," she declared. "I've met who would make a St. Bernard for a hound."

"Then you will not feel under obligations to educate her, as you indicated the other day?"

"Educate her! I only hope she will help me to unlearn



CAPTAIN W. S. SCHLEY.

were on the ships of war of other nations, did not serve to recognize the Chileans to the representatives of this government. These are the list of cases, springing originally from the presence of Patrick Egan as minister in Chile, which led to a mob in Valparaiso to attack a number of unarmed, order, and inoffensive sailors for no other reason than that they wore the uniform of the country which Minister Egan had misinterpreted. Here is Captain Schley's official account of the attack and the subsequent treatment of the sailors by the police.

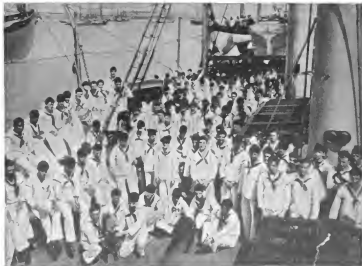
"Early after midnight, to whom some English was kind, declare that they are now done by the Chilean agent, Argentine Williams reports that he was arrested by a mounted policeman, who asked him to get up and stand on the wall and stand. Williams then a police officer threw him down, after that the policeman walked to the door. Captain W. S. Schley was arrested and taken to prison, with eight sailors, several men were and a horse around to work. He was taken to the arm of the street. One sailor, while trying to effect his escape from the mob, was struck with a sword by a police officer. Argentine W. S. Schley was arrested and taken to prison, he was struck repeatedly by police. Postmaster Hamilton, dangerously wounded and arrested, was dragged to prison, that of my people trying to make this conductor. He was arrested with the rest of a number and made to dance. My men in prison were organized around, although I was in them to the court to represent authority to show his presence. The report was made on account of the government. Being asked, before discharge, my men were required to sign a paper I had before doing so, Williams asked the court officer, the morning of the paper. He was informed that it was a mere form, stating that the sign was not required in the morning. Two are dead, three are dangerously wounded, and about three are slightly injured."



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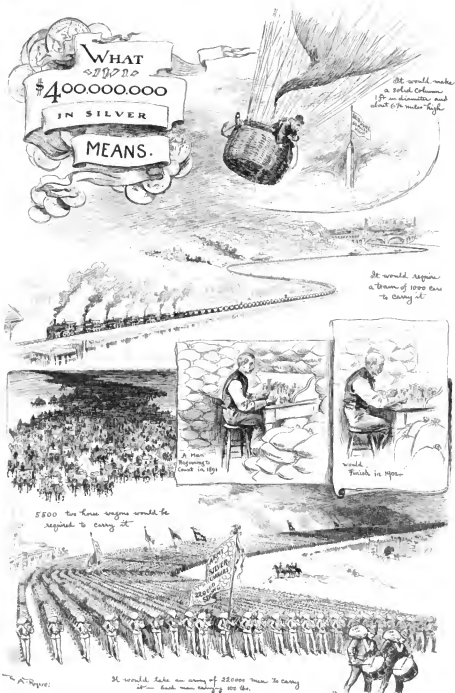
THE CREW OF THE "BALTIMORE," OF WHOM 5 WERE KILLED, 8 DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED, AND 15 INJURED BY THE CHILEAN MOB.

Those Americans who were born in this country, and who did not have some other country under the circumstances which surrounded the departure of Mr. Egan from Ireland will read with different emotions of American owners dragged behind galloping horses, and led through the streets with hounds around their necks. The emotions of Mr. Egan, who is respon-



JORGE MONTT, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF CHILE.

sible for this through his favoring of Balboa, must be even more disturbed. What our government will do about these mistreated sailors will be determined by the action of the new government of the Chilean republic, but while it waits for that tardy apology and restitution, it can do one thing without waiting and cannot do it too quickly—it can recall Minister Egan.





HON. SAMUEL S. FLOWER, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.—(See Page 906.)



HON. WILLIAM B. EASLEY, JR., GOVERNOR ELECT OF OHIO.—(See Page 906.)



HON. GEORGE JONES, GOVERNOR ELECT OF IOWA.—(See Page 906.)



HON. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MARYLAND.—(See Page 906.)



HON. FRANK BROWN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MARYLAND.—(See Page 906.)



HON. GEORGE D. MCCRARY, ELECTED CITY TREASURER OF PHILADELPHIA.—(See a Photograph of McCrary.)

MR. GEORGE D. MCCRARY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE race for the City Treasuryship in Philadelphia between Mr. George D. McCrary and Mr. William McDowell Wright excited an amount of interest which kept the waters of the Pennsylvania antiquities on a severe strain for several weeks before the election. The strategy of John Barclay and his associates had wrought the changes up to an unwelcome degree, and there was a strain manifested by both parties that the person elected to the office which Barclay held when he rebelled the city and State must be a man capable of dishonesty or official wrongdoing. It therefore came about that each party nominated a man who was beyond reproach. In a very recent issue of the *WEEKLY* there was printed a sketch of the Democratic candidate, Mr. Wright, who was reported to the office for Governor Patterson to fill Barclay's unexpired term. In that article it was said that both of the opponents were ideal candidates, and that the fans of the city would be in good hands whichever of the governors was elected. At that time Mr. Wright's character was very bright, and many independents, led by Mr. Herbert Welch, held that there was no better reason for turning a good and capable man out of a non-partisan office than a desire to put another man in. Had this been the only question raised in the campaign, it is likely that Mr. Wright would have been elected. But, unfortunately for him, one of his friends, in a political speech, made a unfortunate remark which placed the speaker somewhat in the same attitude in which the late Dr. Burdett stood towards Mr. Blaine when he was running for the Presidency. Mr. Samuel Dickson, the law partner of John C. Balliet, had drilled the hill which bears his name and which defines the frontiers of the city of Philadelphia, and he was here, not with a silver ball, but a golden one. The Republicans adopted this remark of Mr. Dickson as their rallying cry during the campaign, and badges with a golden spoon upon it were worn by the McCrary adherents. Mr. McCrary, it may be explained, was born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and has always been a rich man, but he has been most generous in the use of his wealth. Thousands and pounds showing a large arched spoon were distributed all over Philadelphia, and around the spoon Mr. McCrary's friends and what was nearly a hungry nation it had fed. The list was a long one. Almost every public dinner and public charity had received a check from him, and in one

summer alone he had furnished transportation down the river and food to every the poorest children of the State. These facts, made known to the public for the first time, were most effective campaign material. Philadelphia is a Republican city, and it is hard to elect a Democrat to office, but against Mr. Wright would have been elected. Mr. McCrary is forty-five years old, and is the son of the late John D. McCrary, the owner of extensive coal properties in Pennsylvania. He has taken, since early manhood, an active part in large business enterprises, and since his father's death, some twelve years ago, has had charge of that estate. He is now First Vice-President of the Market Street National Bank in Philadelphia, and an active director in several large companies. This makes him a busy man, but he has always found time to take an active part in charitable work. He is Vice-President of the Franklin B. Farnsworth House, President of the Pennsylvania Humane Society, a director of the Sheltering Arms, Treasurer of the Philadelphia Street Club; trustee of the Seaside Morning Breakfast Association, etc. He is also an active teacher in one of the mission schools of the Protestant Episcopal Holy Trinity Church. The duties of City Treasurer may compel Mr. McCrary to curtail some of his business receptions, but it is not likely that he will ever give up any part of that voluntary work which has so endeared him to the people of his town.

BOAT-RACING IN THE NAVY.

AS A recent issue of the *WEEKLY* Mr. Zepherus, who drew the spirited picture is likely to be printed in the next issue of this number, described the time-honored custom of boat racing between crews selected from the sides of the men-of-war of the American Navy. His illustration is the result of the challenge of one crew to another, and now we have the sequel in the next itself. While the rival officers do not actively participate in these races, they take a great interest in them, and do what they can to encourage the sport. They serve as starting and finishing juries, and see to it that the contests are conducted with fairness and courtesy. Whenever a squadron of the navy assembles, these races are sure to be held, and in them men and officers alike take just as keen interest as do the students and professors of rival colleges in the regatta which was up the college sports every summer; and it is not at all unusual for kids

wagons to be built on the result of the contests. This very naturally adds to the interest not only in the regatta itself but in the washroom and cabin as well. But the sport itself is always the main thing, and your genuine sailor man is as keen a sportsman as can anywhere be found.

The races are usually four miles in length, the finish being somewhere within the anchorage of the squadron. For his picture Mr. Zepherus has chosen a time just as the boats are approaching the finishing line, and in a moment more a rifle will be heard indicating that the race is over. The defeated crew will now their oars in water to the victors, who will now back to their ship, and an each one climbs over the side, he will be congratulated by officers and men for the good work he has done, and there will be a slightly cheering on all sides. When the contesting crews have nearly reached the starting point, permission is given to the men to go ashore, and the rigging is soon alive with sailors and enlisted sailors who from their lofty perch get a good view of the whole course. Cheers follow cheer from the crews whose boat is ahead, and every man aboard, from captain to the lowest boy, is proud of the work his crew is doing. When the contesting crews have returned and have congratulated or consoled with as to their good or bad fortune, order once more reigns aboard ship and the discipline, which for a little while was relaxed, is soon restored.

There is nothing officer in these races, and the crews are made up, as a rule, by general consent. Some old quartermaster is usually made the captain of the crew, and he selects his men after a careful observation of their capacity in drill, and at other times when men have to be used. These crews do not have to go through a long course of training for these contests, as do the young gentlemen of the colleges. The men jockey on a man-of-war are always in training, and are about as ready for a day as another for a long pull and a hard row. When the North Atlantic Squadron was near New London, the summer of 1890, the crew of the *Chicago* held the championship of the fleet. She was challenged by the crew of the *Albatross*, but succeeded in maintaining her supremacy. In the first of that time the victory of the *Chicago* over the *Albatross* a general regatta was arranged, and all the boats, of whatever class, were started at the same time. The *Chicago* again was in her class, but the whole lot of the *Ferris* surprised every one by finishing with the others. When several teams are together at one place, races between the crews of

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Proprietor: Frank Leslie
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

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SKETCHES AT THE HORSE SHOW—ENTRANCE OF SADDLE RIDERS.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLAPPER.—[SEE PAGE 915.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

FOUNDED

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

TAKEN TO THE CITY—BEING A TRIP, IN ADVANCE.
Subscription copy—five cents per Number.

THE REPUBLICAN PROSPECT.

MR. QUAY feels "gratified if not vindicated" by the great majority for his candidate in Pennsylvania. MR. BRECKINRIDGE thinks that the Republican victory in Ohio means opposition to free silver coinage, and that Republican defeat in New York means hostility to MR. PLATT as the party boss, although the Senator does not use these words. But the general result, he thinks, will not affect next year's election. MR. MCKINLEY thinks that the tariff was the issue in Ohio. MR. LORIMER thinks that the result in Massachusetts is very serious, and that if the State is to be carried by the Republican next year, the work must begin at once. In other words, MR. LORIMER, the Republican leader in the late active campaign in Massachusetts, thinks that without hard and continuous effort the original and strongest Republican State will support the Democratic candidate for the Presidency next year. These are all interesting opinions. The Democratic advance of last year was maintained in its elections this year, but probably no intelligent independent observer considers the Republican prospect to be cheerful. Does the enormous majority in Pennsylvania, in face of the vast system of Republican frauds and in violation of the MR. QUAY or the vigorous Republican purpose in Ohio to supplant MR. BRECKINRIDGE by MR. FINNEY, show in the two States a lack the Republicans carried a condition of the party which produces enthusiasm and victory?

MR. GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS, in Massachusetts, a Democratic Representative, lost even a Republican, sharply misnamed and ridiculed the claim of the Republican party to be morally and patriotically superior to the Democratic party, and the rejection of Governor BRIDGES, showed that Massachusetts did not disagree with him. Does the QUAY victory in

Pennsylvania prove that moral superiority? Pennsylvania is now the champion Republican State. But a late Ohio Republican Republican writes: "The appeal of independent Republicans to the reason and conscience of the community is but the voice of one crying in a political wilderness. The only response is the echo of their own cry. If the verdict of the election be as I understand it, a declaration that QUAY and the defuncting State and city officers have done well thereby of punishment, then I am no longer a Republican." It is a single voice, but it speaks for a host. Intelligent Republicans must know that their party can no longer appeal to the feelings of the war, to the aid and just distrust of a slavery-led Democracy, or to the conscience of the country, and that Governor BRIDGES of Massachusetts, Governor BROWN of Iowa, and Governor CAMPBELL of Ohio, the last two LINCOLN Republicans, and the first born only just before the war, no more represent the old Liberty and QUAY represents the old Slavery and SLAVERY Republicans.

Even in New York, where the Democratic party clutches close to its old traditions, and instead of Lincoln has BROWN and BRIDGES and CAMPBELL, prefers the leadership of Tammany Hall to Governor HILL, or MR. NEWBURY and MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the Republican party has no leader who represents the early character and impulse of the party. In a word, the lack of the late election, in view of the result would not have been very different if the situation had not been felt by so many voters to offer merely a choice of evils. In this political condition it is not surprising that MR. CLARKSON depicts the drift of the new return to the Democratic party as the party of progress and of an equitable national policy of taxation, in which the Republican party opposes only a great tradition which retards the party itself, and a policy of protection which stimulates political selfishness. This is not a promising prospect. The only positive Republican success in the late election was the immense majority for QUAY's candidature in Pennsylvania, for even the two Republican leaders in Ohio, MR. BRECKINRIDGE and MR. MCKINLEY, are not against it, and it is only a tardy victory in their face. The only positive Republican victory, therefore, is a huge protection majority in Pennsylvania, notwithstanding a Republican protest against war and notorious Republican frauds. Despite the Tammany victory in New York, there are no signs of a Democratic prospect signs of promise. But in the Republican prospect they are not visible.

A DANGEROUS MAJORITY.

WHILE, as we say elsewhere, the general Democratic prospect is brighter than the Republican, there are two important Democratic certain dangers to the country. The familiar saying among Republicans, "Give the Democrats rope enough and they will hang themselves," was recalled by the anxiety before the autumn campaign opened last the Democrats should win in New York the majority upon the currency which they took in Ohio and other States, and by such paragraphs as this:

"The last hope of the Republicans is the Democratic House of Representatives. They hope that the Democrats will behave so shamelessly with such contemptuous indifference and lack of political sense, that the country will be repelled from the party. The Democrats ought to take the advice for what it is worth, and bear it in mind through the session. They will be business enough to attend to business attempting to do all sorts of extreme and unwise things to offend the country, and the Democrats should be able to keep the Republicans fully occupied in defending the acts of senseless administration officers."

The Louisville Courier-Journal expresses the same apprehension. "The next House," it says, "is dangerously Democratic."

The apprehension is doubtless well founded. A majority of 140 in the House is very large, and party discipline is difficult. The first step may be troublesome, but the second will be already taken. The Speaker is an extreme free-silver advocate, and so there will be a probable preponderance of free-silver sentiment. It is by no means certain that MR. BRECKINRIDGE and MR. MCKINLEY will be the product of the passage of free-silver bill will not be fulfilled. Although, as we said last week, it is less likely in view of the New York and Massachusetts declarations upon the currency. But the less will be very thin, and very difficult to maintain. It is necessary. At present the prospect is that the permanent loss of the silver campaign will be the tariff. But the tariff is not so pressing a subject as the currency, and Congressional tampering with the currency would instantly change the complexion of the next election. There need be no misunderstanding of the silence of the silver advocates during the late campaign, and it is idle to suppose that all danger upon that point is passed because of the Democratic platform of New York and Massachusetts. The Democratic platform of New York was the work of Tammany Hall, and Tammany Hall has no principle but its own profit. It is doubtful to what it is supposed to be the drift of Democratic sentiment in the State, and it is wished to secure the active support of the Democratic party in the State. But it is only an spokesman, Senator HILL, would very willingly

adjust his action to the general drift of his party; and Senator VANDER BURG, a free silver Democrat, says, and his remark is very suggestive, "We can take up the question of free coinage hereafter, if power can be won by doing so." The observation does not show that the silver question is extinct.

As the session proceeds immediately a national election, there will be undoubtedly a system of investigating committee and a system of investigation for the campaign. There are certain questions that require investigation. The Chinese business especially ought to be made clear. But general legislation of importance is hardly to be expected, as the two Houses of Congress and the Executive will be playing a game for party advantage. MR. HILL is said to be engaged upon a tariff bill. This is probably a doubtful rumor, as he could not expect to gain the support of the Senate or to avoid a veto. The reasonable course in the House, as the World points out, would be to propose specific measures for enlarging the free list, not a complete remodelling of the tariff. It would be well, for serious reasons, if the Democratic majority should lead the removal of some of the youngest Democrats, the youngest Republicans, and the youngest they represent largely the views and feelings of those from whom the Democratic party must look for the increase of its vote next year.

BRASIL.

THE news from Brazil is not surprising, because some kind of revolution seems to be the chronic condition of South American republics. The country is mixed and scattered population, divided into provinces, general ignorance, and the want of the tradition and habit of self-government do not promise peace and order to a republic established by a successful army. The late Emperor BRAGA was before an apparently unanimous movement. Yet in such a community the apparent unanimity is often the order of warfare. It is armed supremacy. Against the military overthrow of an existing government is a counter-revolutionary movement. The system of citizens there can be no effective protest. The election that follows is like LOUIS NAPOLEON'S plebiscite, or the "voluntary contributions" of government clerks in response to the calculation of the meaning of the vote. The Emperor BRAGA was overthrown by the army, and the General of the army became head of the state. There arose a difference between him and the Congress. He has dissolved the Congress, and resumed military Dictator.

This is the present condition. In real matters are unknown; but under such circumstances, as in Chili, where the chief of the state and of the army turns the Congress out of doors, it is generally because he finds it troublesome. The present Congress is against him, for a Congress of elected representatives will not command of armed force is much less likely to violate the constitution than the General of the army. General FORANCA, it is alleged, has ordered an election for a new Congress. That is in the way. But if the new Congress should be of the same opinion as the old Congress, and proceed to condemn the acts for which the old Congress was dissolved, the new one would be dissolved by the same power and for the same reason. In any view, General FORANCA remains Dictator, and if the country should remain tranquil, it will be better because it is overpowered, or, more probably, because it is willing that the General should remain Dictator.

It may be truly declared, whether or not there is a very strong general desire of a republic, or much comprehension of what a republic really is. That it is a system of government based upon the will of the majority, and constitutionally providing for the expression of that will upon the protection of the minority, is a truth which LORAINA thought even Precambrian incapable of apprehending, and therefore supported the empire. There is probably an active republican propaganda in the country, maintained by the newspapers and political parties, but it is very different from a general republican sentiment. It is not easy to know; but if there be such a sentiment it will not submit to a dictatorship, as the reports of the dissolution of some of the provinces show. If the country should be the country may enter upon the usual stormy career of South American states, or the recall of Dom Pedro, or the offer of a crown to one of his family, would not be surprising.

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY.

UNDOUBTEDLY the greatest evil which threatens the country is the corruption of the ballot. But the most startling illustration of the extent and power of political corruption or bribery is the career of the Louisiana Lottery Company. The meeting just held in New York, at which the various political organizations of the country, have shown the character of the lottery, and the peril and disgrace which threaten a State of the Union. It is substantially a question of the enlargement of the lot of Louisiana. The fraudulent manipulation, which secures and maintains its power



THE WASHINGTON ARCH, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 909.]



AN INSPECTION CAR EN ROUTE.—DRAWN BY F. CLEMON SCHILL.—[SEE PAGE 906.]



A SADDUCEE.

BY EVA WILDER MCGILGANN.

THE people who had rented the little red cottage to the right of the Shakers' toll gate had moved on, leaving Shaker as usual, much the worst of their brief occupancy.

"I shall tell it as myself to cut the grass and mow the front meadow," said Brother Boone, as he drove past, and saw golden red abundantly flustering itself among the knee-high weeds in the scrap of a yard.

It was Shaker had done to the Kentucky River, two miles away, and as a mark of contempt aimed was a grievous offence not to be tolerated.

"It is always this way with brooms," sighed Brother Boone. "I wish we didn't have to rent out our meadow houses to worldly people." He sighed again, casting an envious eye on the toll gate house, a low humped dwelling which now lay by the grassy way side.

The girl who had come a few months ago to live with her aunt, Mrs. Meeks, the toll gate keeper, looked apathetically at Brother Boone as she swung the pole over his meek head.

"A worlder," considered the young man, returning her glance with disapproval, and getting a new line of wickedness from the cutting of his hair over her big eyes. The male was a little shrewd as his driver turned suddenly from the driver in the doorway, her black gown tipped at the neck with a wisp of rags.

"Always Shakers!" she thought, following him with every eye. "I wish some one else would pass by just now and then."

She kept on looking at Brother Boone. He was a part of it all, a portion of the dusky tranquillity which pervaded the whole secluded settlement, even to this untidy nook where Mrs. Meeks lived.

The same truth of the severe Shaker aspect just to the southward seemed in Mrs. Meeks's nice like tomb. Certain Boone, gay and pretentious, neighbored her heart down every time her glance struck through the intervening stretch of meadow. There was nothing to base, nothing to see, except now and then a few straggle, when some of the Shaker young people doubled by in light haggard—mere fleeting glimpses of youth, which only rang him to a remembrance of the past. She was new to country ways, and as the rule of that wild freedom of the unbridled earth she pined for the fret of the town, the rush of traffic, the noise of the clamor of humanity.

"It wasn't chess, of course, in Cincinnati, but I liked it," said Mrs. Meeks.

"Shakes here little more you got," murmured her aunt, feeling ill repaid for giving her brother's child a home. "You'd of been in a due fit if I hadn't taken you in when your paw died—'at a err in the world except what the future out of these meadows brought. I don't know what you mean, as I do."

"I could have stood in a stone," said Mrs. Meeks.

"You got," said Mrs. Meeks. "I know how you'd of been in a stone. You wouldn't have lasted a month. You ain't no stone, now, now. I hope

you're grateful to me for bringing you to a good home, where you don't have to do a living thing except to tend the toll gate and look after the children's little, and do the washing and such."

"You, Aunt Molly," they said a many widow woman would "do it," conspicuously added Mrs. Meeks. "And we with four of my own to raise," she added heavily. She was a large, stout woman, heavily adorned here in the stable team of tooth. Her little head hair was always slipping down.

"It would be pretty if you played it clear," advised Mrs. Meeks. "Don't matter now," returned Mrs. Meeks. "Sharp play is really little use when you got an load to tend, don't look to marry again, now?" A man I think twice with all these young ones. And there's nothing around here any more but Shakers, and they ain't the marrying kind."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Meeks.

"Against their laws. Don't want no words on us, Mrs. Meeks, when you tend the pole for us. The women are right spoken, but the men wouldn't take off their hats to a lady to save their lives. That there Brother Boone is the worst of all of em. He's too straitlaced to live."

"I think he looks best of all," defended Mrs. Meeks. He was so quiet the young men in town, when we were awn above and had watch chains draped across their eyes, and was collared and constrained with an inch of their lives. Brother Boone had broad shoulders squarely outlined under his blue cotton coat, and his dark colored hair curled up under the wide flannel hat he wore.

He looked strong and wholesome and happy, and yet he was a Shaker, and had lived always in these quiet splendors where nothing ever happened.

"Shakers?" wondered Mrs. Meeks. "people who don't love no money or have anything in their lives but work and prayer. Oh, I couldn't."

She vaguely conjectured what these strange beings thought of when spring came about, and fields were braced with wild flowers. If the moonlight alone no stronger hunger in them? Could they look upward on the sky when stars made dimly out one by one, sparkling the fields with silver dust? She shuddered. Better this wary life, with the heat little come from frothing fogging at our skirts and all the work to do, than a stare in the empyrean over yonder where God's house was.

She began to wonder if Brother Boone really enjoyed his life. If he never yearned to live in town, where you had neighbors handy and everything was cheerful.

A week after, as Brother Boone was tending the grass law in the yard of the toll gate cottage, he was taken sick and had himself attended in an unusual way, after the hollow formula of a worldly wife.

"Oh, Mr. Shaker!" The toll gate girl stood at the fence, a blue apron over her head, her cheeks red with grief.

Brother Boone turned in an attitude of supreme affliction. Certainly not hair, though held by many as a mark of infirmity, is not altogether ugly when the one makes through it. And Mrs. Meeks's niece, though one of Mrs. Meeks's

kind, had a kind of gentleness in her eyes—a look so warm and compelling that Brother Boone caught himself short in wondering if perhaps Meeks was less right not have appeared thus when she drove her horse to the truck. The truth!

He meant the abundance of anything like a kindly feeling for him eyes flashed darkly.

"What do you want?" demanded Brother Boone, coldly, feeling that which is often the best mode of defense.

"The girl looked second. —Oh—my—I was going to ask you if you'd always lived here, seeing you pass every day. I kind of wondered if you'd ever lived in town. The town folks called myself. Have you ever been there? We lived on the side of Mount Adams. It was real gay there. You could hear the band play in the Highland House up me top."

"We ranked out," she said, gathering on summer nights. They drank beer and ginger ale, and sat around listening to the music. But maybe you've been?"

"No," returned Brother Boone, in a terrible voice. "To a jehanning place where were fifteen congregations!" Nay.

"Nice people go there," faltered Mrs. Meeks. "and Shakers, of course, but—you know."

"I have been of the world," Brother Boone conducted to explain. "I have been to several Kentucky towns, and nowhere else."

"Don't you get loose sometimes over there, where it's angels?" ventured the girl.

"Lessons!" returned he, dropping the scepter. "Among no many holy people as the world's crowd? I esteem it a blessed privilege to be one of them. I should be indeed wicked to live in the crowd darkness."

"The simplest sort," Mrs. Meeks was telling her.

"Aw, Mrs. Meeks, look at you a dwelling there while the dish-water runs off, and me with an inch in luck, as I ever had in my life. You need a good talking to, that's what. Up too may with you. Nothing matters on apple so quick as freezing it."

"Good by, Mr. Shaker," said the girl, "good-by."

"Brother Boone," he corrected her. "Good-by."

"She is a full life here," he said to himself, shaking the words down. "I reckon these Meeks makes her work so hard. They are all like these worldly women, this Mrs. Meeks, as she is, as she is, as she is."

One day when he went by he saw her hanging clothes in the yard. Mrs. Meeks made the pole for him, her end nod at variance with the tone in which she bestowed a down-bow man laughing over her porch rail.

"The evil of the human heart is past expiation," declared Brother Boone. "I shudder to think of Mrs. Meeks's sinfulness of marrying again. If she takes up with that Joe Hunter, she will regret it, a trifling sorrow."

It chanced on a certain evening in September, that he met the red-haired girl face to face as he took a short cut through a corn field west of Shaker's river. It was gold on for almost a long yellow method about the earth, gold on



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE PRESENT STATE OF THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GARDNER.—[See Page 908.]

1. Building the Bridge. 2. On the Japan-looking Boat. 3. Entrance to the Great and Main Building. 4. Building one of the Groups for the National Building. 5. Entrance to the Japan-looking Boat. 6. View of the Japan-looking Boat and the Main Building in view of the Columbian Exposition.



AWARDING A PRIZE AT THE HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQ'



CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 915.]



MISS EMMA EAMES, SOPRANO.



MISS MARIE VAN EASSEY, SOPRANO.



MISS GIULIA RAVAGLI AS "ORFEO," CONTRALTO.



MISS SOFIA RAVAGLI, SOPRANO.



M. EDOUARD DE RESZKE, BARO.



M. JEAN DE RESZKE, TENOR.

SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.—(SEE PAGE 927.)

BUILDINGS IN JACKSON PARK.

BY R. A. LANE.

Progressive architectural engineering is rather well stamped in the work now going on at Jackson Park in Chicago. Here it is that the builders are creating the life of chaos and extravagant houses out of all proportion to each other that will create the Columbian Exposition in 1893. It is perfectly true that this enterprise is really large, and it is this vastness and largeness and extent is due—no dear to the Chicago heart, and so typical of the enterprise—that strikes all visitors to the park with wonder.

Sir Henry Thomas Wood has conservative Englishmen, the last man in the wide world to be surprised with anything. The writer soon took a young Englishman to see the falls of Niagara. This young man came from Oxford, and could not understand the original, so that there was really no doubt of his intelligence at all. He surveyed the enterprise calmly, and twice adjusted his spectacles in order to get a thoroughly good view of it all, and then, after a complete and meticulous investigation, he turned around, and said:

"You would mind it, old fellow, but really, you know, I don't think of it." It would be hard to say whether Sir Henry Wood would entertain the same judgment of Niagara, but he certainly surprised the structure department of the World's Fair with the enthusiasm of his opinion. And this enthusiasm can be forgiven him, for the vastness of the undertaking is quite apparent, even to the laborer who is digging and planting there. A man stands at one end of the Manufacturers Building. To his right, about a quarter of a mile away, his view is stopped by a mass of iron beams.

"What big building is that?" he asks.

"That"—he is told—"is the other end of the building you are now in—the Manufacturers Building."

The mere statement of this fact surprises the human imagination. But before the fact itself, in view of the truth of it, the human mind recoils. It is utterly incredible. It is true, there can be no doubt of it, and yet it is utterly unthinkable. And it was this last view from Sir Henry Wood the extravagant expression of praise that came from him when he was driven to Jackson Park and showed over the work being done there. As to the practical part of the

work it has been greatly advanced, and the way seems now clear to the roofing of the four of the great buildings before the earnest backing of the winter season. In the Maritime and Liberal Arts Building one-fourth of the flooring has been laid; that is to say, eight acres, for there are thirty-two acres of Gothic in this building. The work in the Mines and Mining Building is advancing very rapidly. The Horticultural Building and the Woman's Building are almost complete, the latter structure, however, is quite insignificant as it is compared with the others. In the Fisheries and Aquatics section after twelve acres almost daily. The site of the Art Building is done, and the concrete will probably be among the last of the great buildings to be finished. The Transportation, the Electricity, the Administration, and the Agricultural Buildings are in the early stages of improvement. The landscape artist is slowly finishing the grounds, in pace with the building work. The electric plant is in condition to give all necessary assistance to the advancement of the enterprise at night.

A general outline of the grounds themselves may be of some interest to those who, at about every one knows them, at Jackson Park, which lies on the shore of Lake Michigan, were taken from the City Hall of Chicago. For the sake of the advertisement's convenience the park has been divided into two portions—the improved and the unimproved part. The unimproved portion lies in the south, and embraces from fifty-sixth to sixty-seventh streets, and is much larger in area than the improved portion. The improved portion is like anything but a city park. A long low bench, bound with a low wall, and along which runs a regular and a garden exactly like the park of an English watering place—meadow way to the south, and forms the link to a bequest of acres, broken here and there with groves. The prospect is perfectly flat. There is not a hill in it. But go away among the trees in any direction and all down to a beach, and you can bear the roar of the waves as they are tossed and beaten and broken against the sea wall. You can hear, too, if you listen carefully, the hissing of the water that belated over the wall, and breaks into foam on the pebbles or the sand. In summer the wind thus blowing over the beach and the tumbled of the water suggest the American wildness, whose frothiness has charmed foreigners, and has made Italy

W. Longfellow a favorite in England. Hither come as hundreds of thousands of people from Chicago. Over the parkways or drives runs a procession of carriages and light vehicles of all sorts, but not more numerous than those of any other drive in the world.

In strong contrast with this improved portion of the park was the contiguous unimproved portion. Just at the dividing line stood a shaggy dirty stream that, carrying sewage from certain parts of the city, polluted the water of the lake. Beyond this lay low marshes, with now and then a duck grove. All this is now changed. Where the marshes were before are the luscious and the richness of what will be beautiful winding walks of white shells and golden groves bordered with beds of a thousand different sorts of cultivated flowers. And it is in this higher portion of the park the main buildings of the World's Fair are now being erected. The first work was to change the surface of the ground. The high ground was not high enough, and the low ground was not low enough. The first work was to strip the deep soil from the earth, and pick it up in bags to be used against the fence. Then the contractors brought in scraping machines to cut the loose mud lower in certain marked boundaries, and hang it up on the higher ground. Thus came drains, whose use was to cut deep ways for water craft. The material thus produced was leveled on the higher ground, making the foundation for the future buildings. That ground which was the highest, and which bore a scattered growth of trees, has not been disturbed. It is surrounded by a body of water that has been called the canal, and it will be benefited by the landscape gardener from the opening of the exposition. The soil will be added, and curious bridges will be erected that will connect its island shores with the sections. All about the north side of the growing Columbian buildings. The exhibits of the several States will be placed in a special enclosure within the improved portion of the park that has been thus far for the public, but of which the public will soon be deprived.

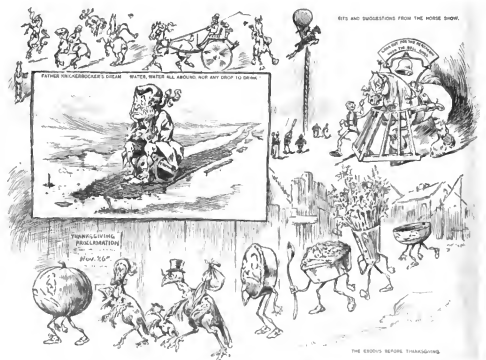
When, after some disposition, it was finally decided just where each building would be placed, their limits were marked off and the ground lifted to the required height, and the foundations were begun. Most of these structures are of wood, to a matter of course. They have not even a brick or a

stone foundation. Some of them stand on beds of boards arranged in a cross pyramidal form, with piles for keels, and others rest on posts driven into the earth a few feet below the surface level. None of them have any foundation sufficiently high to prevent a movement beneath the first story. The following sketches will convey to the reader some of an idea of the exact condition of affairs at Jackson Park. Of the twelve buildings to be erected here on the southern portion of the park the furthest advanced is that of the women. It is all its lines of structure and adornment this is the work of women. The apartment of the staff walls have been first, and the construction all my that is a success. But every one will be completed shortly. The second building in progress is that of the Mines and the Mining. Its lofty roof will be supported on iron columns which are even now in position. They are a little irregular, perhaps, because the general features of the advance in this building do not seem to say that the structure is yet ready for them.

Next to this building a similar structure suggests how far the Electricity Building has been advanced. Just north of this are the outlines of a Greek cross, with its arms stretching toward the cardinal points. This is the building of the Administration, and it will be the most artistic of all the buildings of the exposition. Now by will be attained the actual status of the building. Further to the south comes Machinery Hall, 500 x 600 feet in dimension. The floor of this building is nearly all down, but there will be no roof on it before spring.

Agricultural Hall is not so far advanced as the other structures, but a beginning has been made as it is, in all events, and its construction will be pushed actively when the weather becomes mild. As has been stated, the work on the Manufacturers Building has already been advanced to a point where the end seems close in view.

According to the superintendent, there are 3000 men employed on the grounds. This is perhaps a trifle exaggerated, for 3000 men equal three regiments of soldiers, as a good-sized country town. In Chicago the taxpayers fairly ery in the year, and it is possible that the out-door work may be closed in December. If, however, the winter be an open one, the grounds will be in reasonable condition by the 1st of March, and from that date on the progress will be most rapid.



THINGS OF THE DAY.—DRAWN BY BEN WILSON.



THE HARVARD FOOTBALL TEAM



THE YALE FOOTBALL TEAM

TO MEET AT SPRINGFIELD ON NOVEMBER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

In this Number—A NEW STORY—By THOMAS HARDY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

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WHIPPING IN A STRUGGLE.



A STEEP WALL.



IN FULL CRY.



CUTTING OUT THE WORK.



"HARE SCENE."

SCENES FROM DRAG HUNTING—DRAWN BY FREDERICK DENISON—(SEE PAGE 98.)



See Front Page.

Edmund



WENT FROM DRAGGINGTON—THE FINEST—(See Front Page.)

DRAG HUNTING.

The ignorance displayed about drag hunting by most people is sufficient excuse for the ridicule they delight in heaping upon it. Few outside of the hunting "set" realize the work involved upon conducting a drag hunt, while those who do not understand it, or who take no interest in sports, speak contemptuously of the "scurried bag." And they but know a half very expression, they say their lack of knowledge of the subject they so freely criticize. If such scoffers appreciated the judgment and work required to produce the artifice which they ridicule, they might consider it worthy of something besides scorn. In this article I shall devote myself to those who scoff.

I shall not speak of a country that has been regularly hunted by some pack of hounds. Such runs are well established, but a few decisions from the experienced man are necessary now and then to avoid land that is un-

derly useful for their purpose. I shall suppose a Master taking his hounds to a country with which he is not familiar, and that they had not been previously hunted over. If he intends hunting twice a week, say Wednesday and Saturday, he should to show good sport without accidents, and attend to his duties conscientiously, he will find his time fully occupied.

His first duty is to ascertain in what direction there is open country, then drive to that point, taking with him a man who intimately will drive the drag wagon. After obtaining a general idea of the lay of the land, he chooses a definite line of country for his first run, and calls the driver's attention to any prominent landmarks or roads which he must remember for the next day's work. He decides where he will "throw in" the hounds, choosing, if possible, an open field that admits

(Continued on page 937.)

A. L. Winters, Va.
Left Guard.J. C. Williams, Va.
Right Guard.J. D. Williams, Va.
Center.B. Thomas, Jr., Va.
Left Half.G. H. Thomas, Va.
Right Half.P. H. Thomas, Va.
Quarterback.W. H. Thomas, Va.
End.J. H. Thomas, Va.
Left End.J. C. Williams, Va.
Right End.J. D. Williams, Va.
Center.B. Thomas, Jr., Va.
Left Half.G. H. Thomas, Va.
Right Half.P. H. Thomas, Va.
Quarterback.W. H. Thomas, Va.
End.J. H. Thomas, Va.
Left End.J. C. Williams, Va.
Right End.J. D. Williams, Va.
Center.B. Thomas, Jr., Va.
Left Half.G. H. Thomas, Va.
Right Half.P. H. Thomas, Va.
Quarterback.W. H. Thomas, Va.
End.

PRINCETON FOOTBALL TEAM



"THE CIPHER CODE."

BY PLEASANT A. STOVALL.

A CROWD had gathered in the government building in Knoxville one morning in January, 1861. There were men of all ages and conditions—old and middle aged, the married and bachelors—waiting for the payment of quarterly pensions. Every year a large sum of money is distributed to the pensioners of the army of the republic in East Tennessee.

The status of the people in the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina during the civil war was anomalous. Families were divided, and brothers were ranged on opposite sides. There were sturdy Confederates and stout Union

men in every town. Some fought under Longstreet, while their neighbors opposed them under Burnside. As a class, the natives were plain men, with strong forebodings and implacable hatreds. They carried their convictions to their fingers, and backed their politics with squirrel rifles. These men were sure shots, and belonged to the kind called "dead game."

In this group of people waiting their turn at the pension office was an elderly lady, accompanied by an attractive young girl. A bonnet clucked down, neatly made but not greatly trimmed, reached to the ankle of the little maiden, while a white shaker bonnet, worn in spite of the severity

of the season, had just been removed, disclosing a shapely head, with ashen curls, pale complexion, and brown eyes. The hair was wavy, while the mouth, remarkably expressive, was large and firm and kindly. She smiled to appear in a trawler of the older lady, but did not open her lips. Some Taylor had a way of smiling through her eyes, while her mouth remained closed more firmly. Finally, when the face did break, and her pretty teeth were disclosed, the effect was electrical.

This at least was the opinion of the young district attorney, who came up at the moment, after settling some detail in Mrs. Lense's application for a pension. He was not so



THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW YORK—AS IT WAS.—Drawn by W. T. Bennett.—[See Page 932.]

THE DAYTON SOLDIERS HOME ORIO-GARDEN AND ENTRANCE TO GIOTTO.—DRAWN BY W. A. BOWEN.—[FROM PAGE 941.]





THE DAYTON SOLDIERS' HOME, OHIO.—Drawn by W. A. BROWN.—[SEE PAGE 943.]



THE DAYTON SOLDIERS' HOME, OHIO.—DRAWN BY W. A. HOOKER.—[SEE PAGE 944.]



"HOW DIGNAL YOU SEEM THIS MORNING, ANNA. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"—Dorcas at W. T. Sumner.

during its progress. Raye discovered a strange and secret sympathy between himself and Anna's friend.

The formalities of the wedding being concluded, the first went in to Raye's lodgings, newly taken in a new suburb in preference to a house, the rest of which he would afford just then. Here Anna cut the little cake which Raye had brought at a party week's end he was home from London's Inn the night before. But she did not do much business. Raye's friend was obliged to depart about three o'clock, and when he had left, the only ones virtually present were Edith and Raye, who exchanged ideas with much naturalness, inasmuch that the conversation was their only. Anna being as a domestic animal, who busied herself but understood not. Raye seemed startled at asking such to this fact, and began to feel dissatisfied with her insignificance.

At last, more disappointed than he cared to show, he said: "Mrs. Harbison, my darling is as flattered that she doesn't know what she is doing or saying. I see that after this event a little exultation will be necessary before she gives her own to that tender philosophy which she used to treat me as the writer's sister as well as the world's."

They had planned to start early that afternoon for Timbuctoo, to spend a few opening days of their married life there, and as the hour for departure was drawing near, Raye asked his wife if she would go to the writing clock in the next room and pen a little note to his mother, who had been unable to attend through indisposition, informing her that the company was over, thanking her for her kind presence, and hoping to know her well now that she was the writer's sister as well as the world's.

"Say it in the pretty postcard way you know so well how to write," he said, "for I want you particularly to win her, and both of you to be dear friends."

Anna bowed assent, but departed to her task, Raye remaining to talk to his guest. Anna was a long while absent, and her husband suddenly rose and went to her.

He found her still standing over the writing table, with tears streaming up in her eyes, and he looked down upon the sheet of note-paper with some interest, to discover with what fact she had eyes and her good will in the delicate circumstances. To his surprise she had progressed but a few lines, in the characters of a child of eight.

"Anna," he said, "what's this?"

"It only means that I can't do it any better," she answered through her tears.

"Eh? Never?"

"Yes," she wept, with miserable sobbing heartbreak. "I—I—didn't write those letters, I hardly. I only told her what to write. But I am learning, so, so fast, my dear, and husband! And now I forgive me, won't you, for not telling you before?" She passionately clasped his waist and had left her against him.

He stood a few moments, utterly stunned and that the door upon her, in jumping back to the drawing room. She

now that something unexpected had been discovered, and their eyes remained fixed on each other.

"Do I guess rightly?" he asked, with sympathetic. "You were her wife through all this?"

"It was necessary," said Edith.

"Did she desire every word you ever wrote to me?"

"Not every word."

"In brief, very little."

"Very little."

"You wrote a great part of these pages every week from your own conception, though in her name?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever write any of the letters when you were alone, without communication with her?"

"I did."

He turned to the bookcase, and found with his hand over Edith's, and Edith, seeing his distress, because as white as a sheet.

"You have deceived me," he murmured.

"With, don't say it!" she cried, jumping up and putting her hand on his shoulder. "I can't bear that!" Her anguish seemed to heighten the very furniture.

"Is anything too deeply true? Why did you do it—why did you?"

"I began doing it in kindness to her. How could I do otherwise—then try to state such a simple girl from misery? But I admit that I continued it for pleasure to myself."

They looked up. "Why did I give you pleasure?" he asked.

"I cannot tell," said she.

He continued to regard her, and saw that her lips suddenly began to quiver under her smiling, and her eyes to fill and droop. She started back, and told that she must go to the station to catch the return train, could a cab be called by means of a bell.

But Raye went up to her and took her unresisting hand.

"Well, to think of such a thing as this," he said. "Why, you and I are friends—lovers—by correspondence."

"Yes, I suppose."

"Faintly more. It is no more thinking that, lately I have married her—that help as both in spirit I have married you and no other woman in the world."

"Then?"

"But I will not back. Why should you try to disguise the full truth when you have already owned half of it? Yes, it is between you and me that the bond is, not between me and her. Now I'll say no more. But I think I have one thing upon you."

She did not say what, and he went up to her, drew her towards him and held her fast.

"If it is as all pure breath in these letters," he said, emphatically, "give me your check only. If you must

what you mind, let it be lips. It is for the first and last time, remember."

She put up her mouth, and he kissed her long.

"You tempt me?" she said, crying.

"Yes."

"But you are ruined!"

"What matter?" he said, shaking his shoulders. "It serves me right."

She withdrew, wiped her eyes, entered and bade good-by to Anna, who had not expected her to go so soon, and was still writing with the letter. Raye followed Edith down stairs, and in three minutes she was in a house driving to the Waterloo station.

He went back to his wife. "Never mind the letter, Anna, to-day," he said, gently. "Put on your things. We too must be off shortly."

The simple girl, uplifted by the sense that she was indeed married, seemed her delight at finding that he was as kind as ever after the disclosure. She did not know that before his eyes he looked as it were a gallery in which he, the faithful woman, was chained to work for the remainder of his life and she the unfaithful person, chained to his side.

Edith travelled back to Manchester that day with a face reflecting her miserable state of the end of her imprisoned dream. When at dusk she reached the Manchester station, her work was done to meet her, but in her performance and her preoccupation they did not see each other, and she went out of the station alone.

She walked mechanically home without calling a cab. Entering, she could not hear the silence of the house, and went up in the dusk to where Anna had slept, where she remained thinking awhile. She then returned to her drawing room, and not knowing what she did, crawled down upon the floor.

"I have ruined him," she kept repeating. "I have ruined him, because I would not do truthfully to work her!"

In the course of half an hour a figure appeared the door of the chamber.

"Ah—what's that?" she said, sitting up, for it was dark.

"Your sister's nephew. Who should it be?" said the weary merchant.

"I placed you at the station. Did you see Anna safely off?" I hope so, for let me see."

"Yes, Anna is secured," she murmured.

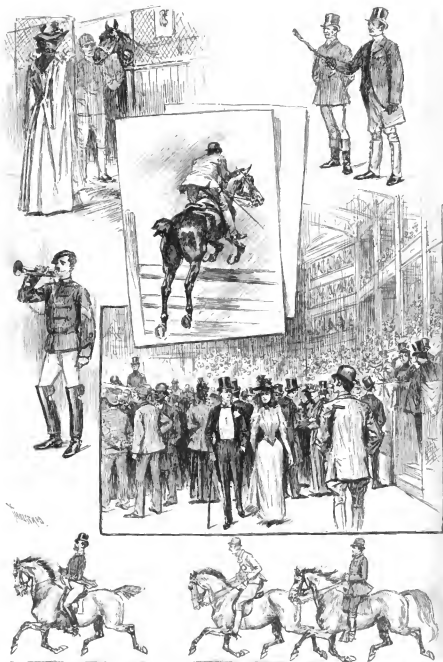
Sometimes with Edith's journey home, Anna and her husband were sitting at the opposite windows of a second class carriage which sped along to Timbuctoo. In his hand was a pocket book full of crumpled sheets of white paper, unfolding one after another he read them in silence, and sighed.

"What are you doing, dear Charles?" she said, kindly, from the other window, and drew nearer to him as if he were a girl.

"Reading one of those tender letters to me you signed 'Anna,'" he replied with dry indignation.



THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW YORK.—AS IT IS.—Dancers at W. T. Smith's.—(See Page 948.)



SKETCHES AT THE HORSE SHOW - DRAWN BY T. DE TOULON - (SEE PAGE 930)

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AFTER CHRISTMAS.—DRAWN BY W. T. BUXTON.

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THE SPEAKERSHIP.

THE preliminary contest over the Speakership shows how strong is the cheering tendency of national politics. Incidentally it illustrates the want of precedence at the time of the formation of the Constitution, when the speaker of the House was supposed to be elected by the House. The State election of this autumn in New York was carried under the cry that the result would determine practically the Presidential election of next year. Ballot reform and other reform and local legislation were not so much a thought of as a view of the national result in 1902. We have pointed out that as this argument is always applicable to a State election, it would always subordinate State questions and important local reforms to national politics. In the course of the Speakership the argument subordinates all considerations except that of the Presidential election next year. The contest has been waged upon this ground. Mr. HALL has been urged as the CLEVELAND candidate, and the anti-CLEVELAND sentiment is understood to have favored Mr. CAMP. These gentlemen and their advocates have been very active in canvassing the members of the new House. The State Democratic delegations also have assembled to discuss the question and still the main consideration has been the election of next year.

The Speakership of the House is the second office of importance in the government. Under the rules of the House, legislation is determined by the committee, and the Speaker appoints the committee. The power of his office, therefore, is very great. He may determine easily the character of legislation upon subjects of vital importance. Supported by a party majority, like Mr. BARN in Congress, he may exercise arbitrary powers. Mr. BARN's theory was apparently that the country looks pink, and that a display of mastery in the Speaker's chair would be exceedingly impressive and popular. The country does look pink, but it is not fair to say better, and the despatch of the House and of the majority in the last Congress affected the country as the old slave-holding Congressional despatch affected it forty years ago. At that time it strengthened the conviction that the party which excluded the despotic reform from power for more than a quarter of a century. It is by an means the McKINLEY test only which has given the Democratic party a dangerously large majority in the new House. It was the gross abuse of the power of the majority in the House.

The Speakership requires profound knowledge of the rules, a disposition to interpret them liberally, flexible integrity, large public experience, quickness, courtesy, good humor, and, above all, a trustable and judicial sense. The speaker, in the end, belongs to a party as a judge belongs to a party. But when he seats himself in the chair of the House, like a judge seating himself upon the bench, if he is worthy of the place, he leaves party behind. In the House he knows only its members, and he regards the House he regards only the country. This was well illustrated in the most critical moment in the history of the House, when, in 1877, the Democratic Speaker, RANDALL, by acting as a mere person, could have easily provoked a calamity. In this regard the House both Mr. TILDEN and Mr. RANDALL were patriots, not partisans. The character and qualification of the Speaker for his great trust, not his preference for a Presidential candidate, are the essential considerations. The election of the speaker will not be decided by them, but the tendency to subordinate every question of importance to that of a Presidential candidate, however excellent or desirable it may be, is an excess of party spirit which ought to be vigorously discontinued, not encouraged.

"STEALING" A LEGISLATURE.

Since the election in New York there has been a charge on each side that the other was trying to "steal" the Legislature. The only public advantage ever likely to result from a politically desecrated Legislature and Executive is that party success will be retarded. But the case of the late Legislature and Governor the desecration resulted in a mere game for party advantage. Under ordinary circumstances it is better that the whole administration should be controlled by one party, for there is no definite responsibility. In this regard the Legislature recently elected in this State being Democratic by

an unquestionable majority, the Democratic party could be held to account for what should be done, and for enforcing during the session. But such a responsibility is to be made by the voters, not by eliminating those and as the voters did not do it in the case of the Senate, certain election boards seem to have undertaken to do it. The election laws of the State are admirable, but under all such a there will be opportunities for cheating, and evidently they have been largely improved.

The main object of the canvass of the voters is to ascertain the real will of the people. If, for instance, John Smith is a candidate, and a voter Smith, a ballot for John Smith must be held fairly to be a vote for the candidate. Or if the candidate's name is DAVID A. MURDO, and a ballot appears for D. A. MURDO, there is no honest doubt for whom it is meant. To throw out such a ballot is to deprive the purpose of the law, and so far to deprive the people of their fundamental right. This reform is precisely what was attempted in one of the districts of the State. The inspectors certified that certain votes had been cast for D. A. MURDO, and DAVID A. MURDO, when the candidate was DAVID A. MURDO, Jun. The obvious and honest course was to return the returns for correction of a clerical error. But the Board of Canvassers decided that such votes should be counted for the candidate for whom they were obviously intended, and that consequently the opposing candidate was elected. This is a course which hardly only those who take it. It is annulling the vote of the voters, and defeating the purpose of the law. It was the act of a Board of Canvassers in Syracuse, in which the Democrats had a majority. The vote was 17 Democrats to 16 Republicans.

Similar transactions are reported in other parts of the State. The Times, which supports the Democratic ticket during the campaign, publishes a letter which says that the Republicans succeeded in selecting assemblymen out of thirty-two, and that "the instant the fact was established that the Republicans had secured the majority, Governor HALL, with all the cunning of an unscrupulous politician, began to contrive and manoeuvre to overturn the result, and to capture the Senate and turn it over to his successor in office." It also says that "many of the members of this State are convinced that Governor HALL is determined to steal the Senate." Governor HALL is unquestionably the chief leader of his party in New York. In concert with Tammany Hall he controls "the machine," and that is one of the difficulties of the Democratic party. The machine is a head-headed party machine in the most important State, and with such performances as those of the canvassing boards in certain districts of the State, intelligent Democrats may well feel troubled. Since Tammany Hall is determined to know how the vote was wanted, and the earlier Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana, and the reports of Southern returning boards in 1878, tampering with the results of election in 1878, tampering in this country, now it is confined to one party. But it is a system of independence of party such proceedings as those recently reported in this State are certainly of no benefit to the party which is responsible for them.

AN ANTI-REFORM LEAGUE.

This report is not surprising that the opponents of civil service reform have at last begun to organize. The state of affairs of reform of the civil service is a situation in the rescue of the navy yards from the spoils by Secretary TRACY, forbids the overturn of the system which practically excludes the great body of the people from the civil service by giving the right to it dependent upon the favor of a few party bosses. It is not mere but influence which secures appointment under the spoils system. To arrest this reform an "Anti-civil Service League" was announced as organized in Washington, although the organization is itself a party. The league is a cause of opposition to reform in the civil service is not stated. Lodges, it seems, are to be organized throughout the States, and chapters are to issue from the central organization. This enterprise is a selfish project to secure a qualification for the public service, to substitute the favor of a boss, or at least favor. Even if the report be exaggerated such a movement is probable, and it would be welcome as an unquestionable party action of reform. It would be a demonstration plainly that civil service reform is not a hanging. Those who are not hard to cut out, and the new league to protect the spoils system is the evidence that it is in peril.

The object of the league is to be practical. It will demand that the nominating conventions shall ignore the law in their platforms, and rolls of voters will be presented for the contemplation of the convention who are pledged not to support any party or "do not support" the law. It will demand that the platform for the law be a platform for its maintenance. This is a far cry, and if the war should come up to the moon, as Mr. WENDELL used to say, it will give the nominating conventions pause. Mr. C. H. BROWN STRENGTH, a member of the Assembly of the New York State District of Columbia, is called "virtually the father

of this movement." But we should suspect it might be Roy V. Winkler, for we observe that the chief reason for the law is the report of the law in the first old blunder that the benefits of the law are "derived almost wholly by a class of young school-boys graduates of no practical or general knowledge of government business." The fact is that the average age of those who pass of the examination is twenty-seven years, and the testimony of the highest officers in the service, from the Secretaries of the Treasury and collectors and postmasters to the heads of bureaus and offices, attests both the character and the superior general efficiency of the employees whose fitness has been tested by examination and actual probation.

The only safe course for the repeal league is to abstain from offering reasons, and to confine itself to appeals to ignorant prejudice. In the line of intelligence and common sense its cause has been already overthrown. Even the reasoned cry that reform is an English aristocratic scheme has been brushed by the knowledge that English reform has destroyed the second of pairings by a few great families, and opened to the poorest young without rank or influence an equal opportunity with the sons of the nobility and gentry to enter the public service. The repeal league is a movement of the past league that the same progress of the reform in this country is due to the fact that it is in the true sense a popular and Democratic reform, because it introduces free play into the civil service, and gives the man who is best qualified the opportunity of any kind, no equal chance with the "bosses" and his "boss."

NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

The committee of the Board of Education in the city of New York which was appointed to examine the school systems of other cities for the purpose of ascertaining what improvements are desirable in the city school system has made an interesting report. The conviction is expressed that the schools of New York are not what they should be, and the feeling is equally general that it will be very difficult to improve them. It is, then, faith in the value of the public schools which inspires the recommendations of the committee. The committee is not to perform great justice to the extremely liberal disposition of the taxpayers, who, as they say, demand the best school-houses in the world, with the best teachers and equipment, at any cost. The reason, therefore, for the failure of the schools to perform better is that and which the committee acknowledges to be the fact—is not a significantly economical. The explanation is given by a teacher: "We are what the officers of the New York school system make us."

It is saying that we express a truth proved by experience, that the teacher is the school. A fundamental consideration, therefore, in any scheme of improvement must be the method of appointing the teachers of these schools. The method is the method, who, according to the report, "are in the main a body of faithful, well-educated, and conscientious men and women." But there are also "too many in the great corps who are incompetent and suited for their work." The method of appointing the teachers is the method of appointing the teachers. It is a serious suggestion; but the method would be undoubtedly changed if the officers were desirous of changing it. The system of appointment is as the committee says, "a mixture of nepotism, favoritism, and influence and influential friends"—"in other words, a political 'pull'—and the consequence is likely to secure a position for life in our public-school system under our present methods." There is a notorious evil of the system, and the chief and most important is the fact that the committee wisely recommends that no candidate should be admitted to the service at all without a certificate of sound physical health from physicians designated by the board, and by a competitive examination to which the candidate is subjected. The committee wisely recommends that after a probation of three years in a city school, and then only upon a certificate from the Superintendent of satisfactory examination. This would throw the final responsibility upon the Superintendent, and would remove some one from the system of appointment. But it also requires the fact that the Superintendent is the chief and most important of the officers who make the law of the school, and who are responsible for the result. As there is no more important office in the State than the Superintendent of Public Instruction, there is none of more vital importance in the city than the Superintendent of Schools.

Under such a system of appointment, a system of appointment recommended by the committee would be very effective. No formal examination, indeed, can show certainly the necessary qualities of a good teacher. They can be determined only by trial, and for that purpose a probation of three years is provided. An examination will determine the probability of such qualities in an applicant infinitely better than the favor or favor of a party boss or a politician with a "pull." The method suggested by the committee is the best, and it is the best of all persons holding



M. BUNCE-JAN PADEREWski—APPEARS A PHOTOGRAPH BY KELLY & FRY, LONDON.
(See Page 954.)

THE RECENT TORNADO.

A REVERE wind and rain storm swept the coast from New York to North Carolina on Monday, November 23d, and passing through Baltimore and Washington, did much damage in the interior of Pennsylvania and Virginia. The height of the storm was reached at Baltimore and Washington, the latter city suffering especially. It was shortly after noon that the approach of the storm was made apparent in this section by the growing darkness. In an incredibly short time the light had faded into a yellow dusk, micrographs of a millimetre extent the thermometer, and with the passing of the light the storm of wind and water burst. The rain was exceedingly heavy, and driven before the fierce wind with awful force. It lasted but a short time, but during its passage artificial light had to be resorted to, and the streets were cleared. When the storm had passed, the day was quickly cleared and the sun shone brightly. During the onset of the tornado, however, much injury was inflicted upon signs, chimneys, houses, detached buildings, and roofs. A large building, called the Metropolitan Hotel, situated on Twelfth Street, N. W., near F Street, Washington, was in course of construction. The walls of this building were toppled over by the wind, and crushed into the rear of several stores on F Street. These structures were

demolished, and three persons injured beneath the ruins. Two persons arrived promptly, and before long had rescued a girl, who reported that another girl and the "bom" were still buried. The latter was George White, was taken out dead, but the girl was found to be merely injured. This man was the only one found to be killed, although several persons were injured in other parts of the city. The tornado had no respect for the government buildings, playing serious pranks at the Post-Office, and carrying a stone balustrade from the White House, cutting off the telephones and telegraph wires. At Baltimore a man was blown from a horse top into the river, whence he was picked up by a passing tug. Narrow escapes from death were reported from all sections, to which were added an amount of damage to property and stock.

CHARLES L. TIFFANY.

FIFTY years ago, a young boy in the thirties, a young man of five and twenty years started out from a little village in the Normandy State to seek a future in the mercantile, he had the goodwill of his parents, and with a little material backing from his father, together with a large fund of ambition and business qualities, he started a little fancy goods and stationery shop in Broadway near Warren Street. He took in with him as partner the son of a merchant from home; a few years later another partner was added to the firm, and then the four years of hard toil, with a very promising future opening before him, kindled fondness thoughts to his home on Madison Avenue in the same quiet unostentatious manner that has marked the entire career of this remarkably successful man. He has grown up with the city, and has a mere nothing built up a business whose name extends all over the world. Starting in 1827 with a little store at 238 Broadway, stocked with a few imported novelties, fancy goods, and stationery, he is to-day the active head of the greatest jewelry and high art establishment in existence, to which the world looks for its standard in everything pushed from their workshops, from the plate gold ring with which fond hearts "plight their troth," to a crown of the costliest gems, or a service of silver or gold worthy of the greatest artists of our time.

The founder of this firm is still its president and active head, though nearly fourscore years. His hair and beard whitered by age, but his rosy features agree with vigor and health. He has for ever still a country, weathered mist and storm, and even all through the famous blizzard of '89 he did not miss a single regular attendance at his



CHARLES L. TIFFANY.

business. Every morning at half past nine he enters the big glass doors of his establishment, where he opens and reads his own and other newspapers regularly, without the aid of any eye glasses, and finds enough executive duties to keep him there among the bustle of the city in the evening.

The blizzard month an interesting incident. Mr. Tiffany had the novel experience of seeing the men of his several hundred employes in deep snow on the day when he first started in business, and the two young partners were the only shareholders and clerks in the place, when at the close of the day of their first day's business, on the evening of September 21, 1827, they counted up their cash, they found it amounted to five dollars and ninety-eight cents. For the blizzard of March 12, 1890, brought a single customer, whose purchases amounted to just thirty cents.

Of the 1500 employes connected with the establishment, there are clustered about him in every department men who have grown up with the house since the day they left school. Mr. Charles T. Cook, the vice president, himself started there as a boy fifty-three years ago, and today ranks next to Mr. Tiffany in the management of these vast interests. It is worth the feeling of affection and devotion of this army of employes to their venerable chief whose property they have shared, was expressed in several notable incidents of extreme and affection involved upon the happy pair. That from employes of the Union Square house took the nature of a measure model of pure gold sent for the occasion and over time, which is displayed. Caring the jewels of Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany on the front are the words:

First Year of Married Life spent happily together, 1827.
On the other side, inscribed in a wreath of ivy and Indian leaves, the usual inscription reads:

Presented to Charles L. Tiffany, in commemoration of the Fiftyth Anniversary of his Residence here in December, 1877, by the Firm of C. L. Tiffany & Co., with their Compliments. Dec. 24th, 1897.
From the executive staff of the Fifth Street Silver Works came an illuminated address in a velvet book with a design; fully etched gold cover, the address was signed by the heads of the several departments.

In addition to this, the general employes of the Silver Works, some days in number, sent a holding cup nine inches high, of pure gold and weighing about fifty five ounces. In form and decoration a hint of the story of the firm and the knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany's happy life and happiness the firm thought, hopes, and well wishes of the donors.

Mr. Tiffany has always been a liberal patron of art, and in his quiet and unostentatious way devoted large sums to charity every year. His firm received the highest awards at every international exhibition since 1854. In 1875 Mr. Tiffany was decorated with the Legion of Honor, the highest title, then given by the Paris Exposition. He is a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and a member of most of the leading clubs and societies in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany have four children—Joseph C., the well-known artist, an author and the art-comparment of the Union Square house; and two daughters—Elizabeth and Mary. On February 15th next he will be an octogenarian, and this event is already being looked forward to with much pleasure.

GEORGE F. HEYER



THE RUINS OF THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, WASHINGTON.—TOWN & FREEMAN BY KELLY.



"IT STAINED LIKE A GREAT FORTRESS OF THE MIDDLE AGES."

OUTSIDE THE PRISON.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

IT was about ten o'clock on the night before Christmas, and very cold. Christmas eve is a very much neglected evening everywhere, in a newspaper office especially so, and all of the twenty and odd reporters were out that night on assignments, and Conway and Bronson were the only two remaining in the local news. They were the very best of friends, in the office and out of it, but as the city editor had given Conway the Christmas eve story to write instead of to Bronson, the latter was jealous, and their relations were strained. I use the word "story" in the newspaper sense, where everything written for the paper is a story, whether it be an obituary, or a running notice, or a dramatic criticism, or a descriptive account of the crowded streets and the lighted shop windows of a Christmas eve. Conway had finished his story quite half an hour before, and should have sent it out to be published by the late pencil of a copy editor, but as the city editor had twice appeared at the door of the local news, so through looking for some one to send out on another assignment, both Conway and Bronson kept on steadily writing against time, to keep him off until some one else came in. Conway had written his concluding paragraph a dozen times, and Bronson had counter-intuitively polished and repolished a thousand "persons" he was writing concerning a grammar school, in fact, and who would remain unknown to him until that paragraph appeared in print.

The city editor knocked the door for the third time, and looked at Bronson with a faint smile of scornful appreciation.

"Is that very important?" he asked.

Bronson said, "Not very, decidedly, no though he did not think his opinion should be treated on such a matter, and eyed the paragraph with critical interest.

"Well, then, if you can see any better," said the city editor, "I wish you would go down to Bronson's. They refuse that book reader Quinn to sign, and it ought to make a good story. He was sentenced for six years, I think, but he has been commuted for good conduct and had health, morning, and you can get all the facts from it. It's Christmas eve, and all that sort of thing, and you ought to be able to make something of it."

There are certain stories written for a Philadelphia newspaper that circle into print with the regularity of the seasons. There is the "First Monday in the Park," for an example, which comes on the first warm Sunday in the spring, and which is made up of a talk with a park policeman who guesses at the number of people who have passed through the gates that day, and announcements of the re-opening of the last house and the next approach of the

open air concert. You read this story with an shudder to the printers in the park of the "was faced children of the town," and the worthy working men, if it is a case of paper which the working men are likely to read, and tell how they would enjoy nature in the open air, instead of saying that in place of going properly to church they are out around in their shirt sleeves and scattered egg-shells and ratty beer bottles and greasy Sunday newspapers over the green grass for which the worthy men who do not work pay taxes. Then there is the "Homecoming to the Park," which comes up a month later, when you increase the park policeman's former guess by 15,000, and give it a new value by adding a list of the small boys (found) in bathing.

The "First Head of Snow" in the December is another reliable story, as is also the first ice fit for skating in the park, and then there is always the Thanksgiving story, when you ask the theatrical managers what they have to be thankful for, and have them tell you, "For the best reason that this theatre has ever known, sir," and offer you a pass for two; and there is the New Year's story, when you interview the hotel proprietors as to what they most want for the new year, and turn their commonplace replies into something clever. There is also a story on Christmas day, and the one Conway had just written on the street scenes of Christmas eve. After you have written one of these stories two or three times, you find it just as easy to write it in the office as anywhere else. One problem of my acquaintance did this most successfully. He wrote his Christmas story with the aid of a dictionary and the file of a last year's paper. From the year-old file he obtained the names of all the charitable institutions which made a practice of giving their charges presents and Christmas trees, and from the directory he drew the names of their presidents and boards of directors, but as he was unfortunately lacking in religious knowledge and a sense of humor, he included all the Jewish institutions on the list, and they wrote in the paper and matter objected to being represented as denouncing Christmas trees, or as any story celebrating that particular day. But of all stable, flat, and unprofitable stories, this rehearsing of persons from *Megamans* was the worst. It seemed to Bronson that they were always rehearsing people, he wondered how they possibly left themselves enough to make a couplet prison worth while. And the city editor for some reason always chose him to go down and see these come on. As they were released at midnight, and never did anything of moment when they were released but to immediately cross over to the nearest saloon with all their dissipated friends who had gathered to meet them, it was trying to one whose respect for the truth was at first unbroken and whose honesty at the last became unshaken. So, when Bronson heard he had to rehearse another person in a purely descriptive prose, he lost heart and patience, and rebelled.

"Andy," he said, softly and impressively, "if I have written this story once, I have written it twenty times. I have described *Megamans* with the moonlight falling on his walls, I have described it with the walls shining in the sun; I have described it covered with the pure white snow that falls on the just as well as on the criminal; and I have made the blood stains in the jail yard look ghastly—and those are no blood stains, as you very well know, and I have made released convicts declare their intention to lead a life of peace and a pure life, when they only said, 'If you put anything in the paper about me, I'll lay for you'; and I have made them fall on the necks of their weeping wives, when they only asked, 'Did you bring me some tobacco? I'm sick for a pipe'; and I will not write any more about it, and if I do, I will do it here in the office, and that is all there is to it."

"Oh, yes, I think you will," said the city editor, easily.

"Let some one else do it," Bronson pleaded—"some one who has done the thing in detail, who will get a new point of view." Conway was had stopped writing and had been grinning at Bronson over the city editor's lack, grew suddenly grave and absorbed, and began to write again with feverish industry. "Conway, now, he's good at that sort of thing. He is."

The city editor laid a gliding from the morning paper on the desk, and took a roll of lifts from his pocket.

"There's the preliminary story," he said. "Conway wrote it, and it moved several good people to step at the last, now office on their very own knee and learn something for the released convict's Christmas dinner. The story is a very good story and impressed them. He went on, counting out the bills as he spoke "To the extent of \$50. You take that and give it to him, and tell him to forget the past, and keep on the narrow road, and have joined amiable slave. That money will give you no excuse for talking to him, and he may say something grateful to the paper, and comment on its enterprise. Come, now, get up, I've spoiled you two boys. You've been making all this evening because Conway got that story, and now you are making because you have got a better story. Think of it—getting out of prison after four years, and on Christmas eve. It's a beautiful story just as it is. But," he added, gruffly, "you'll try to improve on it, and grow another. I believe sometimes you'll turn a red light on the dying gladiator."

The unconsciously indignant Conway, now that his fear of being sent out again was at rest, hunched at this with cordiality and said, and Bronson smiled sheepishly and pious was returned between them.

But as Bronson expatiated, he told me make conditions.

"Can I take a cab?" he asked.

The city editor looked at his watch. "Yes," he said; "you'd better. It's late, and we go to press early to night, remember."



JACK'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.—PLUM DUFF.—DRAWN BY R. P. ZIMMERMAN.



"LEO WENT DOWN THE ROAD, COLLECTED HIS LITTLE KNUT OF LISTENERS, AND BEGAN THE SONG OF THE GIRL."

"THE CHILDREN OF THE ZODIAC."

BY RUDYARD KIPPLING.

In the month of an April dawning, when the winds were velvet still,
The High Gods gathered Olympus, and reclined on Laryssa Hill.
The Argonauts sprang from the portals, the minstrel sang his song,
And the master of the City of London went up in the stamboul alone.

"Now whom shall I kiss?" said Venus, and "What one I kiss?" said
Juno, and "Look at the Bridge!" said Vulcan, and "Smile's on my stage!"
said Leo.

The High Gods veiled their glories in veils with the children of men.
In the back of an April twilight, to the song of the Mothers sung,
The High Gods sprang from the pavement and went to their place again,
And I heard, the men had called it, on a great parchment roll,
In the map of their waiting below, the house of the hall of the
Fates.

THIRTEEN years ago, when men were greater than
they are to-day, the Children of the Zodiac lived in the
world. There were six Children of the Zodiac—the Sun, the
Moon, the Mars, the Venus, and the Girl, and they were afraid
of the Six Houses which belonged to the Scorpion—the Bal-

ance, the Crab, the Fishes, the Sea Goat, and the Waterman.
Even when they first crept down upon the earth and
knew that they were immortal Gods, they carried this fear
with them, and the less grew as they became better acquainted
with mankind and learned studies of the Six Houses. Men
tried the Children of the Zodiac, and came to them with prayers
and long stories of wrong, while the Children of the Zodiac
listened and could not understand.

A mother would flee herself before the feet of the Twelve
at the Hall, crying: "My husband was at work in the fields,
and the Archer shot him and he died, and my son will also
be killed by the Archer. Help me!" The Hall would lower
his huge head and answer, "What is that to me?" Or the
Twins would smile and continue their play, for they could
not understand why the water ran out of people's eyes. At
other times a man and a woman would come to Leo or the
Girl crying: "We two are newly married, and we are very
happy. Take these flowers." As they threw the flowers
they would make mysterious sounds to show that they were
happy, and Leo and the Girl wondered even more than the
Twins why people shouted "Hail hail!" for no cause.

This continued for thousands of years by human reckoning.
One day Leo met the Girl walking across the hills,
and saw that she had changed entirely since he had last seen
her. The Girl, looking at Leo, saw that he too had changed
entirely since their last meeting. Then they decided that
it would be well never to separate again, in case even more
startling changes should come when the sun was not at hand
to help the other. Leo kissed the Girl, and all Earth felt
that kiss, and the Girl sat down on a hill and the water ran
out of her eyes, and this had never happened before in the
memory of the Children of the Zodiac.

As they sat together a man and a woman came by, and
the man said to the woman:
"When is the use of waiting flowers on those dull gods?
They will never understand, darling!"
The Girl jumped up and put her arms round the woman,
crying: "I understand. Give me the flowers, and I will give
you a kiss!"

Leo said to the man beneath his breath, "What was the
new name that I heard you give to your nearest just now?"
The man answered, "Darling, of course."
"Why of course?" said Leo; "and if of course, what does
it mean?"
"It means 'very dear,' and you have only to look at your
wife to see why."

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THE KEEPER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.—DRAWN BY M. J. BROS.

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THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. RUSSELL SAGE.—DRAWN BY T. DE TULLOCH.—[SEE PAGE 501.]



IN AND AROUND THE "ARCADE" BUILDING IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.—FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT.—[SEE PAGE 191.]
 1. The Effect of the Exploded Bomb in the Public Office. 2. The Exterior of the Building. 3. A Scene in the Hallway. 4. In Mr. Sage's Private Office. 5. Mr. Washington Cassin's Private Office, Fifty Feet from the Explosion. 6. The Debris on the Street. 7. The Room in Mr. Sage's Private Office.



"THE DEMENTED ONES."

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

BEYOND the rear hills, and veiled by the smoking woods, the battle is joined.

It is hard to say whether the rear of the artillery is better than the one-but one and pistol, grand, grand of the machine-gun rifle. High up in the murky sky the smoke-belts at the rear see soft flashes of light burst in puffs of white-gray smoke. The white-curtained ambulances war like and thicker on the dusty road. Wounded men, supported by one and sometimes by three comrades who have thrown away their guns, are streaming back through the woods. Here and there a fireless horse is plunging madly across the withered and stony pastures, or cropping a mouthful of grass, and then turning a startled look in the direction whence he came. Does the "pile there" and so much of it, or of the machine-gun, his back, his nose, his eyes, and his ears. Past him gallops a yellow snipe, orderly on his way to the front, with buff envelopes driven through his back. A disabled gun has been knotted back on to the roadside, and the excited drivers are tilting the smoking teams to the rear. Covered wagons are peeling out telegraph wire over short poles driven into the earth, as they come trundling in the direction of army headquarters.

There is grim order, however, in the seeming confusion. The force is abating in the shallow because of Battery Q's impetuosity, and the better spaced south is shaping a dash for one of the extreme horses. There is the road-topped battery wagon, the little men whose bodies with less and less camp chairs, and the big covered wag, with six bloating mules fighting over the troughs fixed on the pole. And there is Uncle Moses, now leaning and mowing his charges, and now talking to them as if they were intelligent members of his family.

"To the rear down while I can, home as ye wish, but this much one time back, as ye like! Move off, carry ye down, will ye be back home. Does ye hear me? When I say 'back home' ye ought down as ye like, as ye like! I don't care ye heart out that time. When?"

The first quartermaster is strutting up and down, big with the importance of his independent command, and proud of his indifference to the rest of the battle. He is wearing more than the common rifle for this quartermaster who said his progress and said his rifle right and morning in a top bunk of the Albany barracks when he thought he was going to certain death, and said his decent bedfellow, who has long since departed.

Certainly the quartermaster is sore tried on these peculiar occasions, when, excepting the smith and the farrier and Uncle Moses and the colored servants and a disabled recruit more or less, he is commanded to make up of little and small horses, thrust into the army as easily as soldiers, and unloaded on Battery Q, strong with one-rim horses, the occasional fresh details from the infantry.

Three merry frocks, first or last, found their righteous way level in the morning, and the army was in the morning. Charles Pith, with his forefinger pulled down until his nose lay under the rim, is seated under the battery wagon to

shelter his bare back from the sun. Pith answered no better when he spoke than his mouth drew toward his left ear and his right shoulder twitched.

Spence Look, his comrade in adversity, who was sitting near him, looked on at the rising smoke calmly, for he was dead. He only heard when the horse-doctor patted him in the ribs, and then, knowing that something was being said to him, he said, "Yes." If the doctor shook his head, Spence hesitated to say, "No, no, no." If that did not appear to satisfy the doctor, Spence would miffly and said, "I thank you." And he was otherwise so slow in his movements that he was known throughout the battery as "Old By and by."

Three men were down in each other by the common belief of definition, and Charles took Spence under his protection with a great show of patronage, and a comfortable assumption of superiority. Fifty times a day Charles forgot that Spence was dead, and after saying something that related his whole body in the effort, he would look at Spence desperately, and ask with another conviction, "Well, you be good anyway, Pith! Let's look!"

It was pathetic to see these two friends without any friends, each mounted on a galled horse of many years, with fetters of camp kettles and nose-bags, each leading two other horses or otherwise disabled animals, decorated with rolls of blankets and wrappings of pots and pans. The two were their own masters in August, and patiently carried every bag and burden the men chose to strap on their horses. In camp they cleaned and fed each his three charges, and for the rest of the day they ate and slept, and at night they crept under the same dog-eat.

After bed time Charles talked over to Spence, and pulled him by the shoulder, shouted in his ear:

"There's a big horse pi pi public down by the six-stave street, 'Comrade?'"

"Hut! I cut my," said Spence, who thought Charles was talking to tobacco.

"You ain't no good," said Charles, plucking him by the arm, and away the two friends went together.

The writhing of Charles's body showed that he was making another fruitless effort to communicate some sort of good news to his companion, and then he caught him by the arm, and after pulling him to a halt, made a saw of his right hand, and worked it across Spence's top. After that effort at post-mortem both men galloped off in great glee.

The straw stacks were in a rude circle, and a high wall, and on the peak of the great red barn loomed a square of yellow hunting. Clean yellow straw lay thick on the wide floor, and in the middle, and over the bottom of the empty barn. The whole barn yard was strewn with it. Every two hundred men dislodged under the whole of the substance, and when the straw was in the barn was already trampled by a ghostly company, the men were lying on the straw, and the straw was dying in long straight rows across the yard. They looked in on the great red barn. A last fly had been staked out

over the north door in wood of the rain. The two demented ones were bewildered and specious in the presence of the gray spectacle their eyes reveal on. The frightened swallows were flying about under the great roof, and among particles of their were floating in the hazy air of light streaming through the cracks in the dark siding, and lying tenderly across the forms of the dead and the gray and blood-stained faces of the living. Some sat up with others and white handkerchiefs about their heads, and others bent over their wounded limbs. The doctors were roughly probing for bullets, and there were sittings and cursing and laughter mingling up to the rafters. A peculiar turning sound reached the ears of Charles. Here at his feet lay a sight that held him with a horrible fascination. It was the wounded form of a fly that would never see again, his face shivered beyond recognition, and in his delirium his restless hands were twisting and twisting and twisting a thin strip of broken straw.

"Comrade, Spence," said Charles, plucking the other by the arm, and they picked their way out among the rows of the wounded, the two demented ones vaguely conscious that by some mysterious transformation they were rich and prosperous where their three fellows were poor and needy.

Some secret influence seemed to hold the two in the radius of the horses they would find free from, and once out of the yard, their feet turned toward the barn in the shade of the hospital tent, where the surgeons in three were giving their terrible trial. They stood at a distance, outside the barracks of dancing mules and sheepskins blowing in the hot sun.

"There fellow don't feel nothing," said Spence, meaning the shattered subject on the table.

"Gee! I know, does a w," said Charles, writhing and twisting. "Comrade," and he led the willing Spence across the field to another hospital, arm in arm, under the shade of a great oak in the quiet pasture.

On the eastern border of this circle of the ambulance, where the shadow of the tent was creeping out after three, on in the field beyond, was a little patch of Confederate, lying by themselves, and in front of these the two wandering stragglers stepped to contemplate the greatest curiosity they had yet seen. There was one, a handsome Virginia boy, his mouth bristling with the button holes of his gray jacket, who held his master out to Charles, and begged him, "For Charles make 'to fill it with water."

Charles took the curious child's answer of snatched it from the soldier's hand, and passing it in Spence's pitted in the direction of the spring. Then he knelt down beside the sufferer and untied his roll of blankets, adjusting them under his head and about his wounded arm. Charles kept Spence going to and from the spring until every man Jack of the army was supplied with water.

"You are very kind," said the Virginia boy.

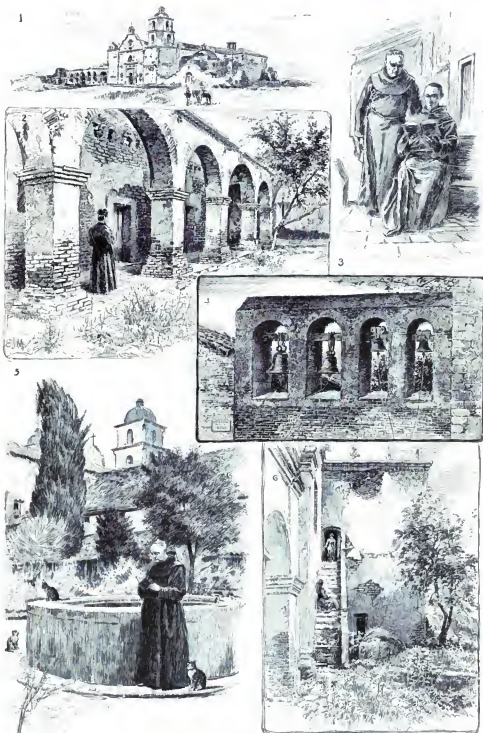
"That ain't no matter," he said to Charles.

"Thank you very much," he said to Charles.

"Battery Q!" said the Southern. "We, I, I was wounded



THE CHRISTENING OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK."—DRAWN BY ALICE HANSEN. (See Page 1005.)



THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 194.]

1. Mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, founded in 1786. 2. Ruined Mission Calabazas of San Juan Capistrano, founded in 1776. 3. Franciscan Priests of Santa Barbara. 4. Bell of San Juan Capistrano. 5. In the Garden of Santa Barbara Mission. 6. The House looking to the Choir of San Luis Rey.



A.B. FROST. 1891.



DANCE—DRAWN BY A. B. FRANK.



PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.—(See Page 986.)

MISS ST. CLAIR GRIMWOOD, THE BECAUSE
OF HANFORD.—(See Page 986.)MISS HELEN PAGE, OF NEW YORK, WHO CHERISHED THE
SEN (DUBAI).—(See Page 986.)

THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK."—(See Page 986.)



VISITORS AT HARBORHIDE HOUSE DURING THE ISLAND OF PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES



THE LATE DON PEDRO OF BRAZIL.—(See Page 986.)



CLAMORING FOOTBALL PLAYERS IS NOT so simple as it looks. It would be hard to find the captain of a football team who is not the result of a season's work. The more one does not show in the medical department, the more they show in the field. It is not from what they have done throughout the football year. Hearing that it was a good idea, I should pick the All American eleven of '01 as follows:

Boomer, full back.
McClung and Hall, full backs.
Adams, center.
Bedell and Brown, guards.
Newell and Warren, tackles.
King, full back, ends.

guards.

Pos, full back, and Tackle, full back.
Bully, tackle, guard, and Newell in the line.

It may be interesting, and serve for matter of record as well, to reproduce here the All American team of '90 and '91.

That of '90 was:

Boomer, full back.
McClung and Hall, full backs.
Adams, center.
Bedell and Brown, guards.
Newell and Warren, tackles.
King, full back, ends.

guards.

Pos, full back, and Tackle, full back.
Bully, tackle, guard, and Newell in the line.

It may be interesting, and serve for matter of record as well, to reproduce here the All American team of '90 and '91.

That of '91 was:

Boomer, full back.
McClung and Hall, full backs.
Adams, center.
Bedell and Brown, guards.
Newell and Warren, tackles.
King, full back, ends.

guards.

Pos, full back, and Tackle, full back.
Bully, tackle, guard, and Newell in the line.

It may be interesting, and serve for matter of record as well, to reproduce here the All American team of '90 and '91.

That of '92 was:

Boomer, full back.
McClung and Hall, full backs.
Adams, center.
Bedell and Brown, guards.
Newell and Warren, tackles.
King, full back, ends.

guards.

Pos, full back, and Tackle, full back.
Bully, tackle, guard, and Newell in the line.

It may be interesting, and serve for matter of record as well, to reproduce here the All American team of '90 and '91.

That of '93 was:

Boomer, full back.
McClung and Hall, full backs.
Adams, center.
Bedell and Brown, guards.
Newell and Warren, tackles.
King, full back, ends.

guards.

Pos, full back, and Tackle, full back.
Bully, tackle, guard, and Newell in the line.

It may be interesting, and serve for matter of record as well, to reproduce here the All American team of '90 and '91.

That of '94 was:

Boomer, full back.
McClung and Hall, full backs.
Adams, center.
Bedell and Brown, guards.
Newell and Warren, tackles.
King, full back, ends.

guards.

Pos, full back, and Tackle, full back.
Bully, tackle, guard, and Newell in the line.

It may be interesting, and serve for matter of record as well, to reproduce here the All American team of '90 and '91.

That of '95 was:

Boomer, full back.
McClung and Hall, full backs.
Adams, center.
Bedell and Brown, guards.
Newell and Warren, tackles.
King, full back, ends.

guards.

Pos, full back, and Tackle, full back.
Bully, tackle, guard, and Newell in the line.

It may be interesting, and serve for matter of record as well, to reproduce here the All American team of '90 and '91.

That of '96 was:

Boomer, full back.
McClung and Hall, full backs.
Adams, center.
Bedell and Brown, guards.
Newell and Warren, tackles.
King, full back, ends.

guards.

Pos, full back, and Tackle, full back.
Bully, tackle, guard, and Newell in the line.

It may be interesting, and serve for matter of record as well, to reproduce here the All American team of '90 and '91.

That of '97 was:

Boomer, full back.
McClung and Hall, full backs.
Adams, center.
Bedell and Brown, guards.
Newell and Warren, tackles.
King, full back, ends.

guards.

Pos, full back, and Tackle, full back.
Bully, tackle, guard, and Newell in the line.

and, more acceptably than any of the others, would play a season at this point of the line. Boomer, full back, and Warren, tackle, were the only ones in this department until they remain cutting me to lead. Hagg played a much stronger game this year than last, or so far as work goes, there is little to say of his difference from the others. He is, however, has an advantage in speed, and the style of Yale play has brought this year's season into a new phase. It is in guarding a runner, he makes the life of an opposing tackle a terrible burden, and it is in this respect that he is the best. He is credited a good share of Yale's gains. De spite his two hundred pounds, he is able to move his body as well as any of the one hundred and fifty, and it is in this condition of weight and quickness that makes him as valuable as a tackle.

Newell and Warren, the former as a center to compensate Adams, and latter as a guard, were a pair of tackles to any repeat's liking. Newell's work has not done this season as it did last, slightly better, he was a picked man, and, like McClung, he is the Yale-Harvard game, received no extra amount of attention. It gives rise to great expectations for a player to be chosen for the All American team, the first year he makes the variety, and Wiley may consider himself included in Billy's choice, the confidence of the captain, and the counting of Yale's captain that brought him into such marks. Ben Warren once proved himself a player of great strength and speed. His playing in the Princeton game was far stronger than in Harvard. Out with the end, the shoulder, and the head, he would complete an almost invincible individual team. Freshman Hagg has been one of the best players of the year, and he is outside of his preparatory school had heard of him before this season, when he appeared on Yale's team. He is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

THE WORK OF DEVELOPMENT A team out of green material has worked strongly against Warren's chances for a regular and on the field team. His individual play has been sacrificed to a considerable extent to the regularity in a year when to gain a place he would have to be a player of great strength and speed. He is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

AMONG THE WRITERS I should like to include first, and in the event of a half back being left up, would drop King back as a full back, and play Barlow at center. Bradford would be a player of great strength and speed. He is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

REAR THE LINE there is such a wealth of green material that one hesitates before picking substitutes, but it is true, after looking over the list, that it is not so much as it seems. After he had been taken back from quarter, I should call on P. C. Adams. Billy, I am sure, would be a player of great strength and speed. He is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

ANOTHER FAVORABLE FEATURE OF Yale is the fact that while coaches and men pull together at New Haven, and the

good—very good. This is a clever experiment made, and runs its interference to the advantage of the team. It is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

THE IMPROVEMENT IN FOOTBALL, through the aid of the new team, made, and while the preparatory schools have shown more play before this year, beyond their reach, it is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

NO REASON HAS EVER been officially demonstrated the value of team play as the one of the most important of a player's game. It is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

JUST give a center, and with your running game, it is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

PRINCETON HAS BEEN THE WORK OF HARVARD, but the looking in of a new team, it is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

AND so we come to Yale, which defeated play was a team play that has kept every opponent out of her goal, and while offensive play has been the most successful, it is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

THE COACHES OF YALE have already shown that they are not only a team, but a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

THE REASON WHY THE WRITING of the championship of the Metropolitan Association of the A. C. showed a couple of clever men in the line, it is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

ANOTHER FAVORABLE FEATURE OF Yale is the fact that while coaches and men pull together at New Haven, and the

support given them by alumni and undergraduates. All Yale, young and old, rally around the team, and the result is that they are given such support. On Thanksgiving the cheering of the crowd was such that it was almost impossible to hear the players. It is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

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FOOTBALL IS THE SPORT of the future, and it is a player who has played on the whole side, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he was a much more than the "runny" candidate. He was too much for Harvard at Springfield, and that is what is to be expected of the best player. Harvard has scored the place on the All American team, and it is a great pity. The ends for Yale (Lorenzo and Vincent), although not so experienced as Warren, were wide awake and active, but Harvard succeeded in getting his own run, and the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, the Yale team was not so well as was never passed by an opposing runner.

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PROJECTED TERMINUS OF THE PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD AT PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY HENRICH HANLEY.—[SEE PAGE 596.]



A STREET IN GIFI, JAPAN, AFTER THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 592.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

WITH AN RIGHT-PAGE REFERENCE, CONTAINING A SHORT AND CLEAR VIEW OF THE TARIFF, REFORMS FOR THE CUSTOMER, REFORMS FOR THE PRODUCER, AS THEY WILL AFFECT US IN 1890.

(TWENTY-FIVE PAGES.)

PREPARED

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SPEAKER CRISP.

THE election of Speaker of the House of Representatives was never of more interest than it has been this year. The manner in which it was treated in the Democratic press and by the chief Democratic leaders made it a kind of rehearsal of the action of the nominating Convention of next year. It was regarded universally as a test of the policy of making tariff reform the issue and Mr. CLEVELAND the candidate in 1892. This was unfortunate, and exceedingly unjust to Mr. CLEVELAND, because unless Mr. MILLA were at once selected and by an imposing majority, the conclusion would be inevitable that there was very grave doubt as to such a party preference for Mr. CLEVELAND as, under the circumstances in New York, would make his nomination desirable. Instead of such a decisive result, however, there was a long contest in the caucus on the first day, and an adjournment next Sunday without a result. The contest was renewed on Monday, and on the thirteenth ball Mr. MILLA, who had been so foolishly made the representative of Mr. CLEVELAND, was defeated by Mr. CRISP, who was accepted as the anti-CLEVELAND candidate. The vote was 104 to 101.

The order of the contest, which was extremely hasty and in no sense a friendly difference of opinion, was given by the members of a caucus of the New York Times, one of the most interested and resolute of the advocates of Mr. MILLA. "If it is honest," the Democratic party will have suffered no loss from the record of its congress will not differ with HILL's principles on a platform, they may as well, in the opinion of many good Democrats, vote to name a candidate (next year). It will not be on the cards for them to win." The correspondence, however, did not settle the matter, and hence the nomination next year, should Mr. MILLA be elected after a bitter struggle. But the situation disclosed by the caucus confirms the view that there is a vital difference of spirit and purpose in the Democratic party which greatly obstructs its prospects of success. The Boston mercantile party, which instinctively dislikes Mr. CLEVELAND and the young leaders of a new Democracy, is still very powerful. The old Democracy is enough for the old leaders, and the new leaders may find their task harder than they supposed. The result of the first sharp contest of the majority in the Democratic House shows indistinctly that those who supposed the result in New York to show the certainty of Mr. CLEVELAND'S

nomination were profoundly mistaken. Even those who thought with the WEEKLY that the general result of the election left him the most probable candidate of his party are probably disposed to revise their views after the result of the Democratic caucus.

It is confidently a great triumph of the HILL-Turnham power in the Democratic party, and none who in the late election acted to strengthen and consolidate the power are conscious of the logical result of their efforts. It has seemed to us at least premature to accept the Democratic party, which like all parties inherits traditions and a certain tendency and character, as an effective general agency for political reform and progress. Practically, indeed, politics usually offer merely an alternative, and it is too early to determine the actual alternative of next year. But by the significance so wisely imposed upon the contest in the Democratic caucus, the Republicans, the representatives of the party have repudiated the views of Mr. CLEVELAND upon the currency and civil service reform, which largely involve honest government, while the Speaker's declaration for tariff reform comes from a candidate who was supported by what are called protection Democrats.

THE MESSAGE.

THE President's message is seldom read in full except by editors who make the summaries which convey the important parts of the document to the public. "As dry as a President's message" has become a familiar saying. But it is generally a very useful source of the whole public education. It is used by a partisan document in its view of political questions, because it is naturally an argument for the policy which the party of administration supports. President HILL's message, that the McKinley bill is a great public service, and that free silver currency would be a great public misfortune. His statements and arguments upon the subjects are not new, but they may be taken as the declarations of the views of his party, and they are consequently of great interest to the friends of the party majority which controls the House.

The President speaks clearly of the great wrong of the New Orleans mob, and thinks that offenses against the treaty rights of foreigners in the country might be made respectable by the Federal courts. He holds, also, that in the absence of law the police and judicial authority of a State might be considered Federal agencies to make the national government answerable for such offenses. This is a very clear position. There was great interest in the President's probable treatment of the affairs of Chile. He holds that our government and navy and minister have done what was proper, and that the United States which indicates the action of Minister EGAN. The President says that the minister was directed promptly to recognize the new government, and that he properly offered asylum to the legation to Chilean political refugees. He adds that the United States with the Chilean government about the murderous attack upon our sailors at Valparaiso is not concluded, the last letter from the Chileans being couched in offensive terms. He will send a special message on the subject if necessary, and will by the correspondence before Congress.

The President urges the desirability of a commission to inquire into the whole subject of the law of elections as relates to the choice of officers of the national government, and suggests the selection of COMBES by the Supreme Court. He holds that it is an axiomatic principle that the right of any voter freely to vote is a matter of local concern or control. The limitations of the suffrage should be found in the law and only there. This is a just position, and it does not cover the whole question. The substance of the President's argument is treated by Mr. BRYCE in the article to which we refer elsewhere. The message is a plain statement of the situation from the Republican point of view, and it is characteristic of its author.

HIGH AND LOW TARIFF.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ohio asks whether the terms high and low tariff are not misleading so far as they affect the principle of protection. Does not protection, first of all, contemplate an adjustment of duties, and not high or low duties? Is Mr. McKINLEY open to the objection of tariff reform because his bill imposes high duties, or because it is protective? And is his position justly described by calling him a high tariff man? Would tariff reformers support his bill if the average rate of duty were lower?

The terms high tariff is not misleading, because the principle of protection may be pushed to an extreme. A tariff may actually prohibit the importation of any article that may be produced in this country, in order to stimulate such production. To describe Mr. McKINLEY as a high tariff man is not true, because the average rate of duties is high. The rate under the old tariff was about 47½ per cent. It is not yet possible to compute the actual rate under the McKinley bill, but it is supposed to be decidedly higher.

It adds many articles to the free list, but it makes the duty on some articles higher than before. Whether the higher or lower rate actually protects the domestic production must be determined by the effect on the general prosperity of the country and the welfare of the laborer, a question not of the principle of protection, but of the method of its application. In his letter in reply to Mr. FREDERICK TAYLOR, of New York, Mr. BRYCE, who is now in the Senate, to effect a Republican of the Republicans, and says that the country will thrive most "under a reasonably high protective tariff." Mr. TAYLOR, who is no less a Republican, replies that the party must keep its courage to modify its position, and to accept the direction of lower duties, an experience may dictate. But both are protectionists.

Our correspondent asks what tariff reform proposes. That depends upon the reformer. Mr. TAYLOR, as a Republican, is in favor of the tariff. Reform with him means reduction of duties, such as was recommended by the Protection Tariff Commission of 1883, which would have reduced the average rates from 20 to 25 per cent. President GARFIELD was a tariff reformer who favored a protection that would stimulate in free trade—that is to say, which would foster native industries until they could go alone—which was the view of HENRY CLAY, and in certain cases of JOHN BRECKINRIDGE. CLAY was the chief of utterances which in protectionism and did not at first favor a large development of protected manufactures. Again, a Democratic tariff reformer like Mr. MILLA would take a different view of tariff reform from that of Mr. BRYCE or Mr. TAYLOR. He has lately said that he would abolish the tariff free, and reduce the rate of finished goods to a point which would produce the necessary revenue, and no more. He holds that this course would reduce the price to the consumer, increase the production and the employment of labor, and enlarge the demand for labor. Republicans, however, call themselves protectionists, not tariff reformers, and for the reason that tariff reform has come practically to mean a tariff for revenue only, and not a tariff for protection, as the most equitable system of customs taxation.

GOVERNOR HILL.

RECENT events have shown that political observers cannot count on their calculations Governor and Senator HILL, of New York. There was some among their title at the time of the State Convention of his party that he was now what is known as a backslider, and that he had been so designated the moment that he reached the Senate. But in politics news are not extinguished by a smile of derision or incredulity. Senator HILL is quite as prominent and efficient a Democratic leader as there is in the country. He is a man of high character, and is less a party leader in the usual sense than a representative of its higher character and aims. In New York, for instance, the State Committee and the State Conventions of the Democratic party are not held in Albany, but in Albany Hill, not by Mr. CLEVELAND or his friends.

During his long term as Chief Executive of the State, Mr. HILL has been outstanding consistently with a Republican State Senate, and without doubt he has been rising constantly in the regard of his party. That he has represented the anti-CLEVELAND sentiment has been notorious, and his aspirations to the Presidency have seemed, to New York at least, to be absurd. But, however that may have been, his position becomes upon the nomination has not and is not at all altered. Governor HILL's desperate effort since the election to reverse the result in the State Legislature has disclosed his purpose and the situation, and his speech on the eve of the caucus against a Republican and published statement of the day after the election, was the bold attempt to give to that decision, should it be adverse to Mr. MILLA, a still further significance, as showing a disposition to change the Democratic issue of next year, and with the issue the candidate.

This effort, supported as it is unquestionably by many of the Democratic leaders, including Senator GRANT and Senator SPOFFORD, is made more notable by the fact that Mr. MILLA, although an ex-Congressman, and almost "a typical Southerner," but who was made in the Speakership contest the representative of Mr. CLEVELAND and the tariff reform issue did not receive his strongest support from Democratic leaders. Such facts indicate a growing sense of harmony in the Democratic party as to what shall be the fundamental issue. The tone of Senator HILL's speech was that of a party leader conscious of strong party support. It was throughout a court of even conduct, and it was not a court of law, but so distinctly close that in no passage only does it appear. Speaking of Republican attempts to frighten the country with Democratic free coinage, he said: "If our country entered a free currency movement to suppress the currency at the great festivals, otherwise the fraud would have been too palpable." Governor HILL will go to Washington the State Democratic Senator from Mr. CLEVELAND'S seat, in which the power of Mr. CLEVELAND'S party

ANOTHER PORTRAIT BY SARGENT.

Mr. Sargent's great reputation has been won as a painter of women and children. In the series of pictures which gained him a Grand Medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889 there was not a single masculine portrait. Only those such portraits had, I think, been shown in New York before this autumn, and I do not remember to have heard of any others, except a sketch portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, which was exhibited some years ago in Boston. The brilliant Cuzco-maid figure, the refined and gracious portrait of Mrs. Marquand, the beautiful large pictures of four little girls, called "The Hall of the Vases," the masterly group of Mrs. Thurn and her young son, and the delicious baby figure of "Bessie"—these and others like them are the things we have thought of when Mr. Sargent's masterpieces have been in question. We have long ago that he could paint women sublimely and children adorably, but how he might paint men, we could scarcely more than imagine.

If, however, we tried to imagine this, we soon found our-

With none of these ideas did we agree. We felt that his children's faces were not lacking in character, but were especially remarkable because childish shrewdness is so seldom revealed; that what seemed "rascalliness" would not have seemed so but for the patient and familiarity with women's portraits, from which all expression has been wiped in the interest of a smooth (some pretentious), and that so masterly brilliant were the costumes Mr. Sargent portrayed, he always kept his heads pre-eminent in his mind. But we also felt that there was a force, a virility, an intensity, in Mr. Sargent's perception of character which might find fullest expression were he to paint forcible masculine heads. Not any and every man, we knew, would interest him, and only when he was interested, we had long ago found, could he rise to his highest level. What we wished was that some really remarkable personality of a strongly marked yet not too simple kind might come beneath his brush.

Just this happened when, last summer, Congress commissioned him to paint as Speaker Reed, and, I think, no one who has seen the result can longer doubt whether Mr. Sar-

gent pass through many moods; but this fact, of course, merely accents the artist's triumph. Because he was a great portrait painter he saw which was the most characteristic mood, and was able to render it, although the task cannot have been easy. Sometimes we see a face which is all strength or all humor, and such a face is not difficult to paint. But here it was where force and humor join, and it was a triumph indeed to paint it so that neither characteristic is emphasized at the expense of the other.

It is delightful to study this picture, and see how vigorous, direct, and vivid is the expression of character, yet how respectful to the general impression, how every feature thrills with life, mobility, and meaning, yet how dignified and simple is the total effect of the head. However, the work has great periodical distinction—a quality that is hard to define, but every reader to recognize. It does not lie in the characteristics of the model, but wholly in the art of the painter. Many gentle and beautiful women, many exquisite children, have been painted so that they would look out of place in a room where other subjects revealed refinement and



THE HON. THOMAS B. REED

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN F. SARGENT, FOR THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY AT WASHINGTON.

men wishing that he would begin the work in good earnest. By "we," I mean such people as saw in John Sargent not only a great painter, but a great portrait-painter. Terms, of course, are not identical, although the latter includes the former, and more observers used to deem that Mr. Sargent was a great portrait-painter, while acknowledging him a master of the brush. They said that he was not a master in the art of making character; that he painted the merely superficial aspect of his models, and when he tried to do more than this gave a distorted or overblown account of the facts that lay beneath the surface. They said that he always succeeded with children because in childhood, character scarcely exists, because the charm and even the individuality of a child are essentially superficial, and that his least successful portraits of women were those where some marked peculiarity of type or expression had given him the chance to "exaggerate." And they sometimes asked that were the five costumes of his models exchanged for simpler attire, much of the interest of his pictures would disappear.

gent is a great portrait painter. Feeling that this is the most important fact for the public now to learn about him, I can hardly help myself to regret a defect which must be acknowledged in the work when it is considered from the purely pictorial point of view. I am not sorry that people should see that Mr. Sargent can produce a magnificent portrait even where he places a figure very awkwardly on the canvas. The way in which he has allowed the frame to cut off the whole of one of Mr. Reed's arms and part of the other would have been fatal had his power really been that of a picture-maker only, and not of a true portrait painter. But as it is, we forget the blots after the first moment, we briefly think of pictorial effect, so here as our interest in the article presented us of a human individuality.

No one needs to be told what sort of an individuality Mr. Reed possesses, and no one needs to have seen Mr. Reed to feel sure that it is expressed in his countenance, just as Mr. Sargent says. Of course I do not suppose that Mr. Reed always looks so thoroughly, completely, and multi-factorially himself as he does on this canvas. A man of his nature

good taste. Mr. Reed, with all his impressiveness and dignity, can hardly be called distinguished looking in the sense I now intend—the sense of the French term *distingué*; but this portrait of him, simple and faithful though it be, might hang side by side with the finest pallid Vandyck ever portrayed, and not look like an intruder.

I have heard some of Mr. Sargent's brother artists say that, as a pure piece of painting, this portrait is not so fine as some of his other works. Possibly this be so; but the brush of a great master may not be quite at its best and still do masterly work, and there is masterly work indeed in this head of Mr. Reed. However, when I most wish to insist upon its value as a portrait distinctly so called, this seems to me so great that claims of price is impossible. A more living, breathing, well-characterized individual and interesting figure I do not think any modern artist has ever put on canvas. And I think it might be noted by comparison with the best portraits of other days, and not lose its high claim upon our admiration.

M. O. VAN BUREN.



TWO GRAVES.

BY EWAN MACPHERSON.

"Where gathered and men died in clouds."
—Jehovah and quick is quick.

FIRST, nevertheless, is the Caribbean, on whose shores the hot city of Kingston, labeled and named Kingston, on three sides, the plain of Liguanea. The Blue Mountains give the Liguanea about, crumpled in a hundred folds, and bright blue as the Caribbean itself, and cherishing in every fold a great or a little forest.

This is Jamaica. "The Land of Rosemary." To the north-west of the city, one of the spurs that buttress the mountains toward Liguanea, is Stony Hill. There used to be a deserted burroughs there—quarters, a most mean-looking row of the plain—said, hard by that silent, half-ruined mansion, a deserted cemetery, all overgrown with oaks and thorny oaks and purple alibonias, where the black snakes glided through gaps between the stones of deserted tombs. Two of these tombs are very close together, side by side, built of smooth brick. Their occupants were in the same moment, from the same brilliantly lighted room, into the dark, and side by side, with outworn polished feet, they "look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come."

An old man, to whom the whole story was a personal recollection, took me up the crumbling stone steps of the new-house, and standing in the doorway, just as bright should be too much for the worn man's door, pointed with his cane into the room.

"One of these stood in that corner, and the other in that, diagonally opposite each other."

And how those two graves came those the story tells, and whatsoever else there is in it for them that have gone to hear.

Sophocles, Montez was the fair lady's name. And fair indeed she was. They said she would never go out on a midnight night without a broad-brimmed hat and earrings. Rather pale, her hair light brown, her eyes blue, but turquoise rather than sapphires. Her mouth would have been prettier with thicker lips. She spoke in a slow languid drawl, with a pretty little croak accent, but her laugh was not the laugh of men's lips.

At King's House, in Spanish Town, Jamaica, one warm night, when the island was longing thirstily for the May rains, Sir Kerley, the Governor entertained his Excellency the Mayor General in command of his Majesty's forces. The latter personage was to depart next day on a tour of inspection through the stations on the north side. With him a son-in-law de camp, Cradlock, independent in the blue and gold of light dragons. There were still light dragons in the days of William IV.

Sophocles, Montez—more briefly Nibs—pale, sinuous, and languid as ever, entered the long room, and at a glance took note of the blue and gold, marking it for her own. In-

factory market was plentiful at King's House; there was only one light dragon. Among the wares of the deposed sardine was Miles O'Carroll, Captain in H M 110th Foot, garrisoned at Newmarket. Miles was an cool measured and quick-tempered an Irishman as ever galloped over the Curragh of Kildare. He surveyed the crowd, and noticed with approval the chains of Miss Nibs, in whom he at once recognized to be "integrated." Miss Nibs was "chained," thought her card was full, then found a dance which Captain O'Carroll might have if he liked, far on in the night after supper. And the captain went away to bed in the light of other eyes.

He had been an—sardine, a quality, before; no waking in these days. Nibs caught her light dragon by one of the tall French windows, played upon him with her skilful eyes, gave him a dance, then another; then deliberately struck out O'Carroll's name, and handed Cradlock the card, with, "There is one left that you may take," in her bluish sherry-stained apron. Cradlock accepted the situation as he found it, respecting no one.

When supper was over—the hearty may be better supper of old Jamaica, quite different from modern "refinedness"—O'Carroll, recipient of pious Nibs, sought the fair Nibs and found her standing with Cradlock under the starlight in the site of the little balconies that look out over the King's House grounds, where the air was breezy with stephanotis and jessamine. The land was playing some old dance, now long since cut up to be "made over" into "a dance music. A good time a subject in metropolitan.

The next dance was that which had been given to O'Carroll and then to Cradlock by the young lady, and there was an assertion of right on both sides, and O'Carroll, plus Nibs, was red in the face, and beginning something with, "Am I to understand, yes," when Miss Nibs stopped the movement of her big emerald-green fan to say, "No before me, let me give you!" So O'Carroll, who drank or sober, was a gentleman, simply bowed and withdrew.

Nibs's light dragon, moreover, left her before their dinner was over, and she was as cross as two ticks. O'Carroll found Nibs a diva and an utterance, but yet an Irishman. Cradlock found Gray McMurdo's a way by trade, but an experienced duelist, and the friend of every mile in the island. Myra called on McMurdo just as McMurdo was calling on Nibs. The affair was all so confused and utterly absurd that it was utterly without of the two, an excellent party, had the right to choose of weapons. But McMurdo and Myra saw no great difficulty in that.

Those were the glorious days of old Jamaica.

There could be no meeting between O'Carroll and the A. D. C. before the General and his staff returned from inspecting troops at Falmouth, and his staff mail station in the distant part of the island. This was not until after the May rains, when Nature was putting on her cool dress of green

against the coming hosts of June, and the army, in the person of the Major General commanding, was the guest of the Church, as represented by his Lordship the Bishop. In the sweetest of Cradlock in the Blue Mountains.

Meanwhile there had been frequent notes between Cradlock and his second, and the meeting had been arranged to come off at one hour after sunset, on the first Monday after the General's arrival at Cradlock. The spot chosen was on a piece of meadow-land near the foot of the mountain.

To be on the ground in good time, Cradlock had to set out before sunset, and note many miles of mountain road to Liguanea, a narrow channel where the helio path and the heritage road began, and here his second was to meet him with a gig.

It was a morning, the three hundred and sixty-five in the Blue Mountains. The air was fresh and dewy, the silence only broken by the rustle of the coolies' terraced and the distant unobtrusive booming of the surf in Ball Bay; a swirl of wild cinnamon from the bush, with damp rain.

The sun was not yet over the top of Long Mountain, and everything shone in a pale light. The valley mist had faded before Cradlock's feet. He saw the foliage and peaks that many islands rising from an unearthly air, and which spread away out to sea in the blue sea of the other sea, the Caribbean, where already the golden hours were shaking. Then a tone in the road, following the fold of the hill, brought him nearly facing the east. He was thinking, in a drowsy, dreamy fashion, of something Gray McMurdo had said about the right way to lead a pistol—stripping the bullet gently, so as not to crack the powder—and wondering whether powder really was so tender, while an old song they used to sing at school kept running through his head: "Famous stevedore Caribbean Dances." He looked up, and there was the humpback man of Long Mountain black as ink against the glory that grew before him, he crested broad and above, and to be reflected by the moon white on his side.

"Ereman—ereman moon man moon" went the song in his head. Broad bare of light were springing up now in gold, with light blue between, and though he had never been a profound student of Hæmætic myth, he thought of "for dancing Apollo."

"Ereman, ereman, ereman." Perhaps there was some thing in what McMurdo said about not creating the powder. At any rate, he would certainly not interfere with him about the loading, and then, he thought with positive gleam, he would shoot.

Ah! Look at that! The mist had risen higher, glossed with rain; now it was gone.

The glowing sun was well, while the light was gone from the mountains. Cradlock's horse stopped, or else Cradlock's mind was unaccountably. There they lay—the everlasting hills—in a thousand shades of blue and green, from black at their bases to gold green of



THE OPENING OF CONGRESS—THE LADIES' GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—DRAWN BY W. T. NEEDLES.

THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

Your logic of events indicated that Mr. Mills of Texas, who had led in the contest in the last House, would be the passage of the McKinley tariff bill, would be elected Speaker of the lower branch of the Fifty-second Congress. The large Democratic majority elected to this House was evidently chosen by the people as a protest against the policy of the Republican party as embodied in the measure which bears Mr. McKinley's name. Mr. Mills, however, did not care the contest for the Speakership until several other candidates had already secured considerable support for this powerful position. He was undecided as to whether he wanted the place, or preferred to occupy himself solely with a campaign for the Speakership from Texas left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Reagan, and temporarily filled by Mr. Cullins, who was appointed by the Governor. The delay was fatal to Mr. Mills's chances; for Judge Culp, before Mr. Mills declared his desire for the place, had secured a great many pledges of support from members who naturally would have voted for the gentleman from Texas. When the contest was begun, however, Mr. Mills entered upon it with his characteristic earnestness and impetuosity, and probably in that way made it difficult for those pledged to other candidates to go so far as to vote during the balloting in the caucus. Then caucus required these assents before it could express its choice, and in all thirty ballots were taken. On the last ballot Judge Culp received 119 votes; Mr. Mills, 105; Mr. Springer, 4; and Mr. Stevens, 1. At the same time, Mr. Culp had about 40 votes, and Mr. Mills 90; the other votes being given to Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee; Mr. Springer, of Illinois; Mr. Hatch, of Missouri; and Mr. Stevens, of Massachusetts. The last named gentlemen had one vote on every ballot from beginning to end.

There has been much talk in the newspapers and elsewhere of the contest for the Speakership involving a fight between two factions in the Democratic party, Mr. Mills representing the tariff reformers, and Judge Culp the protection Democrats. In view of this, it may be interesting to quote Judge Culp's words to the caucus, in his speech thanking his colleagues for having selected him as the Democratic candidate.

"I beg to say to you now," he said, "as I speak to you my first colleagues in my new position as Speaker, that my election means no step backwards in tariff reform. I beg to say to you that there is no one party today so much as we earnestly believe in the Democratic doctrine of tariff reform than I do."

When the House met after the Democrats had nominated a candidate, Judge Culp was chosen Speaker over the late Speaker Reed, and Mr. Watson, of Georgia, who was placed in nomination by the respectable Mr. Simpson, of Kansas,



THE NEW CHARLES F. CULP, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EDNA WASHINGTON.

as the leader of the Farmers' Alliance party. Judge Culp received 208 votes; Mr. Reed, 84, and Mr. Watson, 9. This shows that a very preponderating majority the Democrats have. At once after the election Mr. Culp took the oath of office and entered upon his duties. At this paper goes to press the new Speaker is busily at work arranging the business of the House—performing a part of that duty which makes him, next to the President of the United States, the most powerful and considerable official in our national politics.

Charles F. Culp was born in England in 1845, but was brought to the country when a small child by his parents, who were actors, and who for fifteen years prior to the war resided and played in various parts of the Southern States. The son attended the public schools of Savannah and Macon in Georgia, and at the outbreak of the war entered the Confederate army. He became a lieutenant in a Virginia regiment and participated in the Eastern campaigns for three years, when he was captured by the Union forces, and sent as a prisoner of war to Fort Belvoir, where he was kept until the rebellion had been suppressed. He was

returned to his family in Seale County, Georgia. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, practicing at Killebrew for six years. He was then made Solicitor-General for the Southern Judicial District of Georgia, and moved to Americus, which is now his home. In 1877 he was elected a judge of the Superior Court, and sat upon the bench for several years, gaining a reputation for fairness, painstaking attention to duty, and unflinching courage. He gave up his judicial office to accept an election to the Georgia Legislature, in which he sat for a session or more.

In 1882 he was elected to Congress, and since then has been a member of that body. He has always been a hard worker in the execution of which he was a member, and from the very first he has been interested and disposed when occupying the floor of the House. He is a pleasant looking man, with clear complexion, blue eyes, a straight, well formed nose, and a pleasant smile. His head is quite bald, as will be seen by his picture, but his lack of hair has never to the least added to his distinction in Congress. His voice is clear and ringing, but the most striking thing in his personality is his unfailing courtesy. This he never for a moment lost, even in the controversy he had during the last Congress, when the Speaker made rulings which Mr. Culp and his associates held to be not only unprecedented, but absolutely revolutionary. He has served on many committees, but his highest post was the chairmanship of the Committee on Elections of the last House over which Mr. Cullins presided. In all his Congressional career he has been very seldom absent from his seat. His speeches have been well expressed and logically arranged.

THE CHRISTMAS SOCIETY.

BY RICHARD HARRISON DAVIS.

The Christmas Society has been organized for the purpose of providing poor children with presents at Christmas time. As Mr. Herbert L. Roberts, the secretary of the society, puts it: "Our object will be to give a merry Christmas to as many children from the tenement district as the Madison Square Garden will hold. We especially aim to reach that class of children who do not go to Sunday school, and so do not connect on any Church trees, and who might not otherwise know that it was Christmas. Each child will receive a piece of gingerbread, an apple, and a bag of candy, and as many toys and gifts as we are sent to us by rich children for distribution."

The Dismal of the Madison Square Garden has looked down upon the Harem Square and the Curran-square hall and the Democratic mass-meeting, but she will never look upon as quiet a crowd as she will see on Christmas afternoon. On that occasion the Free Handful will occupy the boxes at \$20 a seat and make in the policy of \$1 a seat,



SWEETS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—DRAWN BY HELEN HARRISON.

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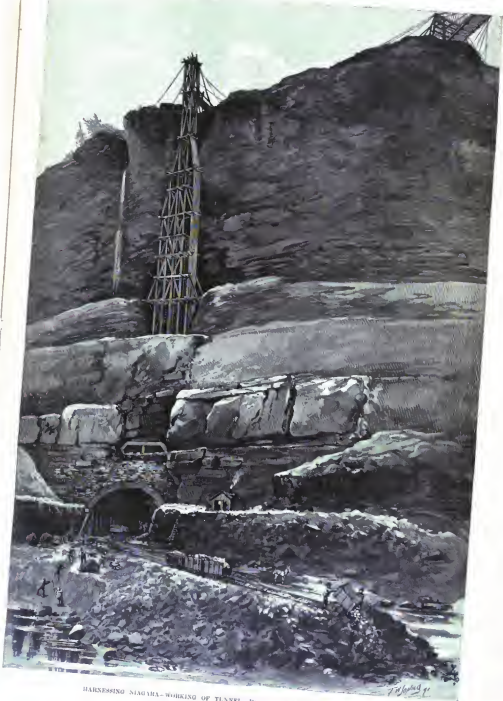


ON BROADWAY AFTER THE THEATRE.—Drawn at W. T. Barnard.



PROFESSOR GARNER
From a Photograph at Black, Washington.





HARNESSING NIAGARA—WORKING OF TUNNEL.—DRAWN BY F. W. JOPLING.—[SEE PAGE 1042.]



THE RICH AND THE POOR—DRAWN



W. T. SHELDY.—(SEE PAGE 1041.)



DUGGING THE CANAL



INTERIOR OF TUNNEL IN DAYTIME TWO FEET FROM THE RIVER

HARNESSING NIAGARA.—Drawn by F. W. JORDON.—[See Page 1042.]



A DIFFICULT TASK FOR SANTA CLAUS' CASE



CHRISTMAS GREENS FROM THE COUNTRY



A WHISKY BOTTLE SPREAD THAT WOULD SPIN

CHRISTMAS EVE IN MADISON SQUARE. MISS DANA: PLEASE EXCUSE ME MR. JOHNSON, BUT COULD YOU LOAN ME A PAIR OF SOCKS—STOCKINGS JUST FOR TONIGHT?



FINDING CHRISTMAS SUPPERS



A CHRISTMAS ECHO FOR NEW YORK



SOCKLESS SIMPSON—WONDER IF TO BETTER HAND UP MY BOOTS!



WITNESS THE MURDER

THINGS OF THE DAY—DRAWN BY DICK WALDER.

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